SCOTT HIGH TOLEDO
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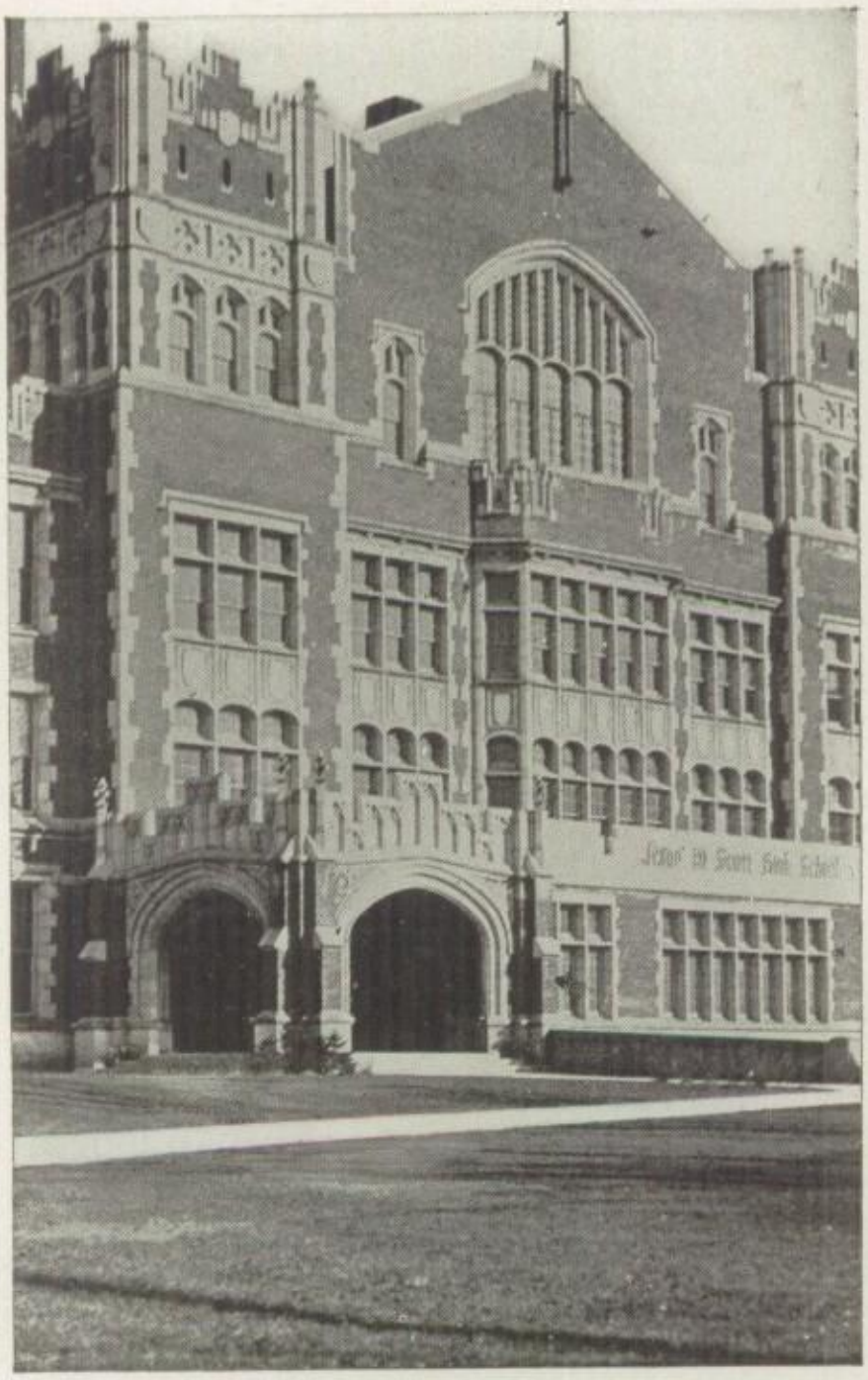


VOLUME FOUR

THE SCOTTONIAN

Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen

Published by

The Scottonian Board of
Scott High School

Toledo, Ohio

1917

To

Miss Sarah D. Jermain, in appreciation of her interest in the activities of the Senior Class, is this volume respectfully dedicated

To the Memory of

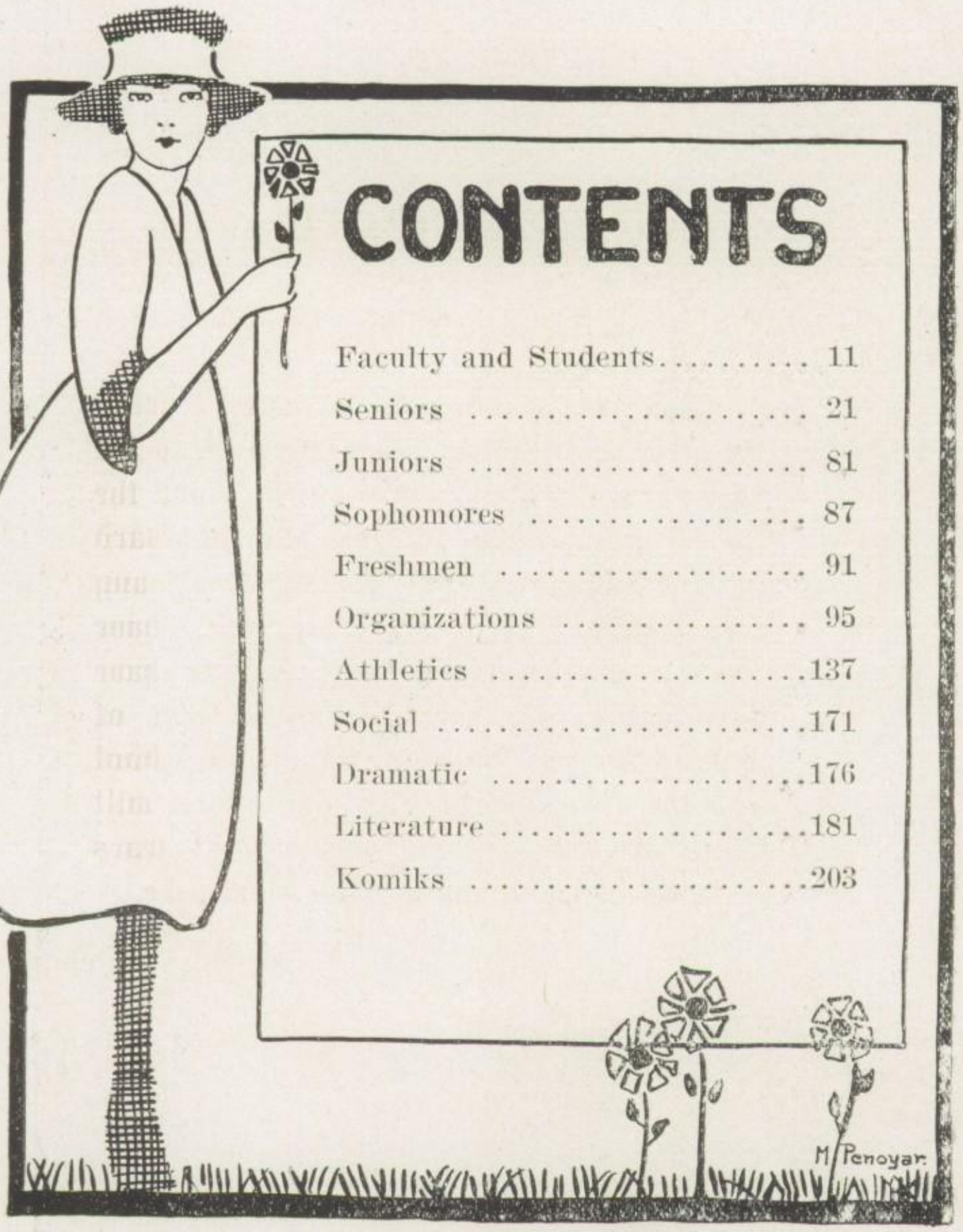
Fay C. Schneider

Never has there been in the history of Toledo High Schools, a Teacher more interested in the progress of her pupils, never one more loving and gentle in disposition, or more forgetful of self in the advancement of her charges. She had the very sweetest temper, and never did she utter a harsh word in the class-room. She was loved by all who knew her, and her friends were legion. Words cannot express the sorrow we felt at her untimely death, brought about in the prime of life, by her self-sacrifice and devotion to her work. Had she relaxed from her arduous labors of love during the last year, she would be with us now. The memory of her kind and gentle face will live forever in our minds.

Foreword

Another year has rolled away leaving the 1917 Scottonian. In this volume we have earnestly striven not only to equal the former annuals, but to set a high standard for future publications. Doubtless many errors have crept in which we would have liked to avoid, but we hope that we have succeeded in our greatest desire, that of making this year-book worthy of our school and the class of '17; and one which will recall old and pleasant memories in years to come, of many happy days spent here.

V. K. M.



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FACULTY AND STUDENTS

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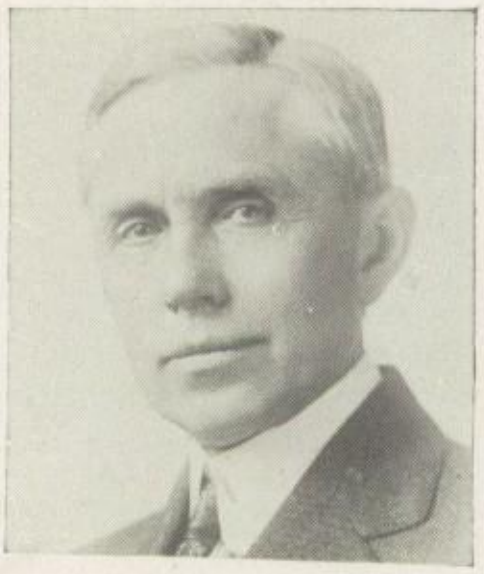
C. M. Brunson
National Normal, University of Illinois, University of Michigan, Knox College, B. L.



Mr. Brunson

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Miss Kirkby

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Smith College, B. A.

Miss Kitchen

Margaret Kitchen

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Bertha Lecklider

Ohio State University, A. B.

Miss Lecklider

Mr. Lenhart

Harry H. Lenhart

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G. F. Lok

Teachers' Royal Seminary, Wuertenburg, Germany

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Elmina Lucke

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Mr. Moffatt

William Eugene Moffat

University of Chicago, A. B.

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Carolyn Morgan

Summer Course New York University, New York School of Art, Art Student's League

Miss Morgan

Helen Noble

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Mr. Parker

William Parker

Lawrence Academy, St. Louis Manual Training School, Washington University, Special work at Pennsylvania State College

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Miss Refior

Sofia Refior
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Brown University, A. M. and M. D.

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Miss Schmidt

May Ryan
University of Michigan, A. B. and A. M.

Marie Schmidt
Wellesley, B. A.

Fay Schneider
University of Michigan, A. B., University of Wisconsin

Miss Scott

Ivison Scott

Saint Agnes' School, Albany, N. Y., Paris Fifteen Months, Quebec, One Year Summer Work Chicago and University of Grenoble

Fred L. Seibert, Jr.

Toledo Polytechnic

Myron F. Skinner

Ferris Institute, Chicago University

Mr. Skinner

Mr. Sommer

Annie E. Smead

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Roy F. Sommer

Antioche College, A. B.

Florence Sprague

Vassar College, A. B.

Miss Sprague

Miss Staadecker

Henrietta Staadecker
University of Michigan, A. B.

Frances Storer
University of Illinois, Bryn Mawr, A. B.

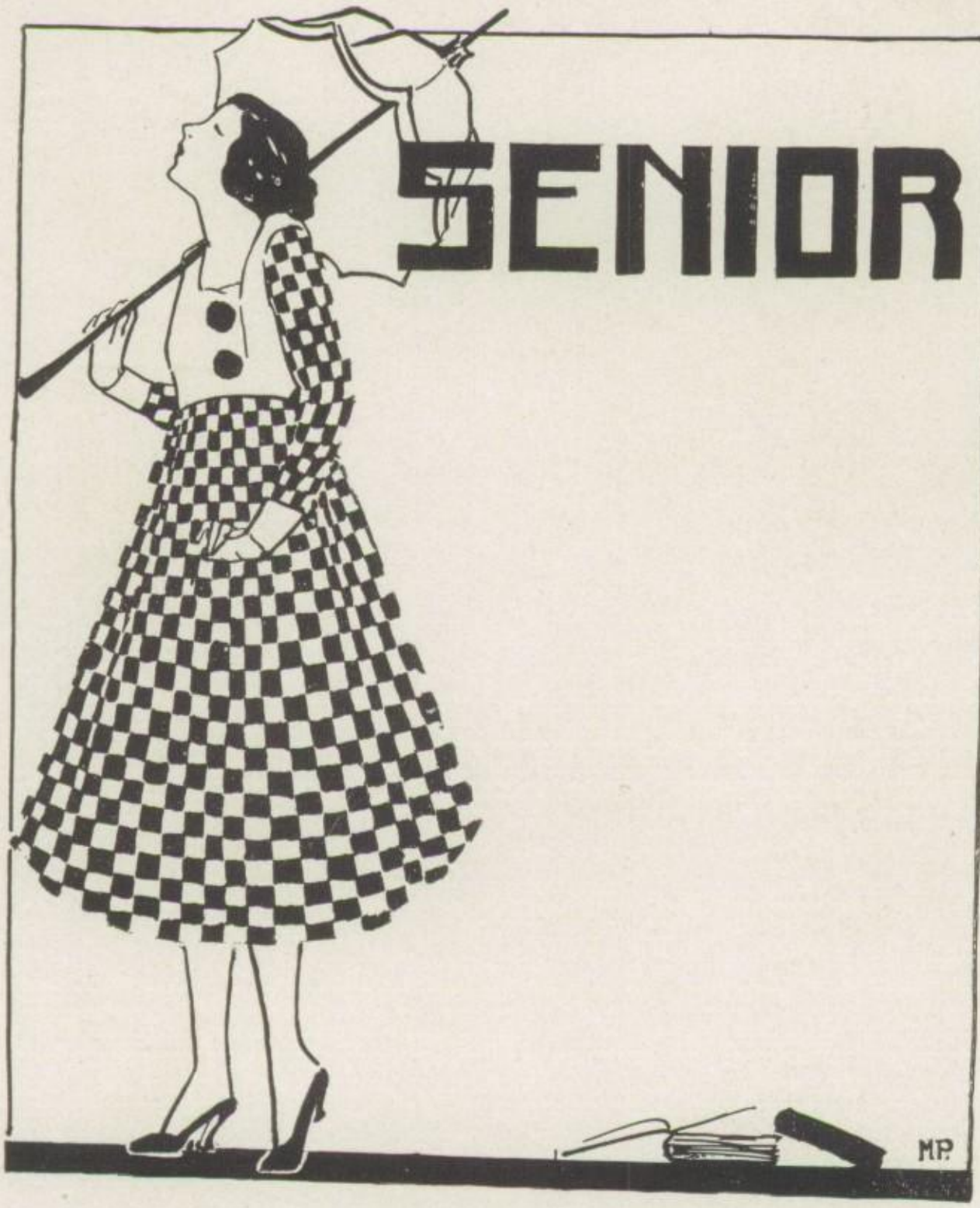
Guy E. Van Sickle
Ohio State University, B. A. and M. A.
Leroy J. Veler (Absent on Leave)
Ohio State University, B. A.

Miss Storer

Miss Taylor

Mona Dell Taylor
Ohio State, B. A.

Grace Walton
Simmons College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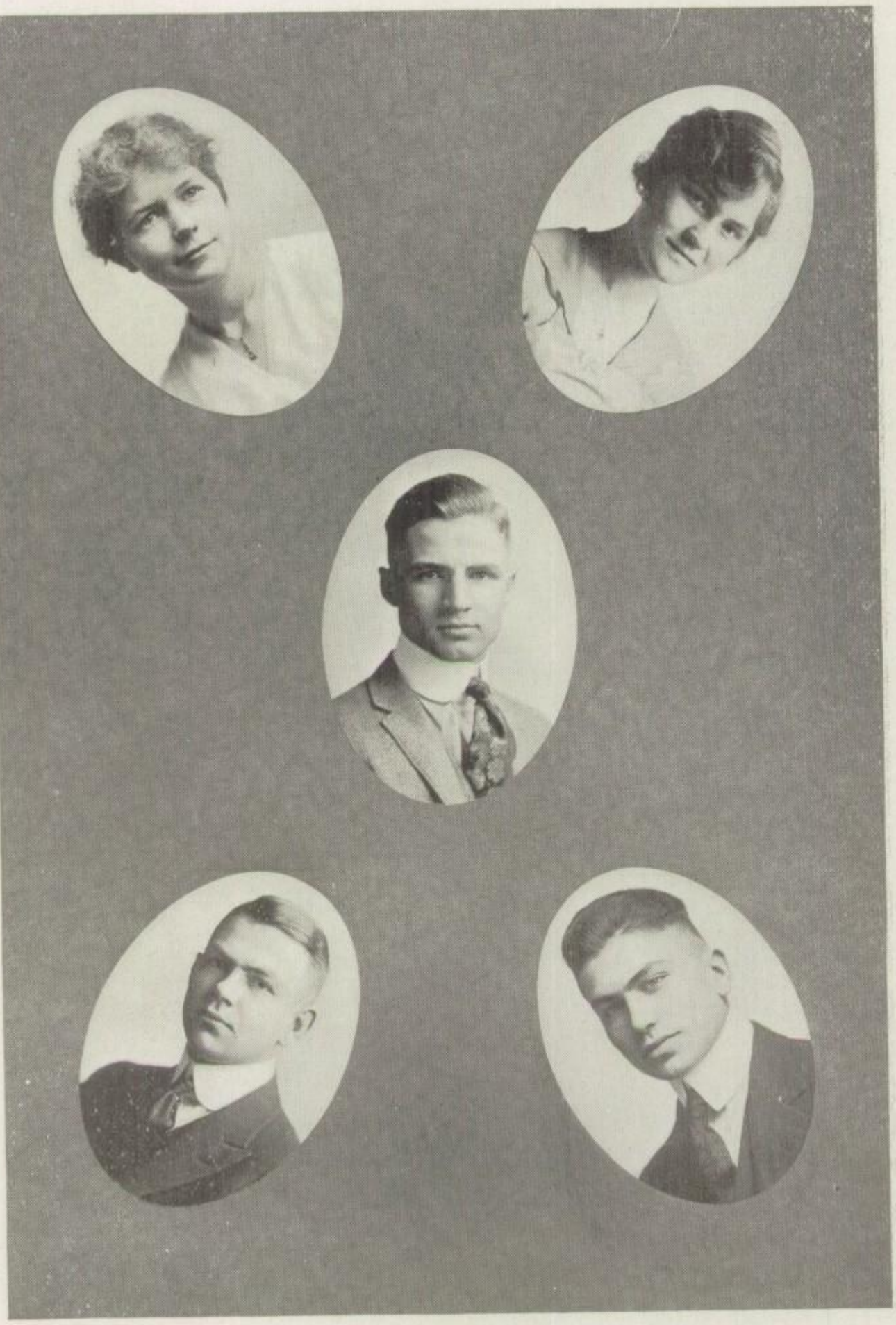


Class of 1917

Motto: Facta, non verba!

CLASS OFFICERS

George Urschel ..... President
Mildred Leddy ..... Vice-President
Margery Young ..... Secretary
Theodore Thal ..... Treasurer
Calvin Wetzel ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

ABAIR, MARIE LYDIA. Manual

"She sails airily thru the hall
This wee little bit of a girl."

ACKERMANN, IRMA. Elective

Scott Friendship Club, Corresponding Sec'y '14, "Alice in Wonderland."

"Much quickness ever to be taught."

ALLEN, ALICE. Elective.

Periclean.

"I speak in a monstrous little voice."

ANDERSON, MARY. College Preparatory.

"She was as good as she was fair."

BAYLESS, CAROL B. College Preparatory. Philalethian, Vice-President '17, Phil Minstrels, French Play 15; Class Prophet.

"None knew thee but to love thee
None named thee but to praise."

BEACH, GLADYS EVELYN. Elective.

"Toiling upward through the night."

Beall, Myrna. Elective.
Philalethian; Phil Minstrels; Senior Color Committee.
"As merry as the day is long."

Beckham, Alice Evelyn. College Preparatory. Philalethian, Debating Team '16; President '17; Phil Minstrels; Phil-Demos Play '17; Sec'y Junior Class '16; Thistle Board '16, '17; Sec'y '17; Oratorical Board, Sec'y '17; Senior Finance Committee; Girls Basketball '15; S. P. Q. R.; Friendship Club '15.
"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Beeley, Anne S. Elective.
Senior Finance Committee.
"She is pretty to walk with,
and pretty to talk with.
And pleasant too, to think on."

Bennett, Ella A. Elective.
Senior Invitation Committee.
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Bennett, Meribah M. Elective.
"What man dare, I dare."

Black, Iva G. College Preparatory.
"And beauty making beautiful old rhyme."

BORNE, DOROTHY L. Manual.
"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty."

BRADLEY, HELEN L. General. Philalethian.
"Your heart's desires be with you."

BRINGE, MARGIE E. Manual.
"Her silent course advance."

BRODSKY, HAZEL B. Elective. Periclean, Treasurer '17.
"There was a soft and pensive grace
A cast of thought about her face."

BURNEP, HELEN L. Elective.
"Who art so lovely fair."

CAMERON, SARAH. College Preparatory.
"They're only truly great who are truly good."

CARNEY, HELLEN. Elective.
Senior Class Novelist; Senior Vaudeville; "Princess Bonnie."
"I would more features were like thine."

CHAPMAN, LUCILLE M. Elective.
Philalethian; Phil Minstrels; Girls Basketball '17.
"One thing is forever good; That one thing is success."

CONDON, BARBARA A. Elective.
"She seemed as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea."

COPELY, PAULINE. Elective.
Scott Friendship Club, Secretary '17.
"I have no other but a woman's reason."

CRANE, VIRGINIA. College Preparatory. Thistle Board, '17; S. P. Q. R.
"A form so fair, that like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven."

DAVIES, BESSIE N. Elective.
"A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew."

DAVIS, DOROTHY D. College Preparatory. Philalethian; Phil Minstrels; S. P. Q. R.

"Who talks much must talk in vain."

DEAN, ALICE. Elective.

"The two appeared like sisters, twin
In features, form and clothes."

DEAN, FRANCES. Elective.

"Each was the other's mirror."

DECK, HELEN M. Elective. Philalethian; Phil Minstrels; Scottonian Board '17; Senior Vaudeville.

"Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye."

DEKKER, MILDRED. Elective.

"Merriment shown from her eyes."

DESOE, RUTH. Elective

"At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads."

DIGGS, L. MAURINE. Elective. Periclean; Scottonian Board, '17; Senior Vaudeville.

"She ceas'd; but left so
pleasing on their ear
Her voice, that list'ning still
they seemed to hear."

ENSIGN, MILDRED L. College Preparatory. Periclean, Recording Secretary, '17.

"And true she is as she
hath proved herself."

FAULKNER, HARRIET M. Elective.

"A penny for your thoughts."

FELDMAN, HANNAH C. Elective.

"O, world, be nobler for her
sake."

GAULD, MARIAN MACLAY. Elective.

"Who telleth one of my
meanings.
Is master of all I am."

FRIES, MALVINA. General.

"Marked with some act of
goodness every day."

GEER, RUTH L. College Preparatory. Periclean.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

GELZER, MARGARET. Elective.
"But for my own part, it was Greek to me."

GIBBARD, HELEN L. Elective.
"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

GREEN, OLIVE M. Elective. Philalethian.
"Her thoughts are like a flock of butterflies."

GREENE, ALICE R. Elective. Philalethian.
"You may travel and travel many a mile;
Ne'er will you find so winsome a smile."

GRUVER, MARIAN A. Elective.
"Kind are her answers."

GUITTEAU, MARCELLA G. Elective. Periclean, Senior Vaudeville.

"She smiles and smiles and will not sigh."

GUTHRIE, RUTH. Elective. Periclean.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

HANNAN, MARGARET M. Elective.

"All I know is what I want to know."

HARPST, ALICE. Elective.

"That clear featured face was lovely."

HAYNES, BEATRICE. College Preparatory.

"Indeed the top of admiration."

HELM, DOLLY HAZEL. Elective.

"Lover of all things alive
Wonderer at all she meets."

HIRTH, MARY. College Preparatory.

"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle and low—
An excellent thing in woman."

HURD, DOROTHY H. Elective.
S. P. Q. R.

"For all that faire is, is by nature good."

JACKSON, DOROTHY. Elective.

"A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet."

JACOBY, ALMA MARIE. Elective.

"She is a form of life and light."

JENSSEN, ELSIE. Elective.

"Joyous as morning."

KEYT, DOROTHY C. Elective.
Philalethian; Phil Minstrels; Friendship Club '14, '15; Secretary '15; Senior Vaudeville.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall."

KIRK, KATHRYN E. College Preparatory. Senior Finance Committee; Girls Basketball '16, '17; S. P. Q. R.; Senior Vaudeville.

"As light as a fairy on her dainty feet."

KOEHL, MIRIAM F. Elective.

"Her merry laughs was music to the ear."

KRAMER, MILDRED. Elective.

"Troops of friends I have."

KRUCKMAN, HORTENSE IRENE. College Preparatory. Philalethian, Censor '17; Oratorical Board '17; Senior Motto Committee; Thistle Board '17; S. P. Q. R., Sec'y '17.

"To whom Latin was no more difficult,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

KUHLMAN, LUETTE H. College Preparatory. Scott Friendship Club.

"Rich the treasure, sweet the pleasure."

LEDDY, MILDRED. Elective. Periclean, President '17; Debating Team, '16; Oratorical Board, Treasurer '17; Thistle Board, '17; Vice President Senior Class; Senior Pin Committee; Senior Vaudeville.

"A full rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just."

LEVY, ETHEL MAYE. Elective.
"Truth hath a quiet breast."

LUDWIG, NELDA E. Commercial.
"Favours to none, to all she smiles extends."

MCCURRY, IONE. Elective.
"O, I could play the woman with my eyes."

MCCUTCHEON, JANE F. Elective.
"Manners must adorn knowledge."

MACVAY, ESTELLA ROSALIE. College Preparatory.
"Her lovliness I never knew until
She smiled upon me."

MALLET, BERNICE D. Elective.
"Age can never wither her."

MEIER, ELSIE C. Elective.
"She speaks, behaves and acts just like she ought."

MERRELL, SYLVIA. Elective.
"She smiles on many just for fun."

MILLARD, GEORGIA GRACE. College Preparatory.
"To know her, is to admire her."

MILLER, DOROTHY E. Elective.
"I would applaud thee to the very echo."

MILLER, ESTHER L. Manual.
"The land of joy lies all before her eyes."

MENOLD, HELEN J. College Preparatory. Scott Friendship Club, President '16; Sergeant at-Arms '17.
"We are the dreamers of dreams."

MILLS, ESTHER M. Elective.
Scott Friendship Club.
"A lily of the field."

MILLS, LEONORE M. Elective.
Philalethian; S. P. Q. R.
"A kind and gentle heart hath she."

MOONEY, MADELINE M. Elective.
"The world is so full of a number of things."

MOORE, LAVERNA A. Elective.
"That what she wills to do or say, seems wisest."

NEIBERGER, MADELYN. Elective.
"For who loves me must have a touch of earth."

NUFFER, FLORENCE ANNA. Elective.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight too, her dusky hair."

Ovitt, Virginia R. College Preparatory. S. P. Q. R.
"Music can soften pain to ease."

Paquette, Thelma. College Preparatory. Philalethian, Recording Secretary, '17, Debating Team, '16; Phil-Demos Play, '17; Senior Vaudeville.
"Oh! Such were the charms of that eloquent one."

Paris, Anna Etta. Elective.
"A maiden never bold."

Paris, Fannie. Elective.
"She rules her own mind."

Paris, Rose E. Elective.
Scottonian Board, '17.
"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

Patton, Ruth. College Preparatory. S. P. Q. R.
"So shines a good deed, in a naughty world."

PENOYAR, MARJORIE. Elective. Thistle Board, '17; Scottonian Board; Senior Finance Committee.

"Art is silent poetry."

PERKINS, HELEN O. Elective. Girls' Basketball '15, '16, Mgr. '15; Sec'y Tennis Asso., '16.

"She's a highly energetic, undissuadable, magnetic, peripathetic and athletic kind of girl."

PETTERSON, MARIE INANDO. Elective.

"Angels are bright still."

PHEATT, GERALDA. Elective.

'She had a tongue at will, yet was never loud."

PLUMB, ELEANOR M. Elective.

"Youth now flees on feathered foot."

POLLARD, MARTHA E. College Preparatory. Philalethian, Treasurer, '17.

"Of study took she most care and most heed."

POST, HELEN MARJORIE. Elective.
"There is none like her—none."

RAY, BERTHA. General. S. P. Q. R.
"How calm and dignified."

RAY, MABEL KATHERINE. College Preparatory. S. P. Q. R.
"It is tranquil people who accomplish much."

REH, CAROLYN JEANNETTE. Elective. Junior Social Committee, '16; Senior Social Committee; Senior Class Historian.
"Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky."

REMSEN, L. LUCILE. Elective.
"Filling all the land with beauty."

RICHARDSON, MARCELLA H. College Preparatory. Periclean; S. P. Q. R.
"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."

RIEBEL, DOROTHY A. College Preparatory. Philalethian, Reporter, '17; Phil Minstrels; Treas, '15, Vice President, '16; Scott Friendship Club, President '17; S. P. Q. R.

"The envy of many, the glory of one."

RODGERS, NATTELLA B. Elective.

"I laugh, for hope hath
A happy place within me."

RCTTENSTEIN, VILMA. College Preparatory. Scott Friendship Club, Reporter '14; S. P. Q. R.

"The glory of a firm, capacious mind."

SAMPSELL, FANCHON LOUISE. Elective. Scottonian Board, '17,

"A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

SCHADE, HELEN MAY. Elective. Philalethian, Chaplain, 17.

"Full of jollity and fun."

SCHILLER, ROSE. Elective.

"How calm and dignified."

SIEK, RUTH A. Elective.
"Quality, not quantity."

SMITH, HELEN L. Elective.
"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."

SMITH, MARIAN W. Elective.
"A social smile,
A sympathetic tear."

SNELL, EDYTHE. College Preparatory. Philalethian; Senior Vaudeville.
"The best of us lack more'n wings to be angels."

SPRENG, CHRISTINE. College Preparatory. Periclean, S. P. Q. R.
"Sweetness long drawn out."

STEWART, ELEANOR. Elective.
"Faultless to a fault."

STEWART, MILDRED C. M. Elective.
"Never were there nor will there be another such."

STONE, RUBY B.
"So young, so fair."

SWANSON, HELEN E. Elective. Periclean, Chaplain '16; Scott Friendship Club, Vice President '16.
"A heart that warmly seems to feel."

TANNER, LUCETTA CAROLINE. College Preparatory. Periclean; Scott Friendship Club, '14: French Play, '15, Senior Vaudeville.
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

TAYLOR, KATHERINE. Elective. Periclean; Senior Vaudeville.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

TAYLOR, MARY LOUISE. Elective.
"In bigness,
As a star of smallest magnitude."

THIERWECHTER, FREDA E. Elective. Philalethian.

"She is fairer than words can say."

WEAN, MARION C. College Preparatory. Periclean, Censor, '17; Oratorical Board, '17; S. P. Q. R. Senior Pin Committee.

"It is astounding how many nice people there are in this world."

WELLS, BESSIE M. Elective. Periclean, Reporter, 17; Senior Vaudeville.

"And grace that won who saw to wish her stay."

WHITMORE, HELEN G. College Preparatory. Periclean, Vice President, '17; Reporter, '16; S. P. Q. R.; Scottonian Board, '17; Senior Finance Committee; Senior Vaudeville.

"And she is fair, and fairer than that word of wondrous virtues."

WIDENER, VERA M. Elective.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest people."

WRIGHT, AMY L. Manual. Philalethian; Phil Minstrels; Girls' Basketball, Capt. '16.

"She hath a nimble wit."

YOUNG, MARGERY ARDITH. Elective. Philalethian, Corresponding Sec'y, '17; Chaplain '16; Sec'y, Senior Class; Thistle Board, '17.

"She is most fair, and there unto,
Her life does rightly harmonize."

ZIMMERMAN, HILDA. Elective.

"Not forward, but modest as the dove."

ADAMS, LEONARD. General. Webster; Euclidean Club.

"Time, place and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born and never can be taught."

AISH, MILTON R. Elective. Demosthenian.

"His heart and hand, both open, and both free."

BAER, RAYMOND. Elective. Webster, Sergeant-at-Arms, '17; Football, '16.

"And the muscles of his brawny arms, were strong as iron bands."

BATCH, RICHARD M. General. Webster; Euclidean; Scottonian Board, '17;

"What his breast forges that his tongue must vent."

BINZER, ROY. Elective.
"You have a bold heart."

BERKEBILE, ORRIS W. Elective.
"This bold bad man."

BOICE, JOHN E. College Preparatory. Demosthenian; Senior Pin Committee.
"He will guide his affairs with discretion."

BRADLEY, ROBERT N. Elective.
"I crave no other nor no better man."

CANFIELD, HALE H. Elective. Webster, Treasurer '17; Euclidean Club, Sec'y '17.
Eek, thereto he was a right merry man."

CLASH, H. GARRETSON. Elective. Football, '16; Senior Finance Committee.
"A man of broad shoulders and heroic size."

BUEHLER, HAROLD. General.
"And though that he was worthy he was wise."

BIGELOW, REUBEN. Elective.
"Distrust him not, but let him pass in peace."

COLLINS, HAROLD B. College Preparatory. Demosthenian, Treasurer, '17; Euclidean Club, Treasurer, '17.

"Behold! A Man diligent in his business."

DONALDSON, STUART S. Elective.

"Man is known by the company he keeps."

EHNI, JOHN MILLARD. College Preparatory. Webster, Chaplain '15, Secretary '16, President '17; Vodvil '16, Peri-Webster Play, '17; Euclidean; Senior Finance Committee, Chairman Pin Committee; Oratorical Board, Vice President, '17; Track, '16, '17; Football, '16; Thistle Board, '17.

Energy and persistence conquer all things."

EOFF, CLARENCE N. General. Assistant Business Manager Scottonian, '17; Chairman Senior Picture Committee, '17, Senior Social Committee. '17.

"Calm and unruffled as a summer sea
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."

EPSTEIN, JACOB WILLIAM. Elective. S. P. Q. R.

"A gentleman of learning, and a most rare speaker."

ESTABROOK, GAYLORD B. College Preparatory. Demosthenian; Euclidean, S. P. Q. R.; Chairman Senior Motto Committee.

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

COMMAGER, ROGER WILLIAMS. General. Demosthenian; Euclidean Club.

"Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell."

DOUGLAS, DONALD. Scientific. Webster.

"Every man has his faults and honesty is his."

FALARDEAU, ROLLO D. Elective. Webster, Chaplain, '16; Business Manager Thistle, '17; Scottonian Board, '17; French Play, '16; Swimming Team, '14, '15, '16, '17, Captain and Manager, '17.

"The smallest hair throws a shadow."

FELTON, REX. Elective. Webster, Peri-Webster Plays, '16, '17; Webster Vodvil, '16; Football, '16.

"He has the daring deviltry in him of twenty fellows."

FINKBEINER, CARLETON S. Scottonian Board, '17.

"Actions speak the man."

FISHER, NORMAN E. Elective.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

FRANKFURT, HAROLD E. Commercial.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

FRIEDMAN, STANLEY. College Preparatory. Demosthenian, Vice president, '16; Censor, '17; Debating Team, '16; Oratorical Board, '16, '17; Euclidean Club, Censor, '17; S. P. Q. R. Consul, '17; Scottonian Board, '17; Editor-in-Chief Thistle, '17; Mask and Wig Club, '16.

"None but himself could be his parallel."

GINDY, ROY ELIOT. College Preparatory. Euclidean Club; Orchestra; S. P. Q. R.

"And one there was, a dreamer born."

GROSSMAN, HARRY. Elective.

"Let him pass in peace."

GUNN, ROBERT J. Elective.

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath he wasted."

GURNEY, RICHARD HALL. Elective.

"I am a worker."

HADDEN, ALDOUS. Elective. Football, '16.

"I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none."

HARROUN, R. GEORGE. College Preparatory. Webster.

"I am not in the role of common men."

HENSON, PAUL D. College Preparatory. Webster; Scottonian Board, '17; Senior Vaudeville, '17; Chairman Senior Invitation Committee.

"Bashfulness is an ornament of youth."

HEININGER, RALPH F. Elective. Webster, Sergeant-at-Arms, '16; Baseball, '14, '16, '17.

"Speed hath he in abundance."

HISS, KARL L. E. Elective. Webster, Chaplain, '16; Associate Editor Scottonian '17.

"Unrivalled as thy merit, be thy fame."

HOWARD, HAROLD WESLEY. Elective.

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

HIRSCH, J. BERTRAM. Elective. Senior Finance Committee; Thistle Board, '17.

"For every why, he had a wherefore."

JAMIESON, HOWARD R. Elective. Thistle Board, '14, '15, '16, '17; Scottonian Board, '16, '17.

"Love me little, love me long."

JEROME, J. ALAN. Elective.
"I laugh not at another's loss."

KIEFFER, DALE W. College Preparatory. Webster.
"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

KOBACKER, J. LESTER. College Preparatory. S. P. Q. R.; Orchestra; Senior Motto Committee; Thistle Board, '17.
"And certainly he was a gude felawe."

LAACK, ROBERT. Commercial.
"He is not of an age, but for all time."

LAUMAN, CLARENCE F. General. Webster; Radio Club; Orchestra.
"Oh, he is a jolly good fellow."

LEE, ROLAND B. Commercial.
"What's mine is yours."

JONES, EMERSON. College Preparatory.
"The brow of manhood serenely high."

LEES, CLARENCE. Elective.
"Stately and wise."

LINDECKER, JOSEPH B. Manual. Webster.
"A worthy young man, indeed, sir."

LINDGREN, HAROLD R. Elective. Demosthenian; Track, '17.
"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning."

LONGNECKER, DURBAN A. General.
"Neat but not finical,
Sage but not cynical."

MACDONALD, HARRY E. Elective. Webster; Euclidean; Thistle Board, '17.
"I love but one, I love no more."

MCKECHNIE, HERBERT DRAGO. Elective.
"I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

MACKENZIE, J. GAZZAM. Elective. Webster, Critic, '15, Vice President, '16; Peri-Webster Play, '16; Mask and Wig Club, Plays, '15, '16; Treasurer Junior Class, '16.

"I hold the world but as the world Gratiano—
A stage, where every man must play a part."

MACK, LAWRENCE E. Elective. Demosthenian, Censor, '17; French Play, '16; Phil-Demos Play, '17.

"More is thy due, than more than all can pay."

MAWER, STANLEY W. General. Webster.

"A pleasant man of gentle voice."

MEADER, V. KENT. College Preparatory. Webster, Critic, '17; Editor-in-Chief Scottonian, '17; Thistle Board, '17; French Play, '16.

"What a heavy burden is a name that has too soon become famous."

MEESE, WILL. General. Demosthenian; Track, '17.

"Nay, I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it."

MILLER, GORDON H. Elective.

"Shyness never was his fault."

MILLS, W. DONALD. Elective.
Senior Social Committee.
"He was gentle, mild, and virtuous."

PETERS, BRYAN A. Elective. Webster.
"He was a valiant youth."

PHILLIPPS, HENRY S. Elective.
Demosthenian, Sergeant-at-Arms, '17.
"Ay, sir: to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one picked out of ten thousand."

RORICK, CEILAN HERBERT. College Preparatory.
"Blessings on thee, little man."

ROSENBERG, IRVING L. College Preparatory.
"He was so generally civil, that no one thanked him for it."

ROUSSEAU, CLARENCE V. Elective.
"Every man has his devilish moments."

SANFORD, VINCENT. Manual.
"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."

SASS, ROLAND HAROLD. Commercial. Euclidean Club.
"Behold, the man."

SCHNEIDER, HAROLD P. Manual.
"Square built, hearty and strong."

SCOTT, RALPH BROOKE. Elective.
"He is a fountain of honor."

SEWALL, HOWARD H. Elective.
Webster, Critic, '16; Cross Country, '13, '14; Captain, '14; Track, '15, '16, '17.
"And who shall place
A limit to his enchanted strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?"

SHINBACH, SAMUEL. Elective.
Demosthenian; Euclidean Club.
"Dignity cannot be described."

SMITH, HERBERT C. General. Demosthenian; Euclidean Club.

"Men of few words are the best men."

STAHL, GEORGE S. Elective. Orchestra, President, '17; Scottonian Board, '17.

"Your cunning arts are lost on him."

STORER, GEORGE B., JR. Elective. Demosthenian, Vice President, '17; Euclidean Club; Radio Club; Chairman Senior Banquet Committee; Senior Picture Committee; Business Manager Scottonian, '17; Senior Vaudeville.

"His cares are now all ended."

STOREY, DARWIN. Elective. Webster; Orchestra; Assistant Business Manager Thistle, '17; Senior Vaudeville.

"'Tis only noble to be good."

THAL, THEODORE. Elective. Webster; Euclidean Club, Treasurer Senior Class, '17; Chairman Senior Finance Committee; Orchestra, Librarian, '16; Business Manager, '17; Scottonian Board, '17; Peri-Webster Play, '17.

"No-where so busy a man as he there was."

URSCHEL, GEORGE C. Elective. Student Council, '13; Basketball, '15, '16, '17; Football, '15, '16; Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Track, '17; President Junior Class, '16; President Senior Class, '17.

"My crown is called content; A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

VICK, BERNARD. Elective.
"My voice is still for war."

WARD, ALDEN J. Elective. Assistant Business Manager Thistle, '16.
"His reasons he spake full solemnly."

WARD, HARLEY MUNHALL. College Preparatory. Demosthenian; S. P. Q. R.
"We grant altho he had much wit, he was very sly in using it."

WATSON, WILLIAM E. College Preparatory. Demosthenian.
"Small things are not small if great results come from them."

WEBER, FORD R. College Preparatory. Demosthenian, Reporter, '16; President, '17, Debating Team, '16; Euclidean Club, President, '17; Thistle Board, '17; Scottonian Board, '17; S. P. Q. R., Counsul, '17; Phil-Demos Plays, '16, '17; Senior Vaudeville; Senior Finance Committee; Mask and Wig Club, '16.
"The foremost man of all the world."

WECHTEL, GEORGE F. Elective.
"The strength of twenty men."

WETZEL, CALVIN G. Elective. Webster, Sergeant-at-Arms,'15; Track, '14, '15, '16, '17; Capt., '17; Football, '14, '16; Scottonian Board, '16; Senior Social Committee; Sergeant-at-Arms Senior Class, '17.

"Unless above himself he can Erect himself, how poor a thing is man."

WILLIAMSON, GEORGE W. Elective. Demosthenian, Debating Team, '16; Phil-Demos Play, '17.

"To be constant in love is only attained by a few of us."

WILSON, BEN. College Preparatory.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."

WRAGG, DONALD S. Elective. Orchestra.

"Last but not least."

January Graduates

Ayling, Wellesley Arthur
Brown, Arthur Reed
MacNichol, Junior
Richlin, Dorothy
Riedeman, George H.
Speese, Naomi Rae
Steinem, Leo
Tillotson, Parnell A.
Wright, Raymond L.

Senior Committees

FINANCE COMMITTEE

Theodore Thal.....Chairman

HONORARY MEMBERS

Geralda Pheatt
Carleton Finkbeiner
John Ehni
Ford Weber
Bertram Hirsch
Garretson Clash

Meribah Bennett
Virginia Crane
Anne Beeley
Alice Beckham
Kathryn Kirk
Marjorie Penoyar
Hale Canfield

Helen Whitmore

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Calvin Wetzel.....Chairman
Don Mills
Clarence Eoff
Howard Jamieson

Helen Burnep
Margaret Gelzer
Jeanette Reh

PIN COMMITTEE

John Ehni.....Chairman
John Boice
Alden Ward

Mildred Leddy
Marjorie Wean

COLOR COMMITTEE

Marian Gauld.....Chairman
Robert Gunn

Myrna Beall

MOTTO COMMITTEE

Gaylord Estabrook.....Chairman
Lester Kobacker

Hortense Kruckman

INVITATION COMMITTEE

Paul Henson.....Chairman
Aldous Hadden
Harold Collins

Ella Bennett
Bessie Davies

BANQUET COMMITTEE

George Storer.....Chairman
Carleton Finkbeiner
Stuart Donaldson
Howard Sewall

Ruth De Soe
Sarah Cameron
Alice Greene

PICTURE COMMITTEE

Clarence Eoff.....Chairman
George Storer

Darwin Storey

Class of Nineteen Seventeen

SENIOR BOYS

Adams, Leonard P.
Aish, Milton R.
Baer, Raymond
Batch, Richard M.
Berkebile, Orris
Boice, John E.
Bradley, Robert N.
Budd, Grove
Buehler, Harold
Canfield, Hale H.
Clash, J.
Collins, Harold B.
Commager, Roger W.
Donaldson, Stuart S.
Douglas, Donald
Ehni, John Millard
Eoff, Clarence N.
Epstein, Jacob Willner
Estabrook Gaylord B.
Falardeau, Rollo D.
Felton, Rex
Finkbeiner, Carleton S.
Fisher, Norman E.
Frankfurt, Harold E.
Friedman, Stanley
Gindy, Roy Eliot
Gunn, Robert J.
Gurney, Richard Hall
Hadden, Aldous
Harroun, R. George
Heininger, Ralph Franklin
Henson, Paul Delos
Hirsch, J. Bertram
Hiss, Karl L. E.
Howard, Harold Wesley
Jamieson, Howard R.
Jerome, Alan
Jones, Emerson
Kieffer, Dale W.
Kobacker, J. Lester
Laack, Robert
Lauman, Clarence F.
Lee, Roland B.
Lees, Clarence DeAlton
Lindecker, Joseph R.
Lindgren, Harold R.
Longnecker, Durban A.
MacDonald, Harry E.
McKechnie, Herbert
Mackenzie, J. Jazzam
Mack, Lawrence E.
Mawer, Stanley W.
Meader, V. Kent
Meese, Will Ruthven
Miller, Gordon H.
Mills, W. Donald
Peters, Bryan A.
Phillipps, Henry S.
Rorick, Ceilan Herbert
Rosenberg, Irving L.
Rousseau, Clarence V.
Sanford, Vincent Jr.
Sass, Roland Harold
Schneider, Harold P.
Scott, Ralph Brooke
Sewall, Howard Howe
Shinbach, Samuel
Smith, Herbert C.
Stahl, George Springer
Storer, George B., Jr.
Storey, Darwin
Thal, Theodore
Urschel, George C.
Vick, Bernard
Ward, Alden J.
Ward, Harley Munhall
Watson, William E.
Weber, Ford R.
Wechtel, George F.
Wetzel, Calvin G.
Williamson, George W.
Wilson, Ben
Wragg, Donald S.

Class of Nineteen Seventeen

SENIOR GIRLS

Abair, Marie Lydia
Ackermann, Irma
Allen, Alice
Anderson, Mary
Bayless, Botsford Carol
Beach, Gladys Evellyn
Beall, Myrna
Beckham, Alice Evelyn
Beeley, Anne S.
Bennett, Ella Aimee
Bennett, Meribah M.
Black, Iva G.
Borne, Dorothy L.
Bradley, Helen Louise
Bringe, Margie Elizabeth
Brodsky, Hazel B.
Burnep, Helen Lucile
Cameron, Sarah
Carney, Hellen
Chapman, Lucille Mowers
Condon, Barbara
Copley, Papline
Crane, Virginia
Davies, Bessie N.
Davis, Dorothy Dakin
Dean, Alice
Dean, Frances
Deck, Helen M.
Dekker, Mildred
DeSoe, Ruth
Diggs, L. Maurine
Ensign, Mildred L.
Faulkner, Harriet M.
Feldman, Hannah C.
Fries, Malvina
Gauld, Marian Maclay
Geer, Ruth
Gelzer, Margaret
Gibbard, Helen Lavinia
Green, Olive M.
Greene, Alice Rita
Gruver, Marian Ardath
Guitteau, Marcella G.
Guthrie, Ruth
Hannan, Margaret W.
Harpst, Alice
Haynes, Beatrice
Helen, Dolly Hazel
Hirth, Mary
Hurd, Dorothy H.
Jackson, Dorothy
Jacoby, Alma Marie
Jenssen, Elsie
Keyt, Dorothy C.
Kirk, Kathryn E.
Koehl, Miriam Frances
Kramer, Mildred
Kruckman, Hortense
Kuhlman, Luette H.
Leddy, Mildred
Levy, Ethel Maye
Ludwig, Nelda Esther
McCurry, Ione
McCutcheon Jane F.
MacVay, Estella Rosalie
Mallett, Bernice D.
Meier, Elsie Caroline
Menold, Helen Julia
Millard, Georgea Grace
Miller, Dorothy Eleanor
Miller, Esther Lucile
Mills, Esther M.
Mills, Leonore M.
Mooney, Madeline M.
Moore, Laverna Alberta
Neiberger, Madelyn
Nuffer, Florence Anna
Ovitt, Virginia Richards
Paquette, Thelma
Paris, Anna H.
Paris, Fannie
Paris, Rose E.
Patton, Ruth
Penoyar, Marjorie
Perkins, Helen Osborne
Petterson, Marie Inando
Pheatt, Geralda
Plumb, Eleanor
Pollard, Martha Eby
Post, Helen Marjorie
Ray, Bertha
Ray, Mabel Katherine
Reh, Carolyn Jeanette
Remsen, Lottie Lucile
Richardson, Marcella H.
Riebel, Dorothy Anna
Rodgers, Natella B.
Rottenstein, Vilma
Sampsell, Fanchon Louise
Schade, Helen May
Schiller, Rose
Siek, Ruth A.
Smith, Helen Louisa
Smith, Marian W.
Snell, Mary Edythe
Spreng, Christine
Stewart, Eleanor Alma
Stewart, Mildred C. M.
Stone, Ruby Beatrice
Swanson, Helen E.
Tanner, Lucetta Caroline
Taylor, Katherine
Taylor, Mary Louise
Thierwechter, Freda C.
Wean, Marion
Wells, Bessie Marie
Whitmore, Helen G.
Widener, Vera M.
Wright, Amy Lucille
Young, Margery A.
Zimmerman, Hilda

Class Prophery

GIRLS

By Carol B. Bayless

June 20, 1927.

To think that it is actually just ten years since I graduated from Scott High! It hardly seems possible. It really seems a strange coincidence that I should have seen some of the old class of '17 today, too! Of course, some of them have remained right here in Toledo, but most of them I haven't seen for ages. I went into Ella Bennett's delightful little T-Room to eat a bite and rest a bit—it's such a cozy little place, and Ella is quite a success at it—when in came Dorothy Riebel; that is, she used to be Dorothy Riebel—oh, how we used to tease her about John! She fairly took the breath out of me by telling me that Marcella Guitteau was putting on a very artistic act at Keith's this week, something very unusual and novel, she said, and that Alice Allen had established a very exclusive and up-to-date Library and Reading Room in Chicago. It does surprise one so to hear of old classmates doing such unexpected things. From now on whenever I hear anything about any of the old class I will just jot it down here in my faithful little diary. It will be rather nice to have.

June 27, 1927.

I have been to the loveliest house party! Helen Bradley give it and surprised us all by having it composed entirely of girls from our old high school class. Her name isn't Bradley any more, however, for she has taken the name of some man from New York, and she has the nicest home, just outside of Cleveland. She bundled the poor man off for the time being and we had a regular old fashioned party. There were ten of us there, and we had a merry time. Myrna Beall has been running an exclusive milliner shop in Cleveland, but the diamond on her left hand modestly informed us that this would soon be abandoned for a much smaller establishment. Ruth Geer was there and she supplied us with the loveliest flowers from her famous Flower Shop every day. Marian Wean has become a much admired writer for the Literary Digest, and Bessie Wells is a most attractive and convincing suffragette. Helen Whitmore occasionally takes groups of young girls on her delightful and educational trips around the world. Alice Beckham at present has the most exciting continued love story in the Cosmopolitan, and is making a great success of her literary talent. Margery Young is head governess in a charming boarding school for girls in Washington, D. C. Katherine

Taylor just amuses herself and looks after a very nice husband whom she unfeelingly left behind in Detroit. We were all so glad to be together again, and "reminisce," that we scarcely stopped talking for five consecutive minutes. As we were motoring one day, we passed such an attractive little roadside inn that we stopped to see if the "eats" were as good as the exterior promised. I couldn't tell now what anything tasted like for I was surprised out of my seven senses to find Alice and Frances Dean in charge. They really just own it, and come once in a while to oversee things. They told us that Helen Carney had taken up aviation and was so enthusiastic about it that she could hardly be induced to stay on this dull planet for a whole day. The next day at the theater we were utterly dumbfounded to find Maurine Diggs, Helen Deck and Dorothy Davis in the box behind us. Helen is a professional gardener! She makes the loveliest combinations of different flowers and was wearing one of her pale blue roses. Dorothy is a teacher of rhetoric in a Cleveland high school, and is said to be one of the best. Maurine writes words for popular songs, and has made a "howling" success! The next night we attended a most delightful dance, but I talked more than I danced for there were Mildred Leddy, Dorothy Keyt and Mary Anderson. Mildred was taking notes on the affair for a Cleveland paper, but from the constant attentions of a certain young man I judged that the paper would soon lose a valuable reporter. Dorothy Keyt has been teaching a very select class in dancing in Cleveland, and Mary Anderson has been writing many popular scenarios for the Famous Players Film Company. Dear me, I have written so much about that house party that I will have to stop from sheer lack of energy to make my arm go any more.

June 28, 1927.

A surprise is one thing and a shock is another. I had a distinct shock this evening when I picked up the newspaper and glaring headlines informed me that Lawyer Geralda Pheatt had won her first big case, and that her success in her chosen career was now assured. Before I had scarcely recovered, I saw the item announcing the engagement of Miss Marian M. Gauld to the Earl of Southampton, and below it the description of the beautiful wedding of Anne Beeley and some enterprising young politician—after the ceremony they would go to California to live. Hortense Kruckman called me up tonight—poor girl, she gets so worn out teaching Latin to all those hopelessly green Freshmen at Scott, but if rumor be true, she will soon stop that to take up cooking, for two. She told me that Senator Hazel Brodsky so skilfully maneuvered some much-needed bill that she got it through in spite of strong opposition. She said that Malvina Fries is on one of the important committees in Congress and is making a splendid name for herself.

July 1, 1927.

I went down to the Y. W. C. A. today to take a swim, but nearly fell in before I was ready when I saw Lucille Chapman as swimming instructor and Amy Wright, head gym teacher. They seem to be delighted with their work. I stopped at the drug store on my way home to get a movie magazine, and the first one I saw had a picture of the world-famous and popular little star, Lucile Remsen, on the cover. I had known this for some time, but I was surprised to find

that Helen Perkins was the new director of the Famous Players Company, and that Louise Taylor was starring in a new play called "The Queen of Hearts." On the back cover of this same magazine was Marie Abair's ad. for her delightful "Parfum Francais," drawn by Marjorie Penoyer, who is now a very well known artist in New York. I am going to keep that magazine—it's a regular souvenir of the class of '17.

July 3, 1927.

Last night I witnessed a very clever playlet at Scott High, and Maribah Bennett was the coach! She has charge of the Scott Hi Dramatic Club and directs all the school plays. There was a group of the teachers sitting in front of us—Rose Paris, who is teaching Drawing; Mabel Ray teaches History and Civics, Marcella Richardson is teaching English and Freda Thierwechter is teaching Domestic Science. They all said they enjoyed their work immensely. As we were coming out, we met the Principal of the new high school and his wife, who was Margaret Gelzer. They are a very popular couple.

July 4, 1927.

We motored out to the Beach on the new road this afternoon, and to my utter amazement I saw the Divine Divers, Anna and Fannie Paris, billed as the attraction for next week. This made me so weak I sat down on the nearest bench—on a discarded box, labeled "Fanchon Sampsell's Famous Fairy Flakes!" This was too much for me—I lost consciousness. I think I'll wear "blinders" after this.

July 7, 1927.

I have just been reading a most interesting article in the "Review of Reviews," by Vilma Rottenstein. She seems to have taken up the cause of the suffragettes. That reminds me that Olive Green is coming to Toledo next week to make a speech on "Woman Suffrage." This afternoon I attended the opening performance at our magnificent new Theatre Royale. The play is the most popular one of the day—straight from New York—and Alice Greene is the popular star! Her acting has doubtless assured the future success of the theater.

July 9, 1927.

Just home from Bessie Davies' concert. She is making a tour of the United States and is simply wonderful. Drove out in the country yesterday and passed the beautiful country home of Dorothy Borne. It is an immense fruit farm and she and her husband live in a gorgeous mansion in the center of a velvety green lawn. Country life isn't what it used to be!

July 12, 1927.

I read in the paper this evening that Vera Widener, Hilda Zimmerman, Erma Ackerman and Gladys Beach are leaving for Kentucky, where they expect to establish a school and offer a "regular" education to the savage mountaineers; and Iva Black and Helen Burnep are sailing for England with their husbands, Duke and Ambassador, respectively! I feel sort of—well—upset, when I think of the class that once assembled in the old Auditorium to receive those precious documents stating that Miss Blank has satisfactorily bluffed her way through Scott High School and is hereby honorably dis-

charged—or something to that effect, scattered all over the globe. Perhaps some of them are directly under me, in China, this minute! "My kingdom for a periscope!"

July 15, 1927.

Well, I can scarcely believe it, but the newspaper states that Margie Bringe is in that heathenish China, teaching a Chinese kindergarten. I never would have believed it if it hadn't said that Mildred Ensign was there also—perhaps two of them can manage to stand it.

July 18, 1927.

Last night at the theater I saw Sarah Cameron and Virginia Crane. They are just in town for a few days—they married brothers and live in Chicago with less than five feet between their two homes. They said that Natella Rodgers and Ruby Stone were also in Chicago superintending weekly dinner dances at one of the best hotels.

July 19, 1927.

Today's Sunday Times' School Section was edited by Glenwood School—Barbara Condon is the Principal—and the Style Section was cleverly done by Pauline Copley. I think she has just started that lately. Ruth Guthrie is going to give her famous Temperance Lecture this evening at First Church, and Helen Menold is to give a short musical program after the lecture. I suppose they always get results by combining the two.

July 20, 1927.

The Ladies' Home Journal came out today and I have just read another of those refreshing short stories by Lucetta Tanner, and I noticed that Mildred Dekker is editing the House Beautiful department. I was down town shopping this morning and went into the beautiful new department store owned by Harriet Faulkner and Madelyn Neiberger. It is the first of its kind in Toledo to be managed exclusively by women. Hannah Feldman is the head buyer and goes to New York twice a year.

July 26, 1927.

There is something new under the sun. The Who's Who section of the Sunday paper says that Kathryn Kirk is the best golfer and horsewoman in the United States! My credulity has been under a most severe strain this summer. I don't see why people should do such **unexpected** things.

July 28, 1927.

The Toledo Musical Club gave such a delightful recital last evening. Charming piano numbers were given by Virginia Ovitt and Ruth Siek and Martha Pollard gave several wonderful violin solos. They have become some of the best teachers in the city. A very entertaining diversion was offered by Thelma Paquette, who gave one of her amusing and well known readings. Martha wore one of those "chic" creations by Mademoiselle Beatrice Haynes, who is a fashionable modiste in New York.

July 31, 1927.

There is a new shop building going up about two blocks away and I heard that Mary Hirth is going to establish another one of her popular Bon-Bon Shops there. The building is owned by Alice Harpst, who has become quite a real estate speculatress. They have

the best new soft drink at the drug store—it is called "Rose Schiller's Orange Delight!" The **first** part of it was hard to swallow.

August 3, 1927.

I saw an article in the New Magazine today advising all sensible people to spend a month or so at the attractive new summer hotel, on one of those picturesque lakes in Indiana—managed by Helen Gibbard and Marian Gruver! As an added inducement it states that every room in the hotel was furnished and decorated by the well known decorator, Margaret Hannan. It seems as though every time I pick up a magazine I read of the doing of some one of the class of '17. Some Class!

August 4, 1927.

Let it rain—I should worry! I went down town today to buy a rainy day outfit and was politely told that the "Dolly Helm" raincoat was the only kind they kept in stock any more—the others didn't sell. Of course I got it and it's a beauty—but that isn't all. The only umbrella they had that was a **real** umbrella was manufactured by the Dorothy H. Hurd Company; and when I saw those adorable little rain hats of Rubberette, made at the Dorothy Jackson Rubberette Plant, I thought the class of '17 had done its full share to make rain agreeable and even desirable. I was told today that Alma Jacoby is in charge of the new Children's Home in Kansas City.

August 7, 1927.

This diary is becoming a regular directory of our old graduating class; but I think it rather nice to have down in black and white what everybody is doing. I was at a meeting of the Educational Club this afternoon. Helen Schade gave such an interesting talk. They have been trying to get her for some time, but she is always booked for months ahead. This evening I attended a very interesting program given by some of the pupils of Helen Swanson's Elocution class. There was a long article in the paper tonight about the presentation at court of Madeline Mooney. She is engaged to some English lord and is very popular there. Scott students seem to have scattered to the four corners of the earth.

September 10, 1927.

I have been away—East—for nearly a month, and I had the best time! I saw all the historical points around Boston—and also discovered that Christine Spreng and Eleanor Stewart are teaching school there. I had a delightful time at Cambridge. I was rather surprised though to find Nelda Ludwig there as head of the Public Library. Washington afforded the most enjoyment of all. Ruth De Soe and Jeanette Reh are married and have become leaders of Washington society. Marian Smith is also in Washington and has captured the heart of the Ambassador from France. We stopped at Philadelphia on the way home but didn't stay very long—long enough, however, to find that Helen Smith is principal of one of the high schools there. We came back through Harrisburg and Pittsburg and then down to Columbus. At Harrisburg I was glancing through a directory when I saw—the unexpected, of course. Miriam Koehl owned "The Silk Shop"; Mildred Kramer, teacher of Domestic Science, and Luette Kuhlman, kindergarten teacher. At Pittsburg an enormous poster informed us that Estella MacVay

would give her weekly instructive lecture at the City Hall the next night. Of course this was a shock, but no worse than the one I experienced when I saw "Dorothy Miller Sweets" advertised in the hotel drug store. I certainly learn something every day. In Columbus Mildred Stewart is making drawings of the gowns in the department stores for their newspaper ads. Mary Sholes is now the wife of the Governor of Ohio and a very popular society leader. It all seems so strange!

September 14, 1927.

Helen Post and Eleanor Plumb are starting a new private Kindergarten here in Toledo, and Bertha Ray is connected with them as teacher of the Montessori Method. An exceptionally good story by Ethel Levy is now running in the Blade. This is the second one she has written. There is a good popular piece just out—words by Ione McCurry and music by Leonore Mills. Everybody is humming it.

September 17, 1927.

Jane McCutcheon is just back from abroad with a lot of curios and has set up a novel "Curiosity Shop," which has already become very popular. Elsie Meier is to be here next week in "A Jolly Good Fellow." She made an unprecedented "hit" in New York.

September 20, 1927.

Edythe Snell was married this morning to a promising young lawyer and is going to Alabama to live. In tonight's paper was a picture of the beautiful dancers, Marie Petterson and Bernice Mallett, who have become the greatest exponents of that dance which has become so universally popular in the last ten years—the Posture Dance.

September 23, 1927.

A friend in Oregon sent me a newspaper today to have me read a certain article she had marked. I haven't read the article yet, for all I saw was—"Georgia Millard, of the Forest Flowers." She goes into the woods and gathers the beautiful but almost inaccessible blooms which grow there, and sells them in an attractive shop. I should think that would be a lovely occupation. This afternoon I went down town to buy a little birthday gift, and went to Florence Nuffer's Novelty Store. You can always find just what you want there. I saw the most adorable pearl brooch, and found it to be the product of Laverna Moore's Pearl Works.

September 24, 1927.

This morning I received a circular from Esther Mills. She is teaching scenario-writing by mail. Next week at the Valentine is children's week, and a series of fairy tales will be played, beginning with "Alice in Wonderland." They are directed by Esther Miller. Elsie Jenssen plays the part of Alice.

This completes the girls of the class of '17. I have learned the whereabouts of each one of them as I started out to do that day when I heard of Marcella Guitteau's unexpected choice of profession. This really has been a most "shocking" summer!

BOYS

By Roy Eliot Gindy

Dear Class:

I have tried my best to prophesy and predict the futurity of each and every member of the class who belonged to the male of the species. My methods were various and many. I out-sherlocked Sherlock in my efforts to peer into the future. I questioned them concerning their ambitions, inclinations and predilictions. Some chilled me with an icy stare and inquired in what way it was my particular business. Others told me profusely of their hopes and loves—feminine as well as neuter—which I carefully garnered.

But in vain. For I read that men very seldom exhibit their natural inclinations until forty or in that neighborhood. Of course, some great men have at an early age shown their abilities, as did Liszt, Edison and Chaplin. But they are the exceptions.

Well, I have sat at the typewriter for over five hours and am still in the dark,—mentally, of course. It is about three o'clock A. M. and the manuscript is due tomorrow,—beg pardon, I mean today.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door. I wondered why the person didn't use the bell. And who could be calling at this late hour?

Pardon me for the interruption, but I must go to the door and see who it is. (Mr. Editor, let a few asterisks represent the interruption.)

* * * * * * * *

A funny thing happened. I went to the door and a dark Oriental-looking man stepped in. He had a case in his hand. I took him for a doctor on a hurry call.

"I believe you have made a mistake," I said.

"Ze mistake?" He had a strong French accent.

"Yes. Aren't you a physician?"

"No." He opened the case. "I have here ze pair of spectacles."

"Spectacles? There's nothing the matter with my own." I pointed to them lying on the desk.

"Ah, but zese are different."

He handed them to me and without waiting stepped out and disappeared in the darkness. I shrugged my shoulders. He must have been an escaped lunatic.

Walking back to the typewriter, I placed the glasses on the desk and tried to concentrate.

"Well," I said to myself, "I've got to start something."

I picked up my glasses and started to punch the unoffending typewriter viciously. I tried again and again. But it was futile. I looked intently at the list of names Miss Grischott had given me and attempted to get an idea from them. I perceived a set of names that were grouped together.

"Oh, how ī wish I could see what they will be when they are men," I sighed.

Of a sudden, the opposite wall began to fade away. The sight of a large newspaper office was seen. The private office of the edi-

tor-in-chief was separated from the rest of the office by glass partitions. He was looking at a fresh copy of the paper which hid his face from my view. No. it wasn't exactly yellow in color—the paper, of course. It was worse—a deep shade of orange. The editor put away the paper and I recognized Stanley Friedman.

In another part of the main office was a man busily punching a typewriter. I began to read his work.

"Girls, you must remember that the first requisite of reducing the weight is physical exercise. The diet is also exceedingly important. Reading is an excellent exercise—dime novels preferred. Chocolate is a good reducing food. A good way to combine the two is to consume as many chocolate caramels as possible while reading," etc.

The man raised his head. The features of Ralph Heiniger appeared. Well, he always did know a lot about women, anyhow.

Two reporters entered, whom I saw were those speed boys of yore, Hadden and Lindgren. They went to a desk in the distance and turned over to the sport editor, John Ehni, the report of a deadly game the day before. Ehni began to write the account of the awful checker match in which six kings were killed. But strange to relate, every other word was "Dorothy." I wondered, just wondered. Well, maybe she did.

On either side of Ehni were his stenographers, Harold Frankfort and Roland Lee.

The vision began to fade away. But I was elated. I had put on the spectacles the mysterious stranger had given me wholly by accident. And they were really, truly enchanted, just like they have in fairy tales.

I looked again at the list of names in my hand. There were Ted Thal, Leonard Adams, Gaylord Estabrook, and—oh, many of them. I made my wish.

There was the view of a large theater. It might have been Keith's and it might have been the Empire. I wasn't sure. The curtain arose and first on the program was "The Famous Quintet." Thal was at the piano, Longnecker and Kobacker, violins; George Stahl, celloist, and George Harroun, vocalist. As soon as they began to play the audience burst into tears. I could see in the stalls—I mean boxes—the noted Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands. Though they were hard hearted to women, they were now weeping extravagantly like the rest. This society was composed of Stuart Donaldson, Leonard Adams, Gordon Miller, Samuel Shinbach, Bernie Vick and Gaylord Estabrook. This was really not surprising to me, as even now, when but boys, they are misogynists.

The music was at first unfamiliar. Then it dawned on me. It was that soul inspiring melody, "Bill Baily."

Then they began to play another strain. I wondered why everyone was in such a hurry to get out of the theater.

Again the scene shifted. The sight of the Senate, sedate and sober, soon was seen. The President of the United States, George C. Urchel, was delivering his annual message.

"— and so, gentlemen, I now conclude this subject that is more vital to the country's welfare than the famous German question of 1917."

The problem was indeed a serious one and a triple debate ensued on the floor. Ford Weber stoutly held that women should be allowed to use powder puffs and powder as well as the men. Karl Hiss vehemently denied them the privilege. Jacob Epstein was for compromising. He argued in thunderous tones that women should be allowed to use the puffs but that powder should be prohibited. Altho Epstein's proviso was an excellent as well as sensible one, the senate was decidedly against the favor of the women.

The debate waxed hot and vicious. The Senators took sides and soon were hurling epithets, powder puffs and shells at each other. Yes, there were real shells—of the variety of the specie of peanuts.

Richard Batch was taking notes and peanut shells without the slightest partiality.

The Senators from Ohio, Garretson Clash and Harold Collins, in particular were having a hard battle with their opponents. Oh, no, they didn't use their fists. The idea! Of course not! That was too tame. They resorted to paper wads and very harsh language. They even said "darn" and "by heck." Most shocking, and in the dignified United States Senate, too!

The sergeant of arms and usher, Milton Aish and Raymond Baer, tried to quell the near riot. They almost succeeded—in looking as if they fell into their wives' flour bin. The air became suffocating and redolent with sachet powder.

"Horrors! Two horrors! I'm choking!"

The voices sounded familiar. I looked up in the balcony from whence they came and saw two patches of red thru the haze. As soon as the mist thinned, I perceived Robert Gunn and Robert Bradley, both conspicuous in color. But now their hair was fast turning white—with powder. John Boice and Harold Buehler, heroes that they were, rushed to their aid.

"Order," roared an individual whom I recognized as George Storer. "Order at once or I will fine each of you three cream puffs and send you back home to your wives."

At this deadly threat order was immediately restored.

Then arose the loquacious Rex Felton. He knew that the session would end that day, so he began to speak against time. In a vocabulary that was appalling he spoke until the time for adjournment came. Thus by allowing no vote to be taken, he saved the day for the women. He became the ideal of the feminine population of the country. He was the heroine—oh, I forgot—he was a man, wasn't he?—in which case, he was the hero of the day.

The Senate gradually faded from view and in its place appeared an imposing edifice. Over the entrance in large letters was the sign, "Refuge for Homeless Cats, Dogs and Husbands." In the office of the building was Hale Canfield, the head doctor, and his assistants, Carleton Finkbeiner, Clarence Lees and Reuben Bigelow. Canfield was showing them the enrollment list. On it was inscribed.

Cats 24
Dogs 19
Husbands 249½

A visitor entered at this point, whom I recognized as Paul Henson.

"But," objected Hensen , "how can you have half a man?"

"Oh," replied Canfield, "it isn't half a man that we have. It is a man and a half. Do you want to see him?"

Henson nodded and Canfield led the way. He pointed to a man in a cell. It was Rollo Falardeau. (It wasn't my fault, Rollo; I had to write what I saw, didn't I?)

In another cell was Will Meese.

"And why is he here?" asked Henson.

"His wife drove him out because he was a failure."

"He looks intelligent enough to make good."

"Yes, but"—he stooped to whisper—"he's honest."

"O-o-oh! I see! Awful!"

Then I saw Clarence Eoff. He was in a cell writing at a two-forty rate. The title of the book he was writing was "The Psychology of Woman." Well, all I can say is that he ought to be there. Anybody trying to write on such a subject is only fit for that place.

Again the scene shifted. This time it was a large factory. A huge electric sign glared, "The Watson and Mawer Dye Factory." A continuous line of boys entered the factory at the front and made their exit at the rear. From there on they proceeded to Scott High, a block distant, and entered Room 64 therein. The product of the factory was green dye. At the entrance and exit were Ralph Scott and Clarence Rousseau. They were adept in handling the boys and seemed to enjoy their job exceedingly. And the Freshmen—there, I've given the factory's secret away—well, the Freshmen love their elders anyhow. Roger Commager had the job of extracting the green. It was easy work—that's the main reason why Commager had it. All he had to do was ask the Freshmen a question and the Freshmen gave their green gratis.

Next to the Watson and Mawer Dye Factory was "The Wragg and Mills Dry Goods Store." You see, Scott High was in the business section of Toledo.

Herbert Smith, the floorwalker, was giving his clerk, Dale Kieffer, a treatise on the advantage of speed.

"Does it take you four hours to sell a woman some baby ribbon?" he said sarcastically.

"I was just going to sell it to her but another lady came in and each discovered that the other had a husband with the same habits."

"I see," said Smith, "I take it all back and you say it only took four hours? Wonderful!"

The floorwalker went up to the office and reported to the efficiency expert, Ben Wilson, that the firm had a wonderful clerk in Kieffer. It is hardly necessary to state that because of his marvelous time record Kieffer was promoted.

In another office of the store was Darwin Storey, the head of the advertising department. By using French words instead of English and by increasing the price of everything fifty per cent., Storey had increased the female patronage of the store to a large extent. Howard Jamieson furnished the artistic part of the advertisements and by his pictures increased the male patronage in a like degree.

The commercial atmosphere dissolved and the sunny sky of California appeared. The greatest film company in America was filming the greatest screen production

Standing before the set and in a general state of perspiration and desperation (for stars are temperamental, you know) was the director, Calvin Wetzel. His camera man was Lawrence Mack. Busily at work setting up the scenery were Orris Berkebile, Norman Fisher and Richard Gurney.

In an office to himself was Herbert McKechnie, who wrote those delightful poetical stanza for the pictures.

Suddenly the whole studio was thrown into an uncalled-for haste. A large automobile was coming through the gates. In the back seat and fairly effusing opulence was Alan Jerome, the moving picture magnate. A reporter went up to interview him. Jerome evidently knew him.

"Well, Williamson, what is it today?"

"I wish to know to what you attribute your wealth."

"You see," said Jerome, "I always was a heavy plunger, and one day I cleaned up on Wall Street."

On the nameplate of the machine was the insignia of its make. I saw that it was of the Lindecker-McDonald manufacture. And so, thinking of the manufacturers, the scene changed to a large automobile factory. In a beautiful office were the inventors of the car and who were eagerly pouring over a blue print that Vincent Sanford had just brought up. It was the diagram of a new engine, designed by Harold Howard, that was built for the especial use of Meader gas. This gas was just placed on the market, the invention of Kent Meader. Philanthropist that he was, he would not sell it at the same price as gasoline. No, he would not oppress the poorer classes. He did not believe in getting rich quick at the expense of his fellow-beings. No, he sold the gas at forty-six cents a gallon while gasoline was selling at the terrible price of eight cents.

Soon they had an automobile constructed with the new motor in it. Then they tried out the new fuel. The motor whirred merrily. Meader threw in the gears and the car started—and kept on going. Try as hard as he could, Meader could not stop the car. Its speed increased. They were going faster than the law allowed. A policeman by the name of Peters—Bryan Peters in full—took up the chase. Soon other policemen whom I recognized as Robert Laak, George Wechtel and Clarence Lauman joined in the pursuit.

When the gas was exhausted, the car came to sudden stop.

"We arrest you in the name of the law," shouted the policemen in unison.

"Gwan," said Meader, "You can't arrest us."

The bluecoats were taken aback at his audacity.

"Why not?" they queried.

"Because you aren't policemen."

"Here's our badges to prove it."

"Yeh. You got your badges all right. But where's your Irish brogue?"

"Curses!" exclaimed the imposters. "Discovered!"

Although there was a great commotion in the middle of the street between the imposters and Meader, three men standing on the walk were in no means disturbed. Two of them were talking earnestly with the third.

"But, Mr. Sewall," said one, "I thought that you said it was only a ten-minute walk to the downtown district."

"I still maintain that it is, Mr. Phillips. If I walk it in that time will you and Mr. Rorick agree to buy the property?"

They nodded and Sewall started to walk. Phillips and Rorick tried to follow him. But soon they had to lag behind. His pace was terrific. Sewall arrived at the place agreed upon in nine minutes.

"You win," panted Phillips and Rorick, coming up a few minutes later.

"You will have to draw up the contract with my employer, Mr. Alden Ward. You see, he employs me because of my speed in walking. So when he says a place is a certain time's distance by walking, he has something to back it up with."

The contract was drawn up by the renowned lawyer and critic, Harley Ward. Ward was the only man to prove decisively that Caesar was the author of Virgil's Aeneid. He had some opposition from Irving Rosenberg. But Rosenberg published a revision of Shakespeare that was unsurpassed even by the original, and content to bask in his own fame, he let the opposition fall.

Well, Rorick and Phillips opened an absolutely sanitary restaurant. For the dishes were eatable. They employed Roland Sass and Harold Schneider as the hash and slang slingers. But something was the matter. They had no trade, and they were failing. Something was missing. Ah, that's it—they did not advertise. At last they hit upon a wonderful advertising stunt. They employed Birtram Hirsch, the man with the unsatiable stomach, to stand in the window and eat. Hirsch formerly was a promising young surgeon, but it is impossible to operate and masticate at the same time. Hirsch chose the latter.

Soon a great crowd gathered about. But still Hirsch ate on, a benign smile of content and satisfaction spreading over his rotund face. The mystery of it all was where it went. The crowd became larger and traffic was blocked. But still he did not cease to eat. Shredded wheat, bananas, ice cream, pickles, eclairs, olives, prunes, sandwiches of all kinds—and what not. Perspiration began to come out on my forehead. And yet he ate. Would he never stop?

I made a motion to wipe the perspiration from my forehead and accidently brushed the enchanted glasses from my eyes. They fell to the floor with a crash and were dashed to a thousand fragments.

I came to with a jerk.

Well, you can imagine it? I had fallen asleep and typed this in my sleep. It was all so real that I even brushed my glasses from my eyes. I can show you the broken lenses as proof. What's that? You don't believe that I could write this in my dream? Well, neither do I.

By Alice E. Beckham

Four years have passed—four precious years of life—
Into the irretrievable past that follows man;
And memories, siren-voiced, would fain recall
Those happy hours that were dear to all,
Each bubbling hope and each ambitious plan.
Hopes half-fulfilled and fewer plans begun
Dim not the brightness of the backward look,
But sweeter are they whom success has crowned,
And tender pride has covered them around—
A mantling softness each achievement took.
Four years—and then a day in verdant spring,
And sun-illumined on the campus green
Forever bearing testimony well ,
To loyal love, there stands the ancient bell
And crowns the faithful toil of '17.
Four years—and high school days forever gone.
We stand upon the threshold eager-eyed,
With trembling heart we see an unknown life;
Timid to venture, fearful of the strife,
Yet daring, trusting in a power untried,
Oh, eager youth, that knows not failure's sting,
Blinded to sordidness by rosy dream—
Stay with us, youth, and keep us fresh and true!
Make us but worthy of the school we knew,
And proudly bear the name of '17.

By Jeanette Reh

In looking back, our four short years now seen indeed a dream. The first eight years of grammar school had been spent in anticipation of being sometime high school students. In the year 1913, seemingly countless verdant Freshmen did invade the beautiful new school edifice that has been our Alma Mater. It did not take us long to find our friends in our soon popular principal and our instructors. We quickly became accustomed to the grandeur of our school and the rush and roar of classes moving in its Gothic halls and settled down to the routine of Freshman year which we may without undue modesty say repeats the history of many who have come before us. But in one respect our history will not be repeated, for we are the first graduating class that has spent the entire four years at Scott.

The second year found us in Room 126, of course a very self-important Sophomore class, under the wise guidance of Miss Caughey. Then our fine athletic field began to foster the first sparks of our interest in football. We had the material for a very promising team and though we experienced some disappointments in our games we now realize that any failures that we have made have been only stepping stones to our present success.

Our first class meeting and election of officers brought us into existence as a Junior class. Junior year was more eventful than either of our former years. On Thanksgiving morning the team scored a football victory over Waite High School. In the evening the annual Junior hop, arranged by a committee of our class, was given and the team received besides their letters a large silver football presented to the winning team by Covert Bros. The hop was a success financially as well as socially, which was a factor in the decision to bring the old Central High School bell, the only real relic of old Toledo, to Scott and place it in a suitable setting.

Now Senior year brings us to the most important events of all. After electing officers and appointing committees we undertook a rather unusual enterprise. It was decided to bring Louise Homer to Toledo for a concert to be given under the auspices of the class. We were facing great competition in the variety of attractions offered here at the time but through the untiring efforts of Miss Ritchie and the loyal support of the class the concert proved a success in every way. The proceeds enabled us to consider a much more elaborate setting for the class memorial to be erected for the old bell.

Various citizens of Toledo not only inspired and encouraged us in this but have contributed to our funds so generously that the most venturous project as yet attempted by a Senior class has been realized.

But the history of this last year would be incomplete without mention of our football team, which, in attaining the high school football championship of the United States has brought us much honor. Another common interest this year has been our study of American history and civics. What we had before vaguely felt to be our country, our United States, we have learned to know, love and appreciate in a deeper sense. We are now about to enter its active life and because of the freedom and educational opportunities that we have been given we should be able to become citizens of which it may be proud.

By Helen Carney

Emilie Edwards possessed grave ambitions to become a writer of note and to be given the title "Who's Who" in literary reviews. This ambition burst into flame some four years ago and at that time newspaper offices and editors' phone numbers exercised a great influence over her daily sins and virtues. On one of her pilgrimages to her favorite newspaper office Emilie met Billy-John Winslow, hyphenated. At first she did not encourage a friendship but rather accepted a position of instructor to the chap and a mother's advisory committee appointed by her one and only self. Even at that early stage of the writing game Emilie had tender senses and a grammatically correct vocabulary that knew no bounds. To her Billy-John Winslow was a psychological experiment combining a dictionary upon diplomatic idioms, editorial phrases and popular lingo. To resist this effervescing good nature was next to impossible for Emilie, so—enter a life-long friendship.

Did you think Mr. Edwards was a plain, every day, rather prosaic business man? Far be it from such! It is true he was a business man but very, very different from the average. He was known as a "monied" man. In fact, he seemed a rather millionaire type when one examined the round figures to his credit in various banks and business organizations. Taking all this into consideration you can see how his fair young daughter Emilie could play with authorism and the heart of a young newspaper man; how she could go for extensive cruises on her father's yacht and take this same young newspaper man, Billy-John, with her as erstwhile companion. Their excursions were many and glorious. Out of the Maumee Bay to the lake; across Erie to the Detroit river; thru Lake St. Clair and off into more northern waters, they would journey. Sometimes they would start in the moonlight and then anchor off some quiet shore for the night. Then again, they would take the great white craft from her moorings in the bright sunny morning and cruise all day. By night they would be far from home and feel as strangers in their present surroundings. Always was Billy-John Emilie's chief companion. It was Billy-John who piloted Emilie thru Algonac to the Indian camps. And what a queer little town it was. How well the girl could remember it! To be sure it was here they had tasted their first icecream soda concocted as to Indian ideals. That is, there was no icecream whatsoever to be found in the foaming depths of the unflavored soda. When one walked down Main street for one block,

past the grocery and then retraced his steps they had been thru Algonac twice. After such excursions as these they would return to the yacht in the dory. As the big yellow moon arose and streaked the deep waters with gold, they would linger on the deck talking, playing soft melodies on the Victor or just gazing at the twinkling blue, red and white lights on the more distant freighters. It was all so beautiful, so loving thought Emilie as she mused over them in the winter months when wrestling with her novel.

Wrestling it was, for Emilie had no end of trouble with her heroines. Betty turned out to be a searcher for ancient icons which made her pug nose ridiculous. Jane was a hidious tom-boy when she should have represented a pious little Quaker. Hulda was always sad when she should have captivated the young American with her pretty foreign speeches. And so it was.

Unlike the heroines, the heroes seemed to become more perfect. Let it be said that Emilie only understood one type of hero and that was Billy-John. Of course it would never be permitted to let her know you thought so. She often told Billy-John Winslow, hero, that she would never marry unless her novel was a great success and had indeed quenched her desire for further conquests. No other power was great enough to make her condescend to enter a state of common-place bliss.

So one season fled only to usher in another far more promising. The novel was still uncompleted, altho Emilie assured Billy-John that it would not be for long. During the long winter evenings Mr. Edwards had discovered a wholesome companion in the newspaper chap as they would sit before the huge log fire discussing the war, or upbraiding the latest styles for women, or playing chess. They all enjoyed these evenings. There now seemed to be no great financial barrier that had existed at first. The father liked Billy and he realized that this youngster possessed the material for some greater work. Also, had not he, himself, been in the same position financially? But it was now early summer.

"Emilie, I am going downtown for those new dishes for the yacht. You call up the cub reporter and tell him to bring himself and those new chessmen down to the yacht club at 10:30 as usual tomorrow morning. Don't forget the chessmen. Good-bye! I'll call up from town if the phone isn't still in use."

Blushing, the girl ran from her father's teasing speech to the telephone.

"Central, give me Collingwood 97X18. Hello! Is this the Blade? Oh, it is Billy-John Winslow talking, it is? Are you dreadfully busy this morning?"

"No, Emilie, my darling, I have been sitting here looking moon-eyed and waiting for you to call me for the darkest depths of this surging throng of humanity. You may save yourself the painful effort to tell me to report at the club at the morning hour of 10:30 as usual. I will be there. A great bond of affection exists between your father and my honorable self. Have you given my question proper consideration? Em, here's hoping it will be yes! How is the novel holding forth?"

"Oh, Billy-John, you do have more nonsense to talk about! I wish I could remember some for my book. It is going along mar-

velously, though. It will make me famous. I know it will. I will take it with me tomorrow and then you may read it—no? I shall."

"Again?" same over the wire in a muffled groan. "All right, darling, I shall see you tomorrow. I say, am I to call up this evening?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But if I am in my study do not disturb me as I shall be working on my novel. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, Em!" came the disheartened reply from the pen and ink Romeo. Out of the buzzing and rustling pressroom Billy heard his name called.

"Yes, sir?" he answered.

"Step this way! You will take the police court work tomorrow. Burns fell from a machine and is somewhat cut up." (Here Billy muttered, "He should have been killed.") He can't be on hand. I guess you know about how to handle that stuff." The chief was a man of business and Billy-John knew he meant every word he said.

"Very well, sir," and he moved off to call up Emilie.

"Why, Billy-John Winslow! How perfectly awful! You know very well I want to tell you about the intricate passages in my novel. You're horrid!"

"I grant that, dear, but the chief is a darned sight worse than I am. Say, bunch, I must run for an assignment, so good-bye! Have a slick time tomorrow, but don't forget your own Billy-John."

The next nights and days found Billy-John Winslow the most wretched man in the entire universe. He was lonesome; he was worried; he was in love. To us it seems remarkable that the chap retained his sanity. The first day, that is when the yacht left the club, was exquisite. It was one of those rare twelve hours to which a "Perfect Day" is forever dedicated. Alas! It was not to continue so for long. As the night gathered the rain began to fall upon the windows in ghost-like thuds. The shaggy lightening could be seen through the deepening deluge. On the next day, Sunday, the wind calmed during the earlier hours to burst forth again in a mighty strength. More rapid and more fierce it moved on in the path of destruction.

Billy knew that even an able seaman such as Mr. Edwards might be deceived by the calmness of the morning and start upon the return journey. Oh! the anguish and the worry of those hours! Were they safe? If he only knew! It was late now but Billy-John found it impossible to retire. As he was in the midst of a big worry the phone rang. He reached forward, almost destroying the instrument in his haste.

"Hello! Hello! Who is this? The yacht? Well," then a pause. "My God! A life preserver from the Emilie II.? You think there has been some accident? Oh!" Billy sought a lounge, stupefied. With a pitiful groan he sank lower, a helpless mourner.

Again the telephone.

"Hello! Yes, this is Winslow. No I have heard nothing from them. Who's talking? Oh, yes, the people in the Edwards' apartment. What? You have phoned for the police? You heard noises in their rooms?" (Pause.) "I'll be right down."

"If I can't help one way I will another," muttered Billy as he

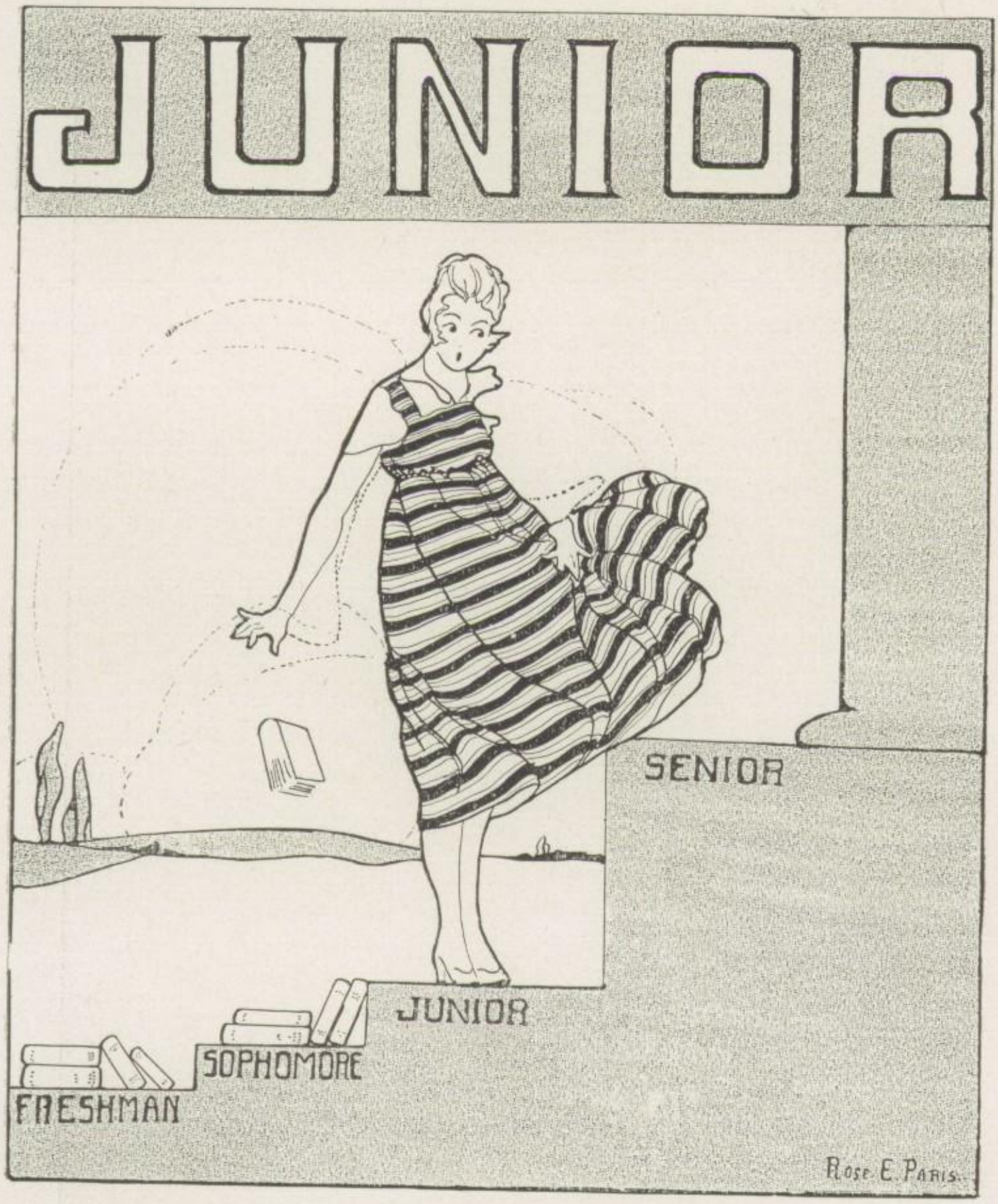
ran through the driving rain. A choking broke from him as he leaped up the stairs. He met the hall boy in the vestibule with keys extended. Jerking these from him, Billy unfastened the door bearing the card "Edwards" just as three policemen opened the door from the streets and came into the corridor. They recognized Billy-John Winslow, so no time was lost in useless words. The apartment was in total darkness. Then a hall door opened. Billy shrieked and lunged forward. It was Mr. Edwards, himself, looking worn and haggard. Next Emilie appeared and with a cry of utter exhaustion and fear slipped into Billy's arms.

Explanations came later. They had been caught in the storm and such was it as to inspire in any man fear of the water even in time of calmness. All the trappings, every available object had been torn from the craft by the terrific force of the waves. Huge sprays dashed over the deck, breaking the cabin windows and drenching the occupants within. The battle seemed to rage for hours and still the plucky engine drove on. Late that night they swooped into the wells and Mr. Edwards devoutly uttered an oath to dispose of the Emilie II. on the next day. They were all weary and in truth not fully recovered from fright, so that they failed to notify the people of their return.

"And, Billy-John, I prayed all the time. I knew God was angry because I put my novel before you. So I prayed and prayed and prayed that I might come home safe and tell you about it."

"Well, sweetheart, He knows what is best," smiled Billy-John, with a magnificent air of superiority.

In conclusion, let it be said the novel was swept overboard and the last hero and heroine sank to a deep, watery grave—a fitting end.


JUNIOR
SENIOR
JUNIOR
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMAN
Rose E. Paris.

Class of Nineteen Eighteen

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Willis Wing ..... President
Elizabeth Brown ..... Vice-President
Katherine Clare ..... Secretary
Keith Miller ..... Treasurer
Taylor Smith ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

Class of Nineteen Eighteen

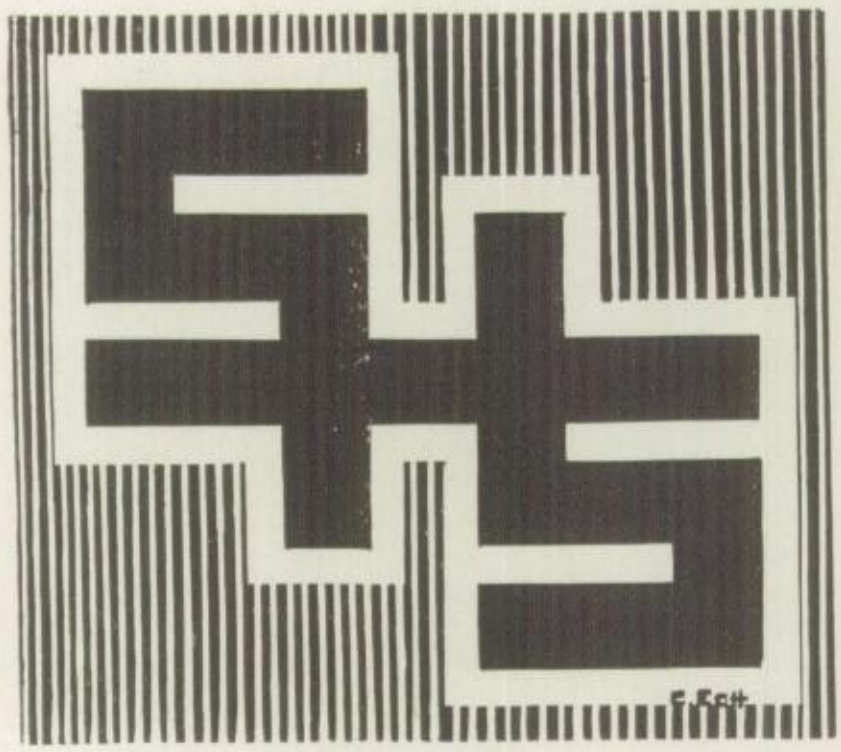
JUNIOR BOYS

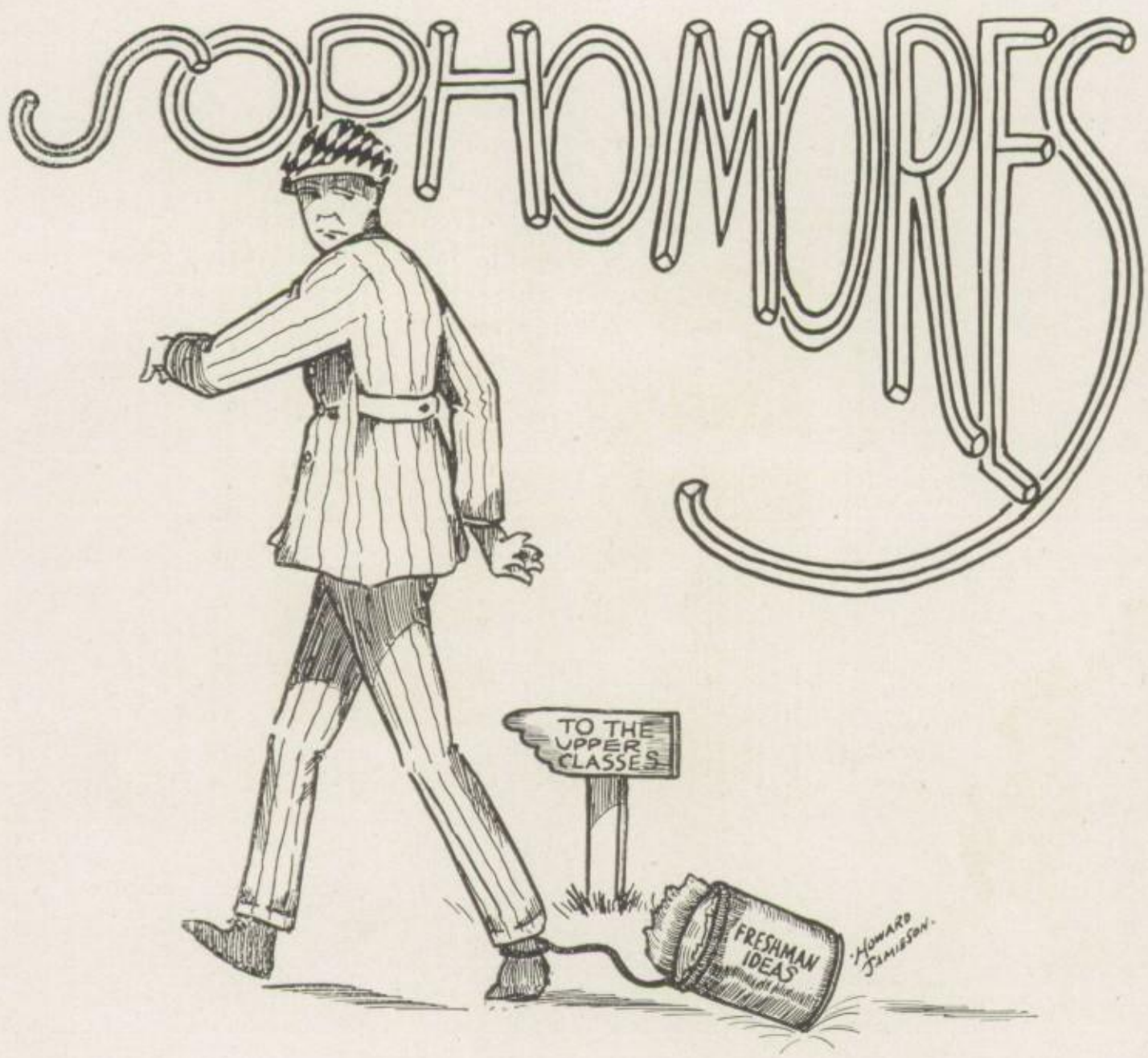
Ahrendt, Robert
Arndt, Alexander
Ashley, Edward
Baither, Charles
Baker, Walter Earl
Baker, Warren J.
Bame, Abraham
Beck, Norman
Behm, Donnal
Bernhisel, Donald
Bendlin, Bernhard
Biggs, Harold
Binzer, Roy
Boldt, Lewis
Brettel, Richard
Brown, Russell
Buehler, Alfred
Chute, George
Cole, Wendell
Collins, Clifford
Commager, James
Conner, Ralph
Crawford, Chauncey
Culp, Eugene
Curtis, Maynard
Czechowicz, F. Gerald
Daggett, Donald
Davis, Maurice
Edson, Warren
Engfer, Ralph
Ernsberger, Harry
Faben, Richard
Fralick, Ray
Gibbs, Philip
Gibson, Joel
Gillette, Robert
Grandy, Edwin
Grossman, Harry
Gruver, Lester
Gunn, Richard
Hamilton, Allen
Haverfield, Sheridan
Hayes, Ralph
Heath, George
Hillery, Dwight
Hineline, Edgar
Hirssig, Edward
Holmes, Merrell
Hunlock, Ward
Jackman, William
Jerome, Alan
Jewett, Harry
Katz, Philip
Keiser, Clarence
Koenig, Alphonse
Kidney, Leslie
Koch, Irwin
Kull, Albert
Latimer, Charles
Lindgren, Albert
Longthorne, William
Lutz, Ralph
McKee, Wilbur
McKillen, Clarence
MacInnis, Donald
Mandler, Howard
Martin, Harold
Mathis, Carleton
Mensing, Francis
Merrell, Donald
Merrick, William
Method, Carll
Miller, Keith
Milmine, Philip
Moorehead, Lewis
Nauts, Donald
Nelson, Robert
Osnowitz, Harry
Paine, Louis
Palmer, George
Parman, Howard
Parmalee, Myron
Pearson, Marion
Pollman, Norman
Rathbun, Edward
Reid, Harold
Rhoades, William
Revell, Dewey
Rice, Russell
Richards, John
Rivers, Arthur
Robbins, Buckley
Roemer, Hubert
Rogers, Sam
Rood, Emmor
Rosenfield, Isadore
Ruhle, Dunham
Rupp, Paul
Salzman, Arthur
Schelling, Ernest
Schmidt, Clarence
Schneider, Joseph
Seney, Henry
Shaw, Richard
Sitzenstock, Herbert
Slings, Bertram
Smith, Gerald
Smith, Taylor
Snell, Watson
Steinmeyer, Clifford
Streeter, Howard
Sweet, Earl
Thacher, Horace
Vander, Lawrence
Vick, Alvin
Vick, Henry
Volkstadt, Carl
Vosper, Ralph
Walter, Bert
Wing, Willis
Winters, Ralph
Winters, Robert
Witker, James
Woolcott, Roger
Wright, Sewell
Wright, Herbert
Wuerfel, Dolph
Wynhoff, Harry
Zepp, Albert

Class of Nineteen Eighteen

JUNIOR GIRLS

Andres, Ruby
Armstrong, Caryl
Atherholt, Margaret
Aufdenkampe, Hazel
Bach, Katherine
Bacon, Geneva
Baker, Ruth
Baldwin, Lovan
Baldwin, Lucille
Bamberger, Esther
Barnes, Virginia
Barnum, Frances
Bartelle, Alice
Bassett, Roba
Beat, Dorothea
Bechtel, Rose
Beckham, Jessie
Berman, Irene
Biddle, Hildreth
Birchall, Emma
Bird, Norma
Bishop, Bertha
Bour, Marian
Bramwell, Emily
Brockellblank, Lillian
Broer, Irene
Brown, Elizabeth
Brunt, Ruth
Bunge, Mabel
Cannon, Ethel
Cope, Dorothy
Carr, Sarah
Castle, Ruth
Clare, Katherine
Cook, Josephine
Cook, Lauretta
Cope, Dorothy
Copelin, Dorothy
Crawford, Esther
Crawford, Margaret
Crosby, Lorene
Curtiss, Charlotte
DeNune, Charlotte
DeNune, Ruth
Dohm, Irma
Dolly, Agnes
Egger, Crystal
Elwell, Pauline
Faber, Lucie
Fisher, Pearl
Fork, Enola
Fraker, Frances
Garver, Jane Hall
Gasser, Carol
Geist, Jeannette
Gibson, Hortense
Gildea, Florence
Gorbey, Ruth
Griffin, Fae
Gurney, Frances
Habbeler, Mary
Hammaker, Margaret
Harris, Mildred
Hartman, Maude
Hedden, Dorothy
Hill, Althea
Hill, Gladys
Hoffner, Doris
Holt, Cecil
Hull, Hazel
Huntsman, Edna
Jacobs, Sylvia
Jeffery, Helen
Jenssen, Elsie
Jochen, Louise
Joffa, Bessie
Johnson, Lois
Jones, Esther
Jones, Mildred
Jones, Ruth
Kamin, Dorothy
Keller, Effie
Keller, Ethel
Kerr, Gertrude
Koch, Keturah
Kocher, Lucille
Kopitke, Adelaide
Krueger, Sophie
Kuhlman, Alma
LaFrance, Muriel
Leppelman, Catherine
Light, Pauline
Long, Edna
Long, Grace
Lowe, Ethel
Lutz, Elizabeth
MacDevitt, Marguerite
McInnes, Josephine
McIntosh, Helen
McLaughlin, Lucille
Maher, Hildreth
March, Grace
Martin, Bessie
Martin, Finette
Mauk, Alice
Merickle, Margaret
Merriam, Marjorie
Miller, Margaret
Miller, Ruth
Neuhn, Grace
Nusser, Bernadine
Olrich, Alice
Ormond, Mary
Osgood, Nellie
Park, Margaret
Parman, Gertrude
Peoples, Beatrice
Pfanner, Drusilla
Pheatt, Mary
Phillipps, Helen
Rausch, Dorothy
Rawlings, Berniece
Raymon, Lillian
Redding, Marion
Reed, Ella
Remley, May
Renner, Lucile
Reuter, Anna
Richards, Catherine
Richards, Helen
Reis, Martha
Ross, Florence
Sanford, Eloise
Sass, Maud
Scanlan, Helen
Schenck, Elizabeth
Schneider, Dorothy
Shuer, Ida
Smith, Irene
Smith, Johanna
Spear, Helen
Spreng, Miriam
Stark, Dorothy
Swartzbaugh, Edith
Swasick, Marie
Sweers, Josephine
Tarloff, Sarah
Tiedtke, Frances
Tisdall, Evelyn
Trettien, Helen
Van Fleet, Katherine
Veitch, Margaret
Vick, Charlotte
VanShick, Josephine
Wagar, Lorna
Walborn, Vera
Walker, Nina
Watts, Desdemona
Weeman, Adelaide
Westfall, Claire
Wilke, Helen
Witherspoon, Helen
Wright, Helen
Young, Meredith
Ziegler, Mirah
DeBree, Margaret
Garrison, Mildred
Gifford, Sylvia
Kronk, Florence
Lantz, Berniece
Meggett, Lucile
Schweitzer, Herma




SOPHOMORES
TO THE UPPER CLASSES
FRESHMAN IDEAS
HOWARD JAMIESON

Class of Nineteen Nineteen

SOPHMORE BOYS

Affleck, Theodore
Allyn, Vernon
Anderson, Croswell
Andrews, Norman
Arnadt, Oscar
Bacon, Bruce
Bannister, F. Jack
Barkan, Max
Barkstall, Wm.
Bassett, Paul
Beans, Irwin
Bergin. Mac
Berman, Walter
Betts, John
Betz, Oscar
Biggs, Howard
Blake, Burton
Blankenstein, Sam
Bond, Charles
Bowman, Edward
Bowman, Hiram
Bradley, Joseph
Braman, Donald
Brand, Arland
Brantingham, Chauncey
Brewer, Andrew
Brack, Kenneth
Brooks, Lester
Browne, Kenneth
Bulask, Harold
Burke, Edmund
Burr, Arthur
Byers, Wayland
Cairns, Ferna
Carr, Richard
Carsten, Cecil
Carsten, Earl
Champe. Williard
Chee, Uliam
Chilcote, Kenneth
Church, Lawrence
Clark, Waldo
Cobe, Herbert
Cochran. Ralph
Cohen, Harry
Cooper. Claude
Costin. Ernest
Culp, Irving
Culver, Frank
Culver, George
Dauber. Burdette
Day, Edwin
Dennis, Melvin
Dewey, Russell
Dickey, Ralph
Dickler, David
Diebel. Lawrence
Dietsch, Carl
Hacker, Robert
Haigh, Dwight
Hall, Kenneth
Hall. Mervale
Hall, Wardell
Hanley. Harold
Harrison, Milton
Harroun, Kenneth
Hart, Andrews
Harvey, Harry
Hawk, Zariel
Hayden, Raymond
Healy, Edward
Heesen. George
Heidloff, Ralph
Heipel, Irving
Heitkamp, Irwin
Hettrick, Junior
Himelhock. Geoffry
Hinds, Richard
Hoag, Henry
Hofmann, Victor
Halley, Burton
Houlehan, Vernon
Hubbard, Lyle
Hubbard, James
Hyde, Gale
Ilett, Frederick
Isenhart, Raymond
Jackson, Edwin
Jacksy, John
Jacobson. Sam
Jaffe, Allen
Jones, Lyman
Jones, Oswald
Jordon, Robert
Kaighin, Clifford
Keeler, Ellis
Kerzberg, Marion
Kelly, Lawrence
Kelly, Robert
Kenan, Harry
Kerkhoff, Jack
Kerr, George
Ketteman, John
King, Chester
King, Norman
Kirk, James
Kirk, Waldorf
Kirk. William
Kienle, Harold
Klopfenstein, Reese
Kripke, Harold
Kripke, Sidney
Kuhlman, Howard
Lake, Newell
Landesman, James
Leach, Gardner
Osman, Fred
Overman, Joseph
Paquette, John
Parker, Emery
Pasch, Norman
Pearse, Thos. Carl
Peoples, William
Perlis, Leo
Poizekaj, Edward
Preece, Richard
Raab, Leith
Reiser. Elmer
Rex, Howard
Rhein, Paul
Rhoades, Edgar
Richards, Gleynn
Richardson, Ralph
Richie, Gerald
Robb, Charles
Robison, Harry
Robison, Wilford
Rodman, Frank
Roesch, Frederick
Rossinger, John
Roux, Sage
Roux, Sykes
Ruckman, DuBois
Rupp, Arthur
Russell. Frank
Saunders, Charles
Schelling, Arthur
Scheuerman, August
Schiller, Morris
Schlievert, Edward
Schoeler, Frederick
Schultz, Harry
Schwartz, Abraham
Seeley, Harold
Shields, Carter
Skunk, Cecil
Siegfried, Edwin
Simpson, Ralph
Skinner, Herbert
Smith, Leslie
Snyder, Walter
Soncrant, Irving
Spiess, Glenn
Stark, Aubrey
Steensen. Bernard
Stewart. Donald
Stone, Ashton
Stoney, Alfred
Strahel, Elmer
Strong, Sherwood
Strunk, Charles
Sur, Kenneth
Swartzbaugh, Ted
Swigart, Eugene

Dippel, Wm. A.
Draper, Robert
Duerr, Karl
Ecker, Karl
Eley. Wade
Elton, Foster
Ensign, Earl
Farber, Bernard
Farley, Gailord
Felstein, Abe
Ferguson, Kenneth
Fielder, Charles
Fine, Julius
Fisher, Edward
Flickinger, Frederick
Foncanon, Knight
Faut, John
Fox, Horatio
Frank, Robert
Frianf, George
Friedman, Adolph
Friedman Emanuel
Gardner, Harold
Gertz, Carl
Gettins, Dewey
Gibson, Richard
Golding, Benjamin
Gould, Edward
Gould, George
Graham, Barker
Greenwood, Maynard
Griffith, Robert
Grogan, George
Grove, Philip
Gruendyke, Arthur
Leedyn, Sallie
McWhister, Robert
MacInnis, Colin
MacKintosk, Kenneth
Magee, Donald
Mangas, Earl
Marquardt, Arthur
Marshall, Leonard
Massey, James
Mattlin, Earl
Matuszack, Joseph
Maza, Samuel
Mealard, George
Meiland, Abraham
Mendlowitz, Sam
Mengel, Frederick
Messinger, Emerson
Metzger, Edward
Meyerson, Solomon
Michael, Louis
Miller, George
Miller, Orrin
Miller, Raymond
Mills, Donald
Moses, Benjamin
Munz, Donald
Myers, Harold
Myers, Orville
Nehring, Harry
Nitschke, Charles
Noyes, William
Oakley, Kenneth
Obee, Clifton
Ogdon, William
Ohl, Conaut
Tassell, Claude
Terlitzky, Joseph
Thompson, Lewis
Tilton, Filby
Tinker, Almerin
Tuttle, William
Van Gunten, Robert
Wachter, Horace
Wagers, Alfred
Wahl, Frederick
Walker, Kenneth
Ward, Lewis
Warner, Verne
Waterman, Robert
Watson, Bayard
Wechtel, Roland
Weinblatt, Benjamin
Welker, Richard
Welsh, Harry
Wertheimer, Albert
Whartenby, Paul
Whittaker, Harry
Williams, Carl
Williams, Herbert
Wilusz, Edward
Wittman, Charles
Wright, Spencer
Wrightman, Howard
Wuerfel, Eugene
Yeager, George
Yingling, Ross
Yunker, Louis
Zimmerman, Norman

Class of Nineteen Nineteen

SOPHMORE GIRLS

Ackland, May
Adkins, Gertrude
Adkins, Ruth
Aftel, Sylvia
Aiken, Ruth
Allabach, Leah
Allabach, Rachel
Angell, Mildred
Applebaum, Rose
Astel, Josephine
Baer, Gertrude
Baer, Dorothy
Baker, Edith
Baker, Emma
Baldwin, Fanny
Barschow, Mildred
Bauroth, Lydia
Beach, Lois
Beauchaine, Marg'th
Beck, Verna
Bell, Josephine
Bierdeman. Ruth
Birkmayr, Lucile
Bishop, Ruth
Gasser, Alice
Geer, Gertrude
Gibbard, Cron
Goldberger, Selma
Goldman, Ruth
Gould, Glenys
Gould, Helen
Gould, Minnie
Graham, Hilda
Green, Helen
Grogan, Zita
Hamblin, Mabel
Hanley, Elizabeth
Hannes, Bernice
Harter, Julia
Harvey, Beatrice
Harwald, Dorothy
Hawkins, Pearl
Hays, Mary
Heinl, Lorna
Heitzman, Florence
Henderson, Grace
Henzler, Margaret
Herler, Oral
Outerbridge, Ella
Packard, Margaret
Page, Clara
Paine, Janet
Parmalee, Vara Mary
Parmalee, Ruth
Patterson, Helen
Paulucci, Isabelle
Peabody, Frances Mae
Picker, Alice
Preece, Ruth
Rall, Florence
Ramseyer, Esther
Randolph, Grace
Rantz, Mary
Rathbun, Mollie
Ray, Dorothy
Relyea, Doris
Rickley, Gertrude
Ridenour, Mary Helen
Rollins, Dorothy
Rautson, Kate
Royer, Margaret
Sanwalt, Gertrude

Blackmore, Lorna
Blamey, Helen
Blumberg, Dorothy
Bossard, Mildred
Bothast, Esther
Bower, Vita
Bowersox, Lucille
Bradley, Glade
Bramwell, Lucille
Briggs, Dorothy
Brown, Doris
Brown, Ruth
Bulask, Thelma
Burkit, Catherine
Burr, Ruth
Campbell, Dorothy
Chambers, Grace
Cherry, Florence
Ciralsky, Lillian
Clark, Hattie
Clark, Mary Louise
Cobrin, Minra
Coe, Naomi
Colburn, Stella
Collins, Grace
Conway, Elsie
Cooley, Mary
Crawford. Betty
Crippen, Mabel
Crosby, Henrietta
Croy, Lily Dale
Cunningham, Ruth
Daggett, Florence
Dalkowski, Teresa
DeGarmo, Peggy
Dehnart, Miriam
Denniston, Frances
Dickey, Fern
Doust, Florence
Ducey, Myrilla
Duffy, Lillian
Duguid, Alice
Dumbar, Grace
Dunlap, Frances
Dye, Lucille
Earl, Marjorie
Eaton, Oleen
Eckhart, Kathryn
Egger, Florence
Ellirg, Gertrude
Erkert, Martha
Farner, Vera
Felton, Carlena
Filler, Ethel
Fischer, Louise
Fosgate, Esther
Fox, Dorothy
Freed, Gertrude
Frey, Marie
Fuller, Grace
Fuqua, Kathryn
Gambrill. Mildred
Garard, Myrtle
Garrett, Virginia
Hirschfield, Mollie
Hirzberg, Marion
Holton, Henrietta
Hone, Mary
Horn, Ruth
Hoyt, Isabell
Hunlock, Alice
Isaacs, Ruth
Jankowiak, Mary
Jewett, Louise
Johnson, Katharine
Jordan, Margaret
Kadow, Mabel
Kaminski, Elizabeth
Kaplan, Anna
Kent, Marjorie
Kenuth, Mildred
Kidney, Marion
Kilbourne, Cleo
Kimbell, Ethel
Kirg, Adele
Kleinberg, Ida
Knoblaugh, Grace
Kontrovitz, Nettie
Kozinieski, Clara
Kull, Minnie
Lang, Virginia
Laudenbach, Mary
Lehman, Erma
Lethart, Esther
Liebes, Bessie
Light, Rose
Loach, Ila
Loos, Edith
McMahon, Adelia
Mackey, Gladys
Maher, Marie
Manthey, Luella
Marvin, Elizabeth
Mechler, Ruth
Meimka, Elsie
Mengel, Marguerette
Merowitz, Bess
Merry, Katharine
Meyer, Norma
Meyers, Esther
Miller, Pauline
Mitchell, Eunice
Mollett, Neta
Monnette, Leona
Montague, Leila
Moor, Helen
Moor, Kathryn
Moore, Mildred
Morgan, Kathryn
Most, Frances
Munz, Helen
Myers, Beatrice
Myers. Irene
Nast, Sylvia
Neifeld, Ruth
Nester, Margaret
Nolta, Mira
O'Neil, Florence
Sayers, Pauline
Schneider, Elizabeth
Schneider, Fanchon
Sepo, Mollie
Schultz, Mollie
Serrels, Gladys
Shinkle, Luella
Shumate, Gladys
Sieloff, Matilda
Siglaw, Hazel
Siglaw, Mildred
Simon, Dorothy
Skeer, Verna
Smead, Jeanette
Smith, Gertrude
Smith, Josephine
Smith, Kena
Smith, Margaret
Smith, Marian
Soliday, Ettie
Spafford, Bea
Sprengel, Ida
Stamats, Gretchen
Stecker, Janyce
Steinka, Olga
Stewart, Helen
Stewart, Ruth
Stock, Jeannette
Stone, Lenore
Straucz, Virginia
Stull, George
Sulken, Rose
Swindeman, Marjorie
Szubarga, Helen
Tanner, Margaret
Taylor, Louise
Thierwechter. Louise
Tiedtke, Alice
Townsend, Gladys
Valentine, Mildred
Van Etten, Clara
Vogel, Dorothy
Vosper, Edna
Wannamaker. Gladys
Warner, Marjorie
Warren, Ellen
Warren, Marian
Warren, Verna
Watters, Harriet
Wean, Charlotte
Weissman, Mollie
Welch, Jannette
Wertz, Esther
Wilbur. Mary
Wilson, Roberta
Wisner, Pauline
Witherspoon, Pauline
Wajciechowski, Tecla
Woolcott, Ruth
Wragg, Mabel
Wright, Helen
Wuerfel, Margaret
Wilson, Gladys

FRESHMEN
HOWARD JAMIESON

Class of Nineteen Twenty

FRESHMAN BOYS

Ackland, Olen
Adams, Cortland
Ahrendt, Roswell
Albrecht, Edwin
Allen, Frederic
Allen, Howard
Altenberg, Gordon
Anderson, Arch
Andrews, Gerald
Angell, Lawrence
Apple, Ora
Aubrey, Norman
Arnsberger, Orls
Bachman, Isadore
Bachman, Morris
Bacon, Gilbert
Baker, John
Bame, Harry
Barger, Franklin
Bamberg, Joseph
Barker, Lawrence
Barnes, Lawrence
Bartels, Malvin
Bauer. Walter
Baumie, Vergil
Beck, Carl
Bell, Maynard
Bershon, Albert
Betz, Austin
Black, Fay
Blitz, Albert
Bodman, Justice
Bolster, Arthur
Bolster, Fay
Booth, Donald
Boyd, James
Breed, Frederic
Brinkman, George
Brophy, James
Brosier, Clair
Browning, Coe
Brunt, Ellery
Buckingham, Donald
Bueche, Wesley
Buehler, Kenneth
Busch, Frank
Buttery, Paul
Byrne, James
Cannon, Charles
Carr, William
Carwahls, Julian
Caster, Albert
Chapman, William
Christen, Arthur
Church, Raymon
Clark, George
Claus, Alfred
Cobe. Frank
Colburn, John
Conrad, Robert
Freed, Morris
Freeman, Nola
French, Edward
French, Forrest
Friedlander, Jerome
Friedman, George
Frye, William
Gaffney, William
Gamble, Frederick
Garfunckel, Morris
Gault, Elmer
Genfan, Charles
Gibson, Benjamin
Giesel, Karl
Goldberg, Manheim
Graham, James
Graves, Scott
Gray, Clarence
Greenwald, James
Gumm, Kenneth
Gunn, Edward
Hackett, Frank
Hadley, Harold
Hafenbrack, Harold
Hagerty, Blair
Haley, Paul
Hall, Charles
Hasselbach, William
Hayes, Robert
Heid, Raymon
Henning, Edward
Hill, Charles
Hillebrand, Lawrence
Hillery, Archie
Hoffimes, Ralph
Holas, Stanley
Hornung, Clifford
Hunlock, Irving
Hunt, Chester
Hunt, Theodore
Hunter, Noel
Isenberg, Benns
Jackson, Kenneth
Jackson, Raymond
Jacobs, James
Jacobson, Howard
Jones, Donald
Jones, Herbert
Joss, Norman
Kane, Milton
Kaseman, George
Kaucher, Thomas
Kekst, Raphael
Keller, Leonard
Keller, Paul
Kessler, Jack
Ketel, Karl
Koepp, Herbert
Kopelman, Herbert
Kurrasch, Frederick
Moor, William
Moser, Nicholas
Mulholland, Clarence
Nusbaum, William
Orwig, John
Palmer, Howard
Pearse, John
Penoyar, William
Pfister, Ralph
Phillips, Andrew
Pittman, Kemp
Pollard, John
Rabbitt, James
Ramsey, Donald
Rankin, Howard
Rayman, Sidney
Reasoner, Leys
Reemsnyder, Harry
Reichert, Arthur
Reinhart, Henry
Reitz, Leslie B.
Richardson, Scott
Riedeman, Carl
Rieg, Carl
Rightmeyer, Holden
Roberts, Fred
Roesch, Carl
Roesing, Walter
Rooney, Jimmy
Root, Rav
Rose, Fred
Rotstein. Charles
Russell, John
Sackett, Luther
Saffen, Randolph
Sanzenbacher, Bartelle
Saxon, David
Schaefer, Ezra
Schelling, Coyle
Schille, Cristopher
Schrader, Paul
Selter, Karl
Seyfang, George
Shapiro, Harry
Sherman, Sam
Siegel, Harold
Silverman. Milton
Simonds, Milton
Slesh, Dave
Smith, Paul
Smythe, Jean
Snell, Clarence
Soncrant, Milton
Soubier, Harry
Sprague, Clyde
Stein, George
Steinman, Abraham
Stowe, Alfred
Streeter. William
Strubb, Earl

Coombs, Kenneth
Copelin, Carl
Cottrill, Clark
Crandell, Donald
Crowley, Cornelius
Danner, Harry
Dean, Cloyce
Delaplane, Emerson
DeShetler, Louis
Dewey, Donald
Dewey, Jesse
Dickinson, Max
Diemer, Milton
Disel, Fred
Dowling, Carl
Drummond, Arnold
Duetcher, Karl
Earl, Clarence
Earnhart, Russel
Elbright, Murrell
Edwards, William
Faber, Carl
Farran, John
Faulkner, Charles
Feeley, Clarence
Feldstein, Joe
Feldstein, Milton
Feltman, Paul
Files, Cloice
Fink, Harry
Finn, Roy
Fisher, Herbert
Fisher, Ransom
Fitch, George
Flues, Eugene
Fordyce, Norman
Fortress, Charles
Franzure, James
LaDue, Ralph
Lafer, Howard
Lake, Omar
Lang, Elmer
Lauber, Clifford
Lee, Louis
Leichtamer, Mahlon
Leland, Claude
Leichtweis, Philip
Lensch, Alfred
Leonard, Mayo
Levy, Maurice
Lindow, Irving
Loeffler, Norman
Longwell, Charles
Londen, Benn
Lower, Frederick
McDonough, Kenneth
McGinnis, John
Mack, Julian
Maher, Frank
Margohles, Solomon
Margott, Emerson
Martin, Robert
Marvin, Newton
Mason, Charles
Mank, John
Meinert, George
Merowitz, Samuel
Messmore, Chester
Minneker, Robert
Mitchell, Louis
Mitchell, Robert
Moellenberg, Leo
Moffit, Emery
Moll, Edward
Monetta, Morris
Moon, Harold
Sudler, Edward
Swaab, Louis
Swift, Parr
Tait, Edwin
Taylor, Bayard
Terbille, Norman
Thurstin, Geo. F.
Tigges, Kenneth
Tracy, Robert
Trotter, Thaddeus
Upham, Kent
Valois, Lynton
Vick, Richard
VanBehren, Wm.
Wacker, Frederick
Walbridge, Barnes
Walbridge, Cornell
Walker, Charles
Wallar, Herbert
Walls, Edward
Walters, Emmett
Waltz, Donald
Ward, Philip
Waterbury, Earl
Webb, Willard
Weiner, Manuel
Wells, Carl
Wells, Ralph
Wener, Sam
Williams, DeWitt
Winters, Stanley
Woods, Donald
Wright, John
Wyatt, Benjamin
Wynhoff, Charles
Yeager, Samuel
Yoder, Wilson
Zumbrum, Norman

Class of Nineteen Twenty

FRESHMAN GIRLS

Ahrendt, Wilma
Allen, Margaret
Andrews, Dorothy
Armstrong, Edna
Atherholt, Dorothy
Atherton, Carolyn
Bach, Flora
Baszcz, Agnes
Bartlett, Gertrude
Beecher, Lucille
Beesch, Nettie
Bell, Brazel
Bell, Olive
Bell, Virginia
Bender, Lucille
Benster, Dorothy
Berkowitz, Pearl
Berry, Lucile
Billingsley, Eleanor
Billmarer, Edna
Bisch, Clara
Hartman, Marion
Hartmann, Irene
Haverstock, Margaret
Hayden, Gladys
Hayford, Louise
Hennig. Lucille
Henning, Ruth
Henry, Marguerite
Hirssig, Martha
Hitzker, Gertrude
Hoile, Lily
Hooker, Frances
Howell, Helen
Huebner, Eloise
Hullhorst, Catharine
Hunt, Linnie
Hurd, Julia
Huson, Mabel
Immel, Velma
Jacobs, Myra
Jacobson, Annette
Rife, Helen
Robb, Charlotte
Rodenhauser, Loas
Ross, Jean
Rossinger, Lois
Roth, Helen
Rouse, Helen
Schafer, Velda
Scharer. Agnes
Schelling, Julia
Schelling, Ruth
Schenck, Margaret
Schelling, Janet
Schnetzler, Marie
Schwartz, Leah
Schwertzler, Ethel
Scott, Carrie
Seeger, Amelia
Selker, Sadie
Seney, Mary
Shank, Ila

Blodgett, Marian
Bloom, Ida
Bondy, Iris
Bois, Florence
Bovard, Harriett
Bowers, Mildred
Bradbury, Gladys
Bradrick, Grace
Brenner, Thelma
Brewer, Lucretia
Brocklebank, Helen
Buettner, Mabel
Buhr, Leona
Burbage, Angeline
Carsten, Vera
Cherry, Clara
Cherry, Dorothy
Chollett, Mariam
Clapp, Katheryn
Clark, Florence
Clash, Margaret
Clift, Helen
Cochran, Dorothy
Cohen, Alma
Cooley, Julia
Crockett, Thelma
Crook, Ruth
Crosby, Ruth
Cunningham, Flenrange
Curtis, Adrienne
Davies, Caroline
Davies. Thelma
Denman, Kathryn
Dewey, Jane
DeWolf, Elizabeth
Draper, Jane
Drew, Lillian
Diddleston, Margaret
Dunstan, Mae
Durham, Jeanette
Einhart, Gertrude
Ekert, Apolonia
Ewing, Laura
Faurot, Helen
Ferguson, Kathryn
Fink, Ruth
Foreman, Olive
Foster, Elizabeth
Free, Norma
Friedman, Lillian
Fries, Esther
Fritter, Dorothy
Garvey, Genevieve
Gussinger, Ethel
George, Vivian
Gerchow, Elsa
Gillette, Eleanor
Gindy, Clara
Giveno, Mary
Glickert, Myrtle
Goldberry, Rose
Goodall, Margaret
Goosman, Genevieve
Grafton, Ruth
Graham, Helen
Graham, Louise
Gray, Frances
Greene, Bessie
Jameson, Mary
Johnson, Glee
Jones, Adelaide
Jones, Dorothy
Kahlenberg, Gertrude
Kaminski, Leona
Karl, Dorothy
Keil, Alice
Kessler, Selma
Kimball, Eloise
King, Doris
Knott, Esther
Kramer, Grace
Kripke, Anna
Kroencke, Gwendolyn
Kuntz, Dora
Kuntz, Minnie
LaBo, Loretta
Lambert, Helen
Laney, Martha
Layman, Lucille
Lee, Iadie
Lefkowitz, Helen
Leonhardt, Bernice
Lewison, Maybelle
Lewis, Jane
Link, Virginia
Longmore, Nora
Ludwig, Ruth
Lutz, Gertrude
McAdoo, Marie
McClarren, Lela
McGonigle, Ruth
McIlheny, Dorothy
McLaughlin, Marie
Magargal, Mary
Manley, Winifred
Massey, Laura
Mayer, Leona
Merritt, Florence
Meyer, Esther
Middleton, Florell
Millard, Mary Catherine
Mittlestadt, Iona
Mollett, Cleo
Moloney, Colleen
Montgomery, Marvel
Muntz, Dorothy
Myers, Thelma
Netter, Evelyn
Newman, Caroline
Oberst, Lillian
O'Connor, Mildred
Park, Helen
Park, Harriet
Parke, Jane
Parker, Lois
Passino, Kathryn
Pearson, Helen
Petterson, Loretta
Pfister, Lottie
Phillips, Florence
Phillips, Hernione
Phillips, Margaret
Portinger, Irene
Pugh, Mildred
Pullen, Leta
Randolph, Kathryn
Shaw, Sylvia
Sheffield, Jeannette
Sheppard, Gladys
Shirley, Gertrude
Simon, Margaret
Skeldon, Phyllis
Sklar, Edythe
Sliker, Mildred
Smith, Helen
Smith, Laurabelle
Smith, Rebecca
Smith, Thomasine
Snell, Dorothy
Spencer, Mary Jane
Stein, Irene
Steusloff, Gladys
Stevens, Kathleen
Stevens, Lucia
Stone, Sadie
Storer, Veryl
Storey, Elizabeth
Strehlau, Margaret
Streichler. Helen
Stuetzer, Ruth
Superior, Janet
Swift, Gladys
Sturgess, Lillie
Strechler, Irene
Taylor, Dorothy
Taylor, Jeannette
Teachout, Gladys
Thomas, Lucille
Thompson, Vivian
Topper, Anna
Topper, Bessie
Tucker, Mildred
Upton, Lillian
Vean, Cleo
Voice, Octavia
Wade, Alice
Wagenknecht, Loretta
Wagner, Maud
Walker, Ella Dee
Warnke, Edna
Washburn, Lucille
Waterbury, Florence
Watkins, Mable
Watkins, Mildred
Watson, Elizabeth
Weber, Carina
Webster, Gladys
Weckerlin, Elizabeth
Wehrle, Lucille
Weil, Mildred
Weinblatt, Ida
Weir, Mildred
Weis, Nannette
Welever, Esther
Welever, Luella
Wendel, Ruth
Wennig, Lucile
Westbrook. Beryl
Werselle, Elizabeth
Widell, Sigrid
Wilhelm, Elizabeth
Wilkie, Elva
Wilson, Madge
Winnover, Helen

Student Activities

Oratorical Board

OFFICERS

R. H. Demorest ..... President
John Ehni ..... Vice-President
Alice Beckham ..... Secretary
Mildred Leddy ..... Treasurer

MEMBERS

Pericleans

Mildred Leddy
Marion Wean

Philalethians

Alice Beckham
Hortense Kruckman

Websters

John Ehni
Hubert Roemer

Demosthenians

Ford Weber
Stanley Friedman

Oratorical Board

Soon after the opening of school, the Oratorical Board held its first meeting with Mr. Demorest presiding. Plans were made to carry on the intersociety debates and also to form a Scott team to challenge other schools. After some work had been done by the teams chosen from the respective Lits, the debate plans for the year were given up because of the pressure of other activities. Open joint meetings of the societies were substituted and two meetings were held the first semester; one, the Phils with the Websters, the other, the Peris with the Demos.

The work of the Oratorical Board was hampered not so much by a lack of interest in debate work, but by the great number of entertainments and plays which crowded through the whole year. Conscientious debating is conceded to be hard work and it is not surprising, perhaps, that the boys' societies were reluctant to undertake the series. But the support always accorded a debate ought to perpetuate the contests, so long a practice at Central. Scott surely is not lacking in intellectual gifts, and it is to be hoped that another year will see the Lits battling for the cup which the Phils, the 1915-16 champions, now hold.

Periclean Literary Society

FOUNDED: MCMI.

MOTTO: Nulli secundae.

COLORS: White and Gold.

Periclean Literary Society

OFFICERS

Mildred Leddy	President
Helen Whitmore	Vice-President
Marion Wean	Censor
Mildred Ensign	Recording Secretary
Ruth De Nune	Corresponding Secretary
Hazel Brodsky	Treasurer
Helen Wright	Chaplain
Bessie Wells	Reporter
Josephine Astel	Sergeant-at-Arms

CLASS OF 1917

Allen, Alice
Brodsky, Hazel
Diggs, Maurine
Ensign, Mildred
Geer, Ruth
Guitteau, Marcella
Guthrie, Ruth
Leddy, Mildred
Miller, Dorothy
Richardson, Marcella
Spreng, Christine
Swanson, Helen
Tanner, Lucetta
Taylor, Katherine
Wean, Marian
Wells, Bessie
Whitmore, Helen

CLASS OF 1918

Bach, Katherine
Bird, Norma
Bramwell, Emily
Crawford, Margaret
DeNune, Ruth
Dohm, Irma
Felton, Carlena
Guerney, Frances
Geist, Jeannette
Gifford, Silvia
Lautz, Berneice
Long, Edna
Martin, Bessey
Mauk, Alice
Pfanner, Druscilla
Schweitzer, Herma
Smead, Jeannette
Spear, Helen
Spreng, Mariam
Swassich, Marie
Wright, Helen
Zeighler, Mirah

CLASS OF 1919

Astel, Josephine
Baer, Gertrude
Blainey, Helen
Bramwell, Lucille
Clark, Mary Louise
DeGarmo, Peggy
Dehnert, Mariam
Fried, Gertrude
Geer, Gertrude
Goldman, Ruth
Hone, Mary
Isaacs, Ruth
Kimball, Ethel
Lahman, Erma
Mechler. Ruth
Nast, Silvia
Nestor, Margaret
Ramseyer, Esther
Tanner, Margaret
Taylor, Louise
Valentine, Mildred
Wean, Charlotte

CLASS OF 1920

Andrews, Dorothy
Athertore, Caroline
Beecher. Lucille
Berry, Lucille
Bishop, Ruth
Clash, Margaret
Clyft, Helen
Curtiss, Adrianne
Gillet, Eleanor
Graham, Louise
Hulhourst, Katherine
Lewis, Jane
Levisson, Maybelle
Rendle, Irene
Rassinger, Lois
Walker, Ella Dee
Watson, Elizabeth
Wuerful, Marjorie

Work of the Pericleans 1916-17

"Nulli secundae" is the motto by which the Periclean Literary Society has thrived and prospered during the sixteen years of its successful career. The work of this organization has been carried on in the usual competent manner by the aid, courage, loyalty and co-operation of its faithful members. This spirit of loyalty has probably done more to bring about the splendidly interesting programs which have been characteristic of the Periclean meetings during the past semesters. From these each girl has gained a greater knowledge of literature and a broader outlook upon life.

First of all should be mentioned the sincere address of the president, Mildred Leddy, which was given at the beginning of the school year. It inspired each girl with the highest ambitions and the resolve to leave no stone unturned to attain these ideals placed before her. The censor, Marian Wean, has given much time, thought and interest in the preparation of such a wide variety of programs. These two, with the other officers, have made it possible for this to be the most successful year in the history of the society.

On the third of November the Pericleans and Philalethians held a joint meeting in the Auditorium for the Freshmen, to whom dainty refreshments were served in the refectory afterward.

February 27 a Periclean-Demosthenian program was given, which was greatly appreciated by the large audience in attendance.

On April 3 another open meeting, between the Periclean and the Webster societies, was held, which was as successful as the one preceeding. On every other Friday interesting programs were given, each excelling the preceeding one, which proves our motto, "Nulli secundae."

"The Amazons," which was chosen for the annual Webster-Periclean play, was admirably presented in the spring by an all-star cast. The girls of the Lit also gave a number in the bill of the Senior vaudeville.

The social side of our life has been by no means neglected, for there is always the annual banquet and dance, which are greeted with pleasure by the members. The banquet, as usual, was a long remembered event. The Pericleans of both Waite and Scott met together at the Woman's Building, December 27, for this delightful affair. Miss Margaret Stump, president of the Beta chapter, was toastmistress and members of both societies responded to toasts which told of the successes of the Periclean "Special."

In the spring vacation a theater party at Keith's was enjoyed by the society members.

In conclusion, let us think of our directress and her assistant, who have so carefully and faithfully guided us through the many storms which our Periclean craft has encountered. Again we must mention our president, for it was this true captain who piloted our craft safely into harbor. May the years which are to follow be as profitable and enjoyable as those which have gone before, for

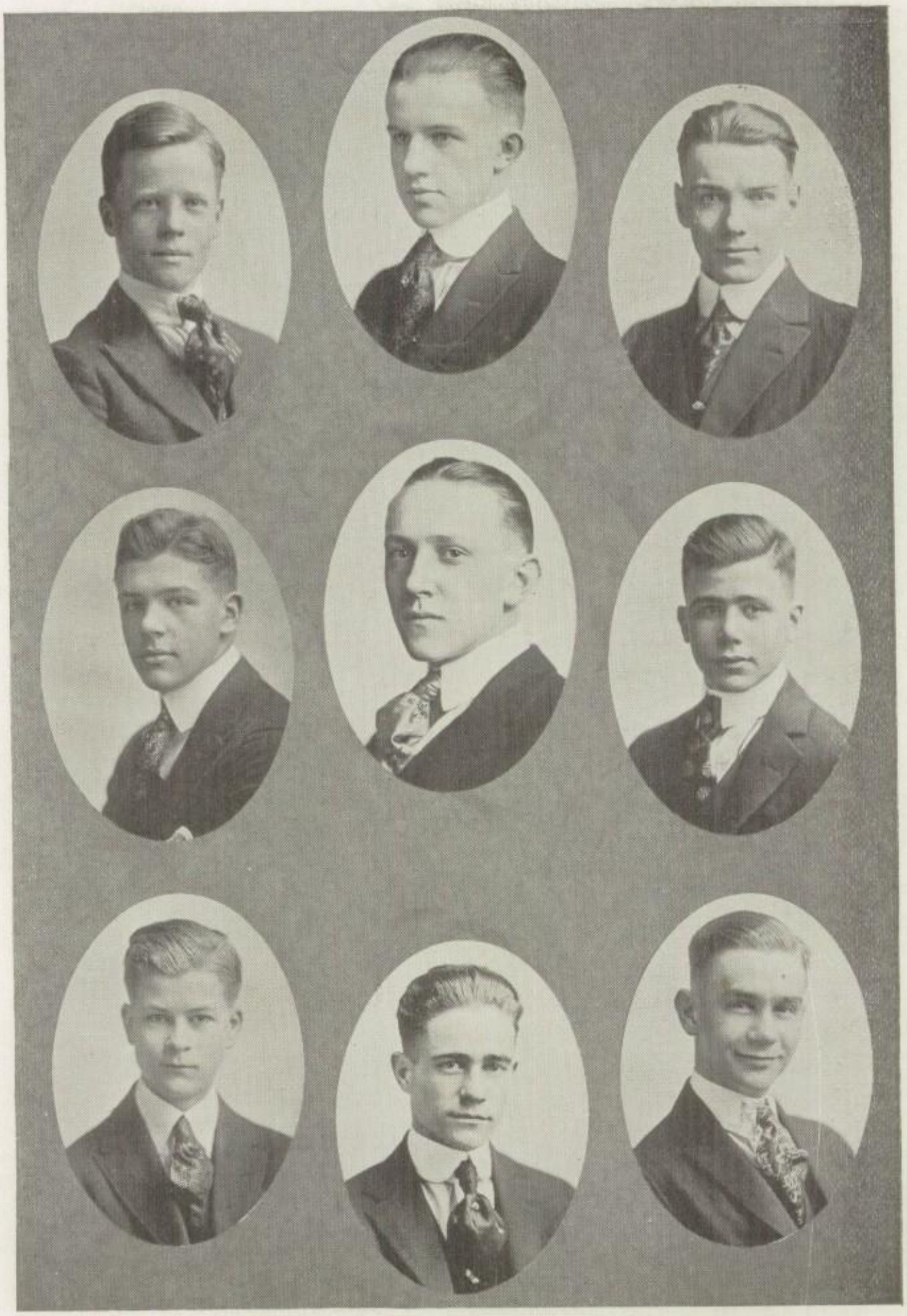
"Pericleans we are proud to be,
Pericleans over land or sea,
We'll prove faithful in our love to thee,
Ever loyal Pericleans we."

Webster Literary Society

FOUNDED: MDCCCXCVIII.

MOTTO: Certum pete ad finem.

COLORS: Navy Blue and White.



Webster Literary Society

OFFICERS

John Ehni ..... President
Gardner Leach ..... Vice-President
Willis Wing ..... Secretary
Hubert Roemer ..... Censor
Keith Miller ..... Treasurer
Carlton Mathis ..... Chaplain
Kent Meader ..... Critic
Watson Snell ..... Reporter
Ray Baer ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Adams, Leonard
Ahrendt, Roswell
Ashley, Edward
Bacon, Bruce
Baker, Warren
Batch, Richard
Beck, Norman
Buckingham, Donald
Coombs, Kenneth
Canfield, Hale
Cole, Wendell
Daggett, Donald
Douglas, Donald
Day, Edwin
Dennis, Melvin
Ehni, John
Fisher, Ransome
Fielder, Norman
Felton, Rex
Gibbs, Phillip
Gibson, Joel
Harroun, George
Hineline, Edgar
Heiniger, Ralph
Hiss, Karl
Holmes, Merril
Holley, Burton
Heath, George
Harroun, Kenneth
Jewett, Harry
Jackman, William
King, Norman
Laumann, Clarence
Leach, Gardner
Lindecker, Joseph
McKillen, Clarence
Meader, Kent
Miller, Keith
McKenzie, Gazzam
Mathis, Carlton
Mawer, Stanley
MacDonald, Harry
Peters, Bryan
Paine, Louie
Pollman, Norman
Rivers, Arthur
Roemer, Hubert
Snell, Watson
Sewall, Howard
Storey, Darwin
Snyder, Walter
Thal, Ted
Thatcher, Robert
Tracey, Robert
Von Behren, William
Wetzel, Calvin
Wing, Willis
Wagers, Alfred
Woolcott, Roger
Wright, Spencer
Wuerful, Dolph
Welker, Richard
Henson, Paul
Mauk, John
Hamilton, Allen
Messenger, Emerson
Allen, Howard
Moll, Edward
Keefer, Dale
Hoffman, Victor

The Webster Literary Society

With the closing of school this year the Webster Literary Society will have added another notch to its history and will have climbed one round higher in its progress.

With the closing of school this year the Websters will lose some of the best men who have ever borne the unquenchable Webster spirit. Last year our president likened the literary societies of Scott to individual waves: each wave has its rise, its crest and its final fall. He said the Websters had reached their crest, that the society was at its height. This year the members, not satisfied with former victories, not appeased by former triumphs, carried the blue and white Webster banner higher. They are now convinced that there is no crest; that the height can never be obtained; that there is always something higher and better for which to strive. It is this ideal of ever ascending which is the foundation of the society; and it is the ideal which has served the members so well during the past Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium on November 4.

In place of the inter-society debates this year the Websters held open meetings with both the Pericleans and Philalethians. In the former program an open debate was one of the attractive features.

In the Senior vaudeville on April 13 the Websters again displayed the talent for which they are distinguished by presenting four stellar acts.

"The Amazons," a three-act comedy, was produced on April 21 in collaboration with the Pericleans. Under the direction of Miss Betty Berkebile the play equalled the high standard set by previous productions.

The Webster augmented orchestra played for several entertainments during the year, including the Senior vaudeville, the Phil-Demos play and their own exhibition.

The Webster dance was held as usual during the early part of June.

The world is cognizant of the fact that training in public speaking and in arguing is essential to a man-of-affairs. The Scott High curriculum offers no course in this department, so upon the literary societies falls the duty of teaching the art of Webster.

Moreover, in a literary society this knowledge is imparted with a fraternal spirit which binds the members as one body. Whether the graduates enter the realm of business or whether they aim at higher training, this preparation stands them in good stead. The everlasting Webster spirit is evident at the annual alumni meeting, when the active members of a decade ago again gather to relive former scenes.

Philalethian Literary Society

FOUNDED: MDCCCXCVII.

MOTTO: Literature Is the Garden of Wisdom.

COLORS: Black and Gold.

Philalethian Literary Society

OFFICERS

Alice Beckham ..... President
Carol Bayless ..... Vice-President
Hortense Kruckman ..... Censor
Thelma Paquette ..... Recording Secretary
Margery Young ..... Corresponding Secretary
Martha Pollard ..... Treasurer
Helen Schade ..... Chaplain
Dorothy Riebel ..... Reporter
Marjorie Warner ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

CLASS OF 1917

Bayless, Carol
Beall, Myrna
Beckham, Alice
Bradley, Helen
Chapman, Lucille
Davis, Dorothy
Deck, Helen
Green, Alice
Keyt, Dorothy
Kruckman, Hortense
Mills, Lenore
Paquette, Thelma
Pollard. Martha
Riebel, Dorothy
Schade, Helen
Snell, Edith
Thierwechter, Freda
Wright, Amy
Young, Margery

CLASS OF 1918

Barnum, Frances
Beckham, Jessie
Biddle, Hildreth
Brunson, Louise
Carr, Sarah
Cook, Josephine
Crosby, Lorene
Elwell, Pauline
Jochen, Louise
Jones, Esther
Long, Grace
Martin, Finette
Merickel, Margaret
Olrich, Alice
Park, Margaret
Reed, Ella
Ross, Florence
Sanford, Eloise
Tiedtke, Frances
Trettien, Helen
Veitch, Margaret
Young, Meredith

CLASS OF 1919

Briggs, Dorothy
Cooley, Mary
Chambers, Grace
Croy, Lily
Daust, Florence
Fuller. Grace
Hart, Julia
Haverstock, Margaret
Heinl, Lorna
Jewett, Louise
Johnson, Katherine
Knoblaugh, Grace
Meyer, Norma
Miller, Pauline
Mollett, Neta
Moor, Helen
Morgan, Kathryn
Outerbridge, Ella
Renner, Lucille
Stone, Lenore
Thierwechter, Louise
Thompson, Vivian
Vosper. Edna
Warner, Marjorie
Wilson, Roberta

CLASS OF 1920

Buhr, Leona
Cook, Ruth
Dewey, Jane
George, Vivian
Karl, Dorothy
Link, Virginia
McClaren, Sela
Mever, Esther
Mollett, Cleo
Randolph, Kathryn
Stevens, Lucia
Taylor, Dorothy
Widell, Siguid
Weis, Nannette

The Philalethians 1916-17

As the end of the school year 1916-17 draws near we begin to look back and consider what we have accomplished during this time, as well as the many good times we have had.

First, we must mention the programs which have been so carefully planned by our censor, Hortense Kruckman. Every program has been interesting throughout the entire year and each member has done her part in the careful preparation of the various numbers. One meeting was devoted entirely to "Education," another to "Rome," and, as usual, we held our joint meeting with the Pericleans and also one with the Websters. Although the girls declared that some of the subjects were undebatable, the debates were always well done.

We must not overlook the minstrel show which the Phils gave early in the year. It surely was a brilliant success and every girl did her part in it remarkably well. Although the Phils were accused of taking their jokes from the "Thistle," we assure you that this was not the case.

The social side must not be forgotten. "Green Stockings," the Phil-Demos play, was given in March under the direction of Miss Hazel Rex, followed by dancing. Then came the annual banquet at the Woman's Building during spring vacation. This proved a delightful affair, for not only the active members were there, but also the alumnae. Memories of former Phil dances, picnics and parties will never be forgotten and the girls are anticipating just such a happy time this year at their dance and picnic.

Undoubtedly much of the success of our society is due to the untiring help and interest of our critics, who have done their work so faithfully. Our splendid corps of officers, with Alice Beckam as president, have all done their work earnestly and faithfully throughout the entire year.

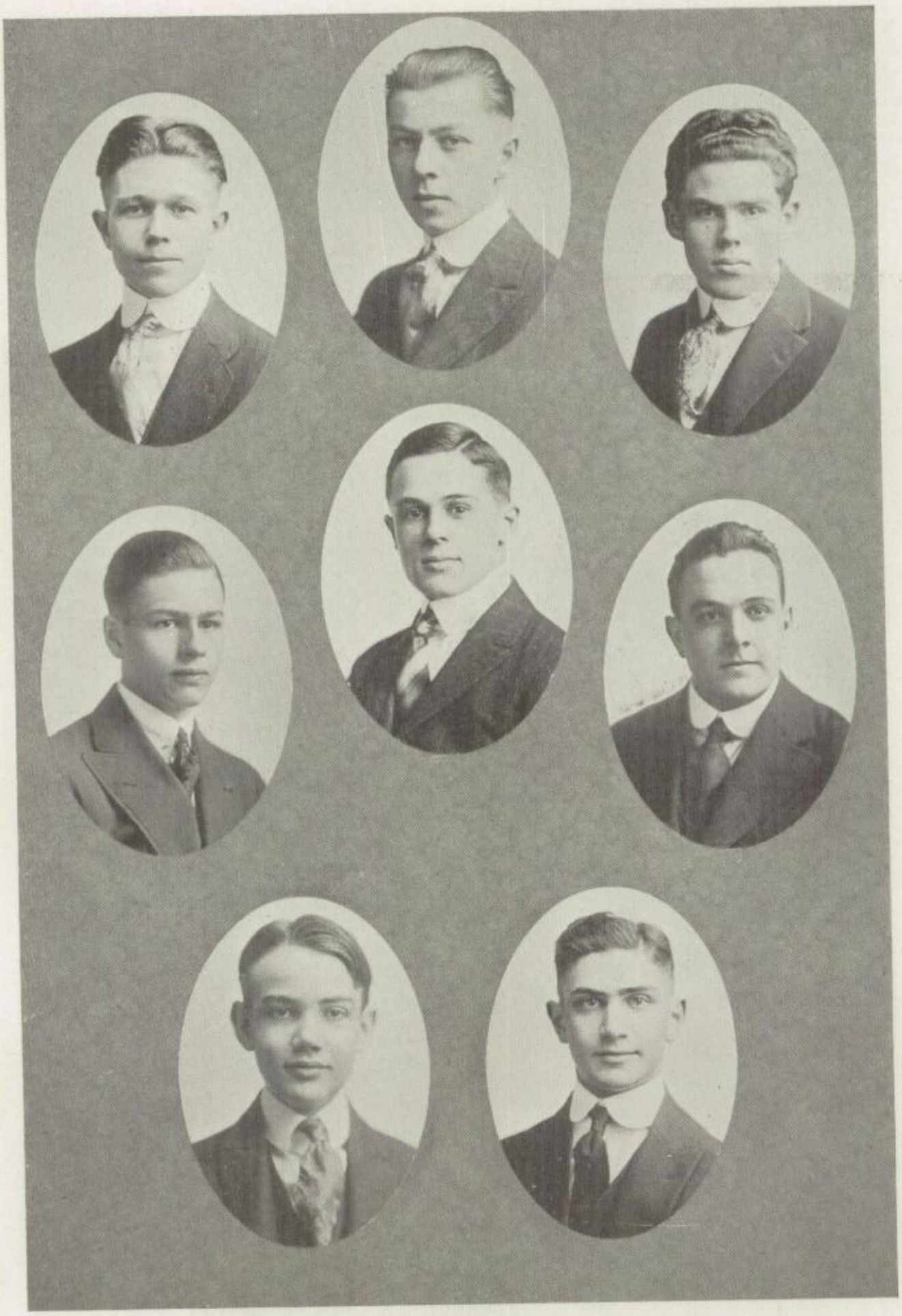
Let us hope that the years to come will be as delightful and enjoyable as the past one has been, and we wish the Phils ever success.

Demosthenian Literary Society

FOUNDED: MDCCCXCVI.

MOTTO: Vita sine Litteris mors est.

COLORS: Green and Gold.



Demosthenian Literary Society

OFFICERS

Ford Weber	President
George Storer	Vice-President
Stanley Friedman	Censor
Colin MacInnis	Secretary
Harold Collins	Treasurer
Bert Walters	Chaplain
Emmor Rood	Reporter
Henry Phillips	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Arndt, Alexander
Arndt, Robert
Beishon, Albert
Boice, John
Brantingham, Chauncey
Brophy, James
Brown, Russel
Burr, Arthur
Carr, Richard
Champe, Willard
Cobe, Herbert
Collin, Harold
Commager, Roger
Conner, Ralph
Chute, George
Draper, Robert
Delaphane, Emerson
Estabrook, Gaylord
Ecker, Karl
Flickinger, Frederick
Friedman, Stanley
Grossman, Harry
Hart, Andrews
Herssig, Edward
Kidney, Leslie
Lindgren, Albert
Lindgren, Harold
MacInnis, Colin
Mack, Lawrence
Martin, Carlton
Mitchell, Robert
Mulholland, Clarence
Parmalee, Myron
Phillips, Henry
Penoyar, William
Pollard, John
Raab, Leith
Richardson, Ralph
Rood, Emmor
Rhoades, Edgar
Seney, Henry
Shrader, Paul
Shinbach, Samuel
Smith, Herbert
Storer, George
Walker, Kenneth
Watson, William
Walters, Bert
Ward, Philip
Weber, Ford
Williamson, George
Wuerful, Eugene
Wyatt, Benjamin
Wachter, Horace

The Demosthenians

As the Demosthenians look back over their fourth year at Scott, they cannot but have a deep feeling of pride and affection for the society which has helped them in a way not to be estimated.

Scott High has completed the most successful year in its history. The Demosthenian Society has kept pace with the school of which it is so much a part, and the members are justifiably proud when they consider the difficulties overcome and the tasks accomplished.

The programs have been varied and the society has taken particular interest in the open discussions. These allow a freedom of speech which helps the beginner, and makes it easier for him to address the society. The minority debates also have been full of interest. They are a diversion from the established routine and furnish a splendid training in extemporaneous speaking and parliamentary law. However, the Demosthenians have not neglected the usual literary programs, which have been of high order.

The society has enjoyed the presence of the teachers who have attended the meetings, and greatly appreciate their interest. We also welcome the visits of the alumni whose loyalty is an inspiration to all.

Following an established custom, the four literary societies of the school gave a very enjoyable Hallowe'en party in the Gymnasium. Refreshments in accord with the season were served and a merry evening was spent in dancing.

Contrary to the plan of several years, the inter-society debates were not held. However, a joint meeting of the Pericleans and the Demosthenians was substituted and a very interesting program was presented.

Because the work of Scott's championship football team was extended so long, the Webster-Demos football game, which has been played each autumn, was cancelled.

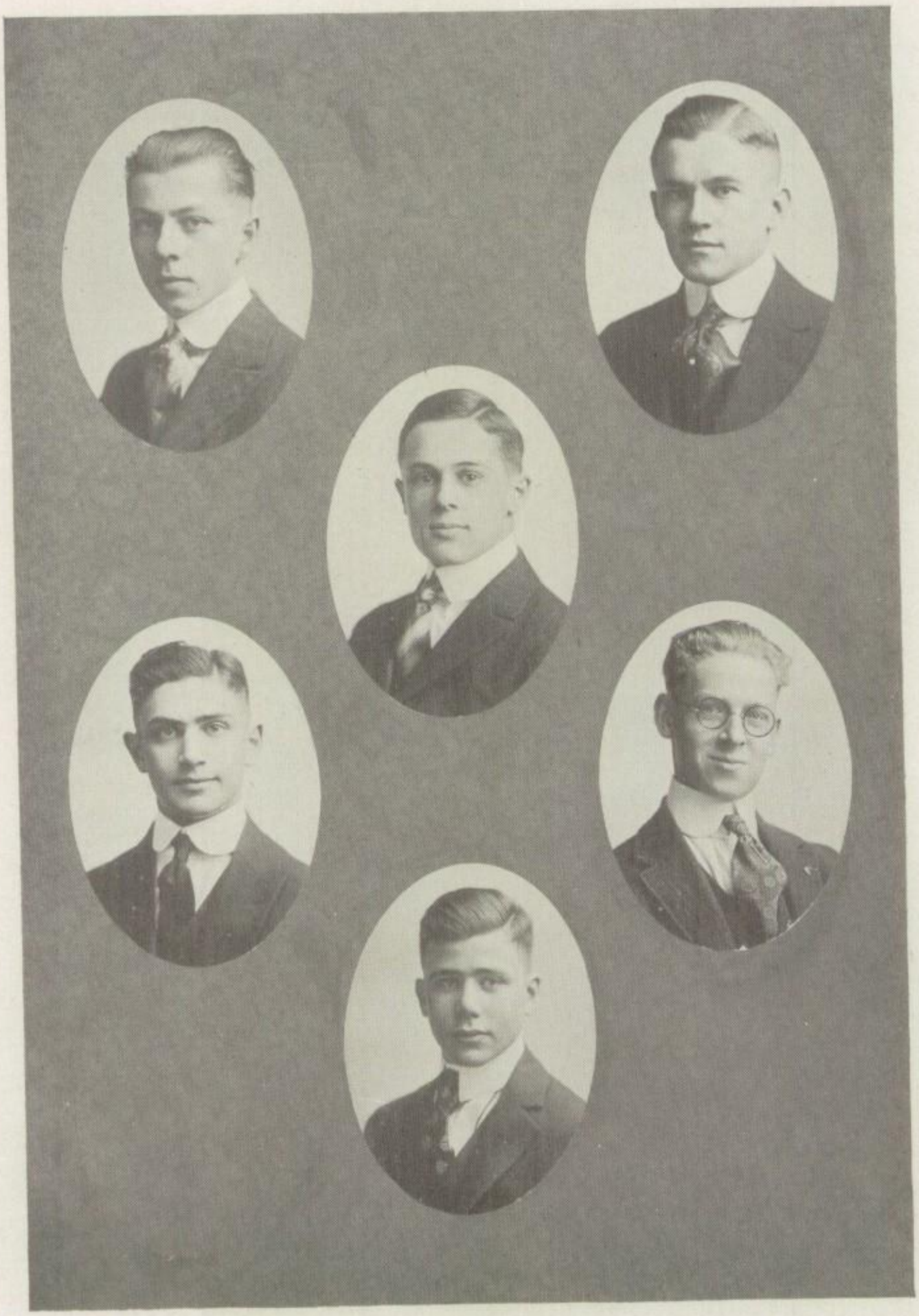
On March twenty-third, the Philalethians and Demosthenians together presented the clever three-act comedy, "Green Stockings." Both societies are justly proud of the production and the professional manner in which it was acted. It was undoubtedly the most difficult play that has ever been presented by Scott students. Dancing in the Gymnasium followed the performance.

To those who leave us to go out into the larger world of college or business life, we extend our good wishes, and we feel assured that the influence of the years in this society will make itself felt. Upon those of us who remain, rests the responsibility of keeping the Demosthenian Literary Society to its high standard and making it a vital factor in our school life.

Euclidean Club

FOUNDED: MCMXIII.

MOTTO: All Science Follows Mathematics



Euclidean Club

OFFICERS

Ford Weber	President
Warren Baker	Vice-President
Hale Canfield	Secretary
Harold Collins	Treasurer
Stanley Friedman	Censor
Hubert Roemer	Reporter
Myron Parmelee	Librarian

MEMBERS

Adams, Leonard
Ashwell, Thomas
Ayling, Wellesley
Baker, Warren
Batch, Richard
Brown, Arthur
Buehler, Alfred
Canfield, Hale
Chute, George Jr.
Commager, James
Commager, Roger
Collins, Harold
Douglas, Donald
Friedman, Stanley
Gibson, Richard
Gindy, Roy
Hamilton, Allen
Hirsch, Bertram
Kidney, Leslie
Mawer, Stanley
Miller, Keith
McDonald, Harry
McKee, Wilbur
Nauts, Donald
Parmelee, Myron
Paine, Louie
Roemer, Hubert
Shaw, Richard
Smith, Herbert
Snell, Watson
Storer, George
Vasper, Ralph
Weber, Ford
Hofman, Victor
Hirssig, Edward
Hayden, Raymond
Messinger, Emerson
Haigh, Dwight
Lutz, Ralph
Robinson, Wilford
Fielder, Charles
Reed, Lloyd
Estabrook, Gaylord
Dennis, Melvin
Shinbach, Samuel
Ecker, Karl
Browne, Kenneth
Terlitzky, Joseph
Brock, Kenneth
Carr, Richard
Harroun, Kenneth
Hart, Andrew
Walker, Kenneth
Griffith, Robert
Perlis, Leo
Rice, Russel
Heipel, Irving
Bacon, Bruce

The Euclidean Club of 1916-17

With the opening of school in September, the Euclidean Club underwent a great change—a new element entered into its activities. Up to that time, the Club's leaders and most active members were its founders, boys who were willing to give time and energy to the furtherance of their mathematical knowledge and who, being the club's charter members, would naturally do all in their power to further its interests.

The question then arose, would there be a sufficient number of boys at Scott who would capably take these charter members' place? The question was not long in doubt. The success of the society during the past year is proof enough that the Euclidean Club is to be a permanent organization at Scott.

Wide was the range and great the variety of mathematical and scientific subjects discussed at our regular meetings during the year. This fact was demonstrated by the program of our open meeting, which consisted of one number taken from each regular program. Topics of this meeting varied from a discussion of the wonders of the fourth dimension to a history of the life of the man after whom the club was named, Euclid.

From time to time, we have been favored with talks by men of note throughout the country. Chief among these was a lecture on "The History of Mathematics," given by Prof. Robert Overmeyer of the State Normal School.

For the first time during its existence the club attempted something along the theatrical line by contributing a humorous skit for the Senior Vaudeville.

Great are the possibilities of the Euclidean Club for the future. Its members are conscientious, hard-working fellows, it has an able guide in Miss Refior, its range of activity is inexhaustible, and so it cannot help but fulfill the highest expectations of its founders.

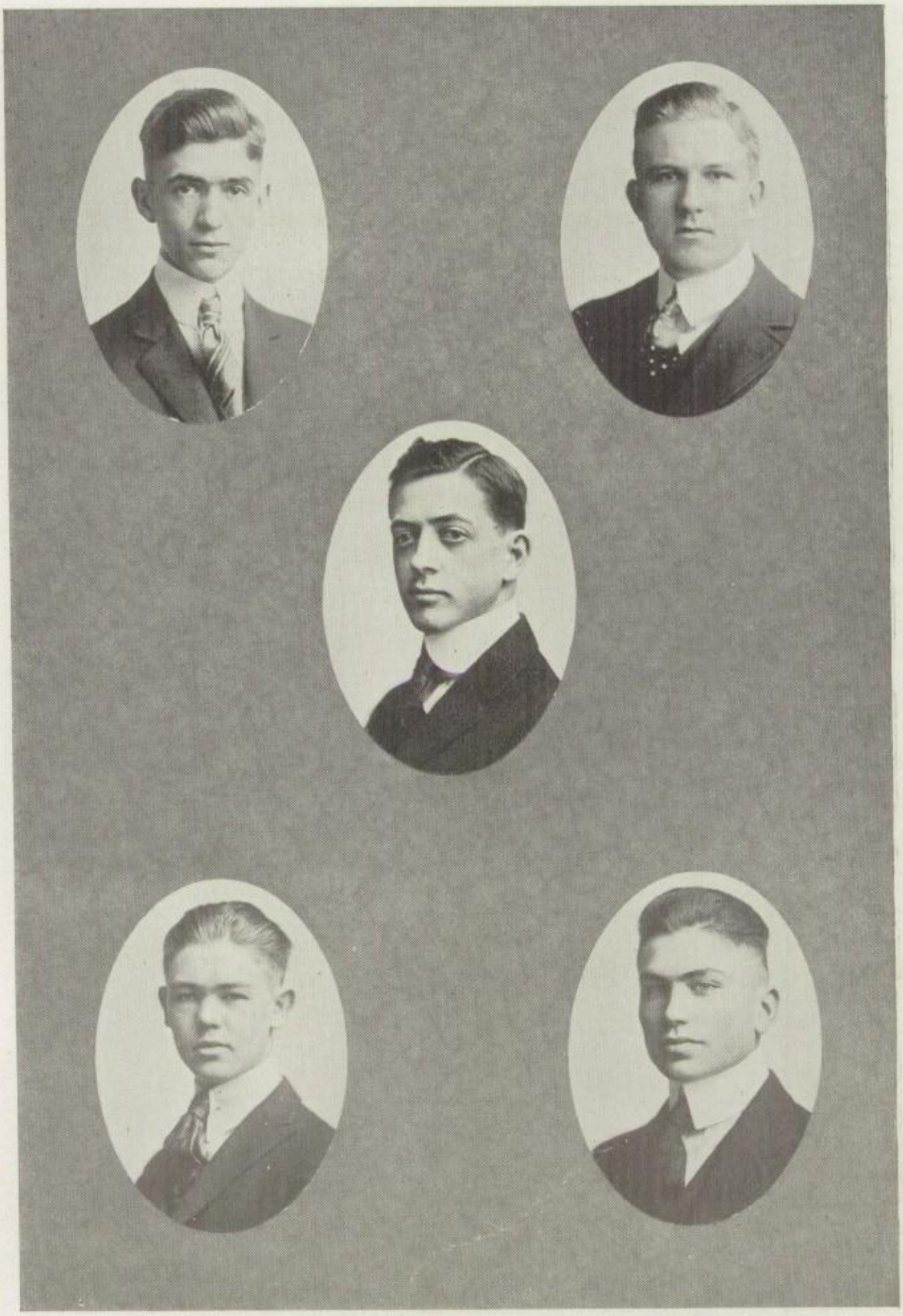
The S. P. Q. R.

OFFICERS

Consul ..... Ford Weber
Consul ..... Stanley Friedman
Scriba ..... Hortense Kruckman

MEMBERS

Epstein, Jacob
Estabrook, Gaylord
Friedman, Stanley
Gindy, Roy
Kobacker, Lester
Ward, Harley
Weber, Ford
Beckham, Alice
Cameron, Sarah
Crane, Virginia
Davis, Dorothy
Guthrie, Ruth
Hurd, Dorothy
Jackson, Dorothy
Kirk, Kathryn
Kruckman, Hortense
Mills, Leonore
Ohl, Molly
Ovitt, Virginia
Patton, Ruth
Ray, Bertha
Ray, Mabel
Richardson, Marcella
Riebel, Dorothy
Rottenstein, Vilma
Spreng, Christine
Wean, Marian
Whitmore, Helen



OFFICERS

George Stahl.....President
Eugene Culp.....Vice-President
Roy Gindy.....Secretary
Durban Longnecker.....Treasurer
George Chapin.....Librarian
Miss Bessie Werum.....Director

MEMBERS

VIOLINS—
George Chapin
Carl Method
Harry Whitaker
Roy Gindy
Newton Shriver
Durban Longnecker
Irving Culp
Stewart Donaldson
Walter Roesing
Darwin Storey
J. Lester Kobacker
Leslie Thal
Albert Blitz
Harold Ritchie
George Friedman
James Kirk

CELLOS—
George Stahl
Fred Rickey
Robert Draper
DOUBLE BASS—
Garald Dohm
FLUTES—
Varian Sweetman
Carl Mathis
Theodore Affleck
CLARINETS—
Charles Dickey
Nathan Levy
Clarence Harpst

CORNETS—
William Hamman
Joe Bowers
Fred Lower
TRUMPET—
Martin Jeudevine
TROMBONES—
Raymond Wright
Eugene Culp
PIANO—
Theodore Thal
DRUMS AND TRAPS—
Clyde Doty

The orchestra is indeed fortunate in having so capable a leader as Miss Werum. Miss Werum has devoted every Wednesday night to the work with the orchestra and has organized and trained an orchestra of which the school may well be proud. Not only do the musically inclined boys of the school receive the benefit of the best of professional training, but the school as a whole is indebted to Miss Werum for voluntarily organizing an orchestra that greatly increases the fame of Scott and that affords the school much pleasure.

The members have worked hard and faithfully, and as a result, musical numbers are rendered with a finish that is surpassed only by professionals.

The first concert, which was followed by dancing, was given on the evening of Feb. 9. The following program was presented with great success:

1.

Marche Militaire ..... Shubert

2.

Carmena ..... Wilson

3.

Three dances from Henry 8th ..... German
- (a) Morris Dance
- (b) Shepherd's Dance
- (c) Torch Dance

4.

(a) Ase's Death (From "Peer Gynt Suite") ..... Grieg
(b) Moment Musical ..... Schubert

5.

Punchinello ..... Herbert

6.

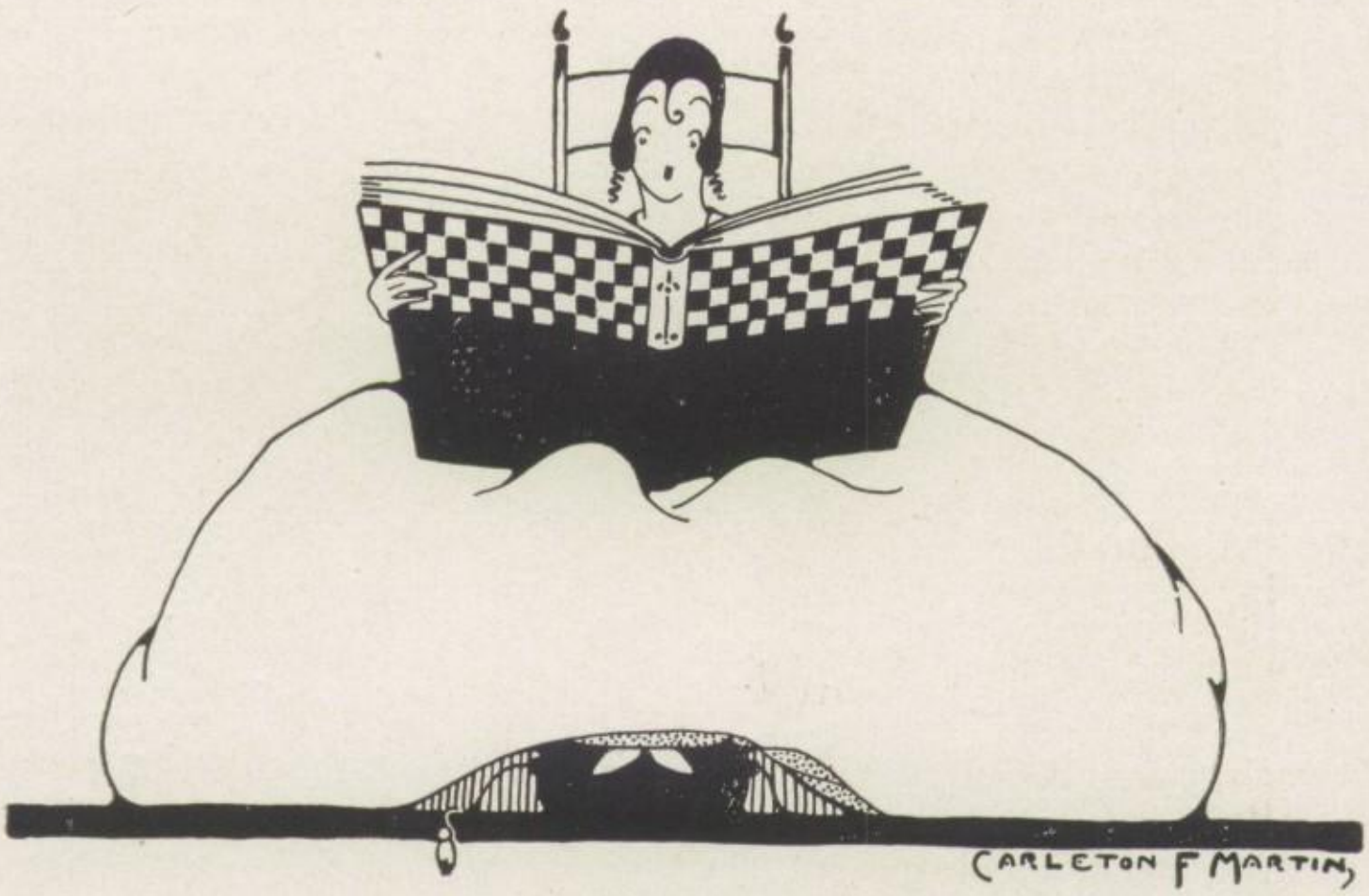
Selection from "Faust" ..... Gounod

On Feb. 18 the orchestra played at the Art Museum, and on Feb. 25 at the Y. M. C. A. The orchestra has played at these buildings for several years and upon request. Both concerts were received

with much praise. On April 1, the orchestra is to play at the Newsboys' Auditorium.

The last concert of the year will be given in May, following which the orchestra will have its annual banquet at the Yacht Club.

We can not give too much credit to Miss Werum for her unflagging work, and it is with great hopes for the future that the Orchestra closes its work for the year of 1916-1917.



Scott High Friendship Club

OFFICERS

Dorothy Riebel ..... President
Dorothy Miller ..... Vice-President
Enola Fork ..... Secretary
Ruth Bishop ..... Treasurer
Margaret Hammaker ..... Reporter
Margaret Veitch ..... Pianist
Helen Menold ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Ackerman, Irma
Angell, Mildred
Allen, Margaret
Armstrong, Caryl
Aufdenkampfe, Hazel
Baer, Dorothy
Bishop, Bertha
Bishop, Ruth
Blackmore, Lorna
Boes, Florence
Braderick, Grace
Brunt, Ruth
Bunge, Mabel
Clash, Margaret
Colburn, Stella
Copley, Pauline
DeGarmo, Peggy
Egger, Chrystal
Fork, Enola
Frey, Marie
Garand, Myrtle
George, Vivian
Gould, Glenys
Gould, Helen
Habbeler, Mary
Hammaker, Margaret
Hill, Althea
Hoyt, Isabelle
Hunt, Linnie
Huntsman, Edna
Kimball, Ethel
Kramer, Mildred
Lenhardt, Bernice
Ludwig, Nelda
Maher, Hildreth
Mauk, Alice
McAdoo, Marie
Menold, Helen
Miller, Dorothy
Mills, Esther
Moore, Mildred
Netter, Evelyn
Pearson, Helen
Rendle, Irene
Riebel, Dorothy
Rottenstein, Vilma
Sanford, Eloise
Sass, Maud
Schinkle, Luella
Simon, Dorothy
Snell, Dorothy
Spafford, Bea
Stewart, Helen
Stone, Lenore
Swanson, Helen
Taylor, Louise
Thomas, Lucile
Thompson, Vivian
Trettien, Helen
Tucker, Mildred
Valentine, Mildred
VanEtten, Clara
Veitch, Margaret
Wertz, Esther
Wilbur, Mary
Wilson, Roberta

Review of the Year's Work

Like the big world around it, the Scott Friendship Club, too, has been making history for itself in the busy winter months. Rapid strides have been made towards a bigger, better club than ever before.

The Y. W. C. A. has been the scene of many lively meetings during the past year. As usual there have been the study classes, especially fine this year. Miss Martha Dennison taught a class in "Christian Citizenship for Girls;" Miss Florence Sprague, "Lives Worth Living;" Miss Maida Piper, "Life of Christ;" Miss Mary Rex, "South America," and Mrs. Oscar Leach, "Bible Stories and How to Tell Them." Social service has been much emphasized this year. Many interesting speakers have given us rare treats along this line. Among them are Mrs. W. E. Waldo from the North Toledo Settlement, Mr. Mendenhall of the Boy Scouts, and Miss Raymer, a Household Educator from the District Nurse Association. The club has done something in foreign missionary work, too. A pledge day, for the support of a Y. W. C. A. secretary in India, was set aside and the girls pledged very liberally.

There has been a deep interest among the girls in conferences, where girls from many cities gather to exchange their ideas for club activities. In November, the Association of Wooster College was hostess to clubs from all parts of Ohio. This, with the summer camp at Catawba Island, and the conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, has been most helpful in carrying out our plans for the year.

Numerous social events have taken place throughout the year. The Hallowe'en party, a masquerade, was great fun, as were the Thanksgiving and Valentine parties. The annual banquet, on Feb. 17, was one of the merriest gatherings of many months. The banquet was held in the gym, with stunts afterwards in the auditorium. The clever program was surely enjoyed by the 380 girls in attendance.

The production of "Alice in Wonderland" was perhaps the biggest undertaking of all. The co-operation of every one was most commendable. The play was a brilliant success in every way.

And now, as we look back at the good times, happy friendships, and real progress of 1916-17, we feel that this year has been the best ever!

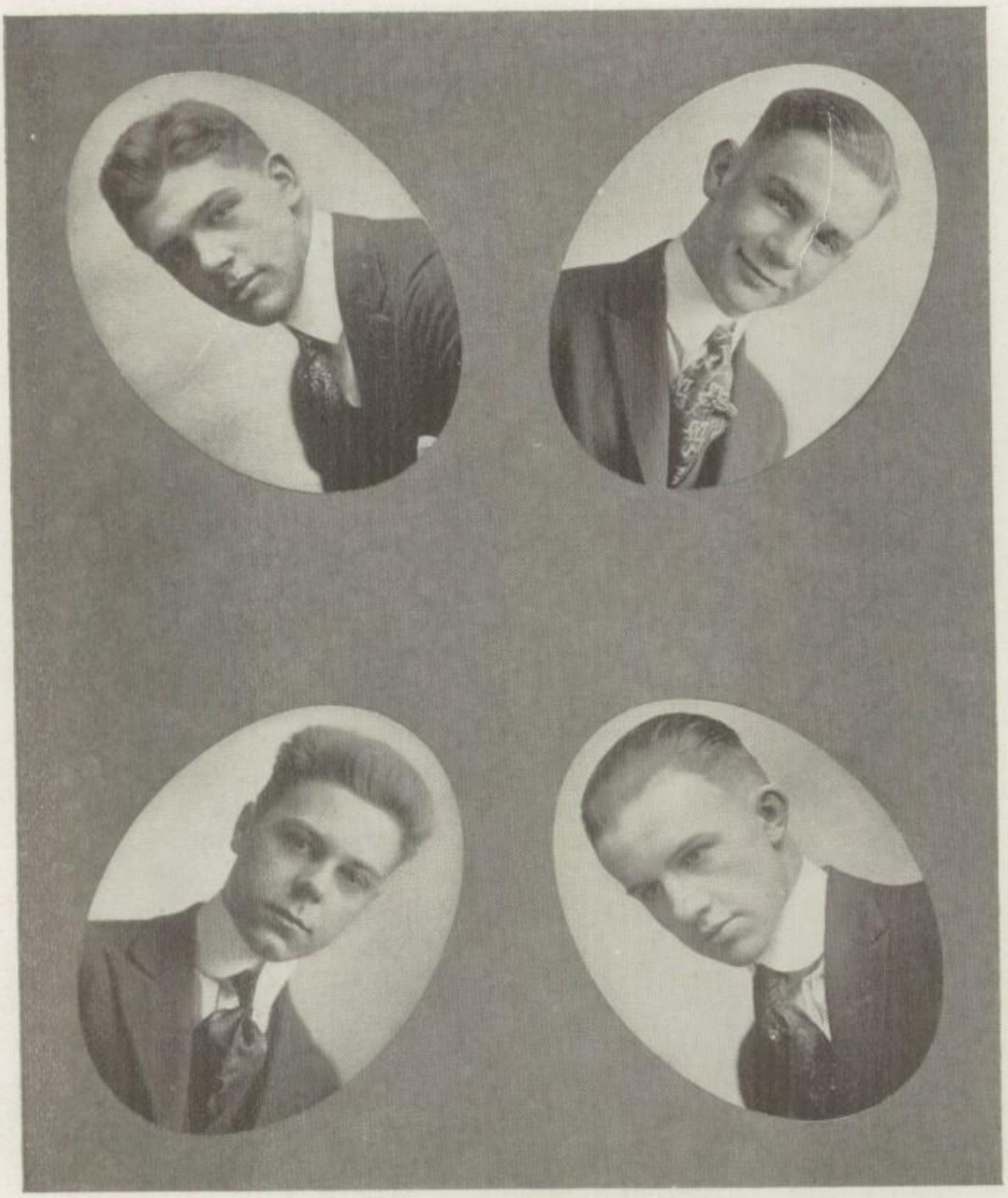
Scott High Radio Club

OFFICERS

Willis K. Wing	President
Gardner Leach	Vice-President
Sewell R. Wright	Secretary
Carlton Mathis	Treasurer
Hubert Roemer	Chaplain
Edgar Hineline	Reporter

MEMBERS

Anderson, Croswell D.
Champ, Willard
Dennis, Melvin
Duerr, Karl
Foncannon, Knight
Hineline, Edgar
Holly, Burton
Klopenstein, Rees
Leach, Gardner
Mathis, Carlton
Paquette, John
Richardson, Ralph
Roemer, Hubert
Snell, Watson
Stuart, Donald
Walker, Richard
Wing, Willis K.
Wright, Sewell R.



Scott High Radio Club

Upon the closing of school this June, the Radio Club will have completed the third and most successful year it has ever experienced. As we look back over the past year and view its achievements and successes, it is with pride and gratitude that we think, how, from so humble a beginning, and in so short a time, we have advanced so far.

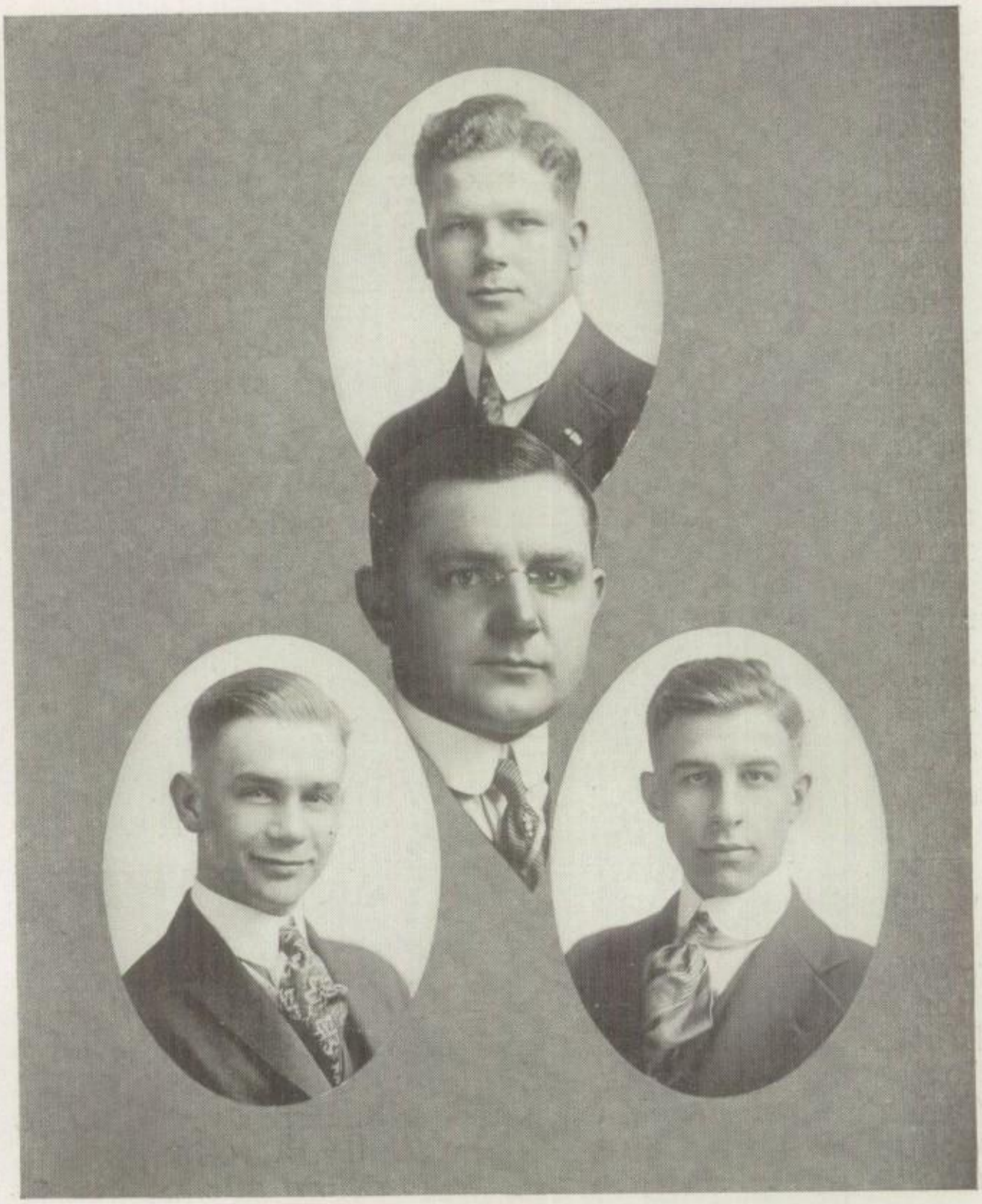
The first year found us organized and firmly established as a club—with an efficient, if not large, set of instruments, a gift from the School Board. Early in the second year, thanks to a second and larger appropriation of the School Board, we were able to purchase larger and more powerful instruments, increasing our sending and receiving radius. At the beginning of school this year, the School Board, our ever faithful friend, by a third appropriation, enabled us to form a class which, under the tuition of the president, has mastered electricity in all forms of radio activity, and whose members are now preparing to take first grade commercial operators' licenses. This will enable them to take positions as operators on lake steamers this summer.

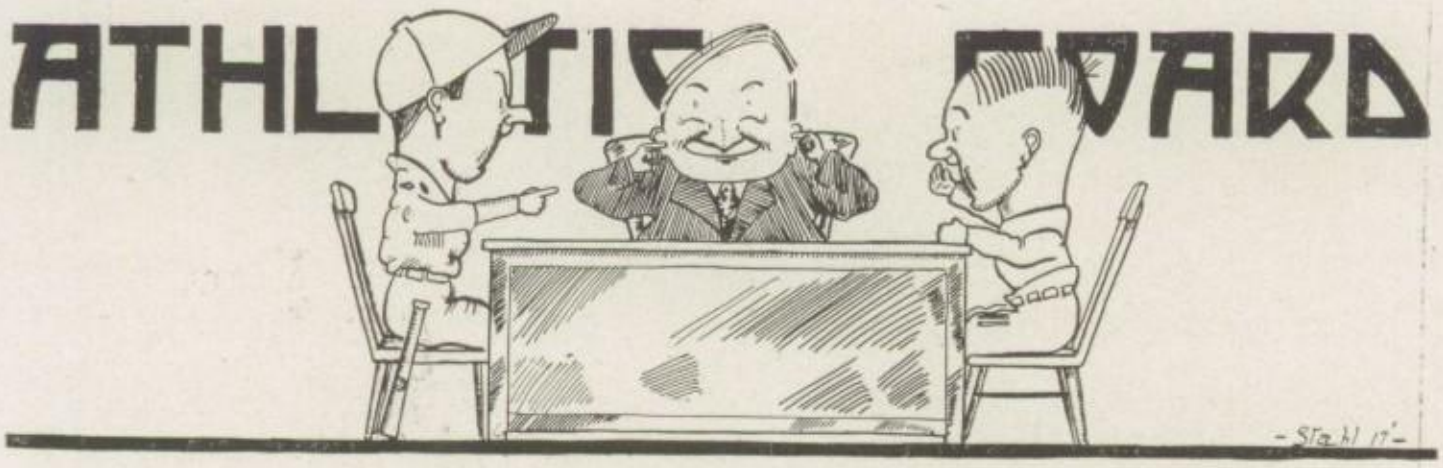
However, wireless is not the only subject taken up by the club. Electricity in all its varied and interesting forms is taught and discussed. Everything is treated from magnetism up.

A sample of what we are doing was shown at our open meeting this spring. A meeting is held every other Monday, papers on interesting subjects are read and generally a talk by an authority in this branch of electrical science follows. Mr. A. J. Gogel, a radio engineer of this city, to whom the club expresses its most sincere gratitude for the interest he has shown in it, has been present and given a talk at nearly every meeting.

In the big wireless cross-country relay, held this winter, the Scott High station was one of the prize winners; even further establishing its reputation for speed and accuracy.

The past year with its successes has shown what faith and perseverance will do; may the coming years re-establish this fact and be as successful as the past!





OFFICERS

Taylor Smith ..... President

Earl Sweet ..... Vice-President

Gardner Leach ..... Secretary

SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. Demorest ..... President
Stanley Friedman ..... Vice-President
Alice Beckham ..... Secretary
Rollo Falardeau ..... Treasurer

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Stanley Friedman

BUSINESS MANAGER

Rollo Falardeau

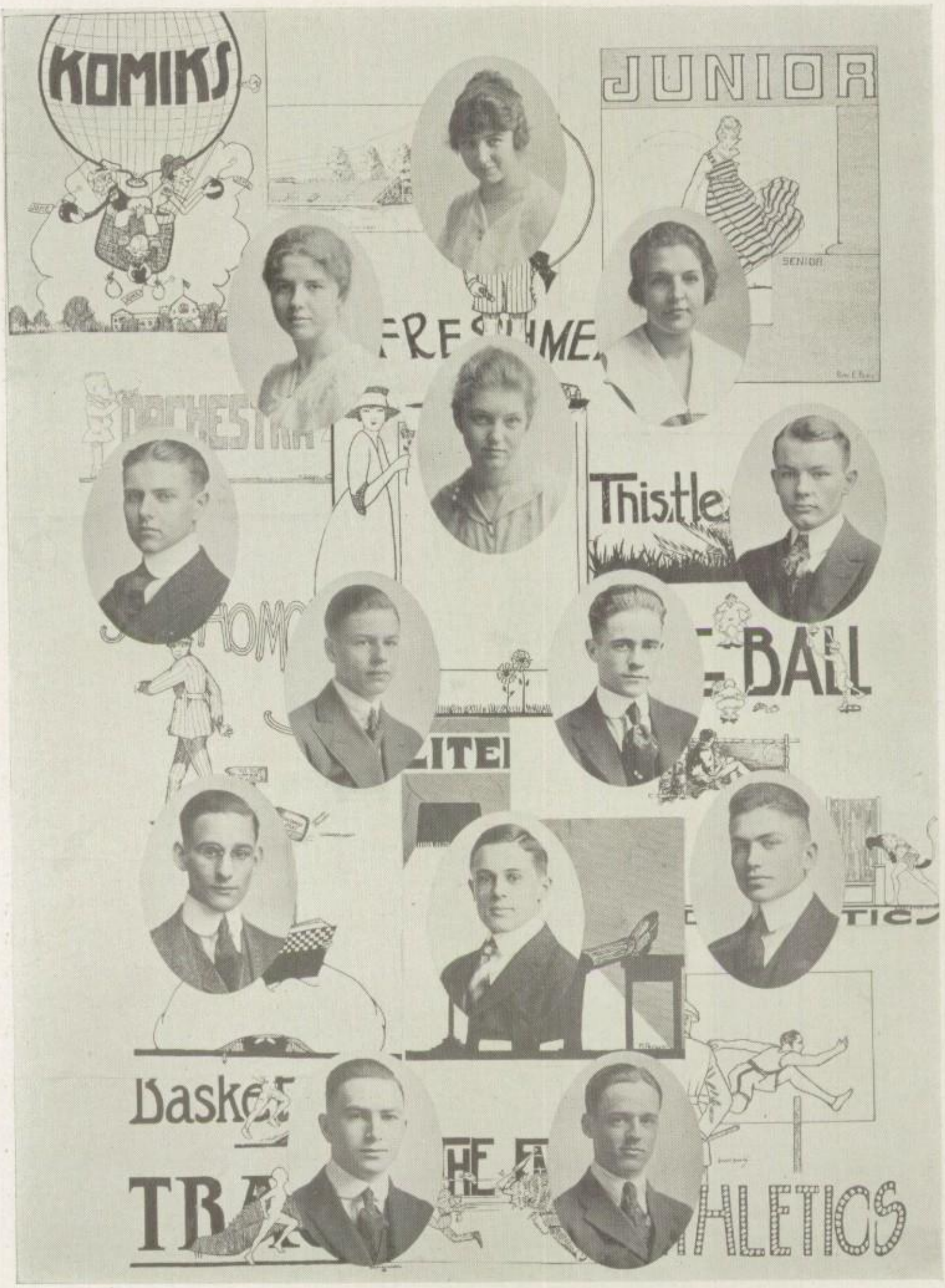
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Darwin Storey J. Lester Kobacker

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Alice Beckham ..... Literature
John Ehni ..... Athletics
Mildred Leddy ..... Great Scotts
Ford Weber ..... School Notes
Virginia Crane ..... Society
Hortense Kruckman ..... Lits
Margery Young, Helen Wright, Esther Jones ..... Our Eavesdropper
Bertram Hirsch ..... Exchange
Kent Meader, Harry McDonald ..... Comics
Marjorie Penoyar ..... Art
Howard Jamieson ..... Assistant

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literature		Art
Miss Jermain	Miss Caughey	Miss Morgan

KOMIKS
JUNIOR
SENIOR
Thistle
BALL
Basket
TRA
ATHLETICS

EDITORIAL STAFF

V. Kent Meader ..... Editor-in-Chief
Karl Hiss ..... Associate Editor
George Storer ..... Business Manager
Clarence Eoff ..... Assistant Business Manager

DEPARTMENTS

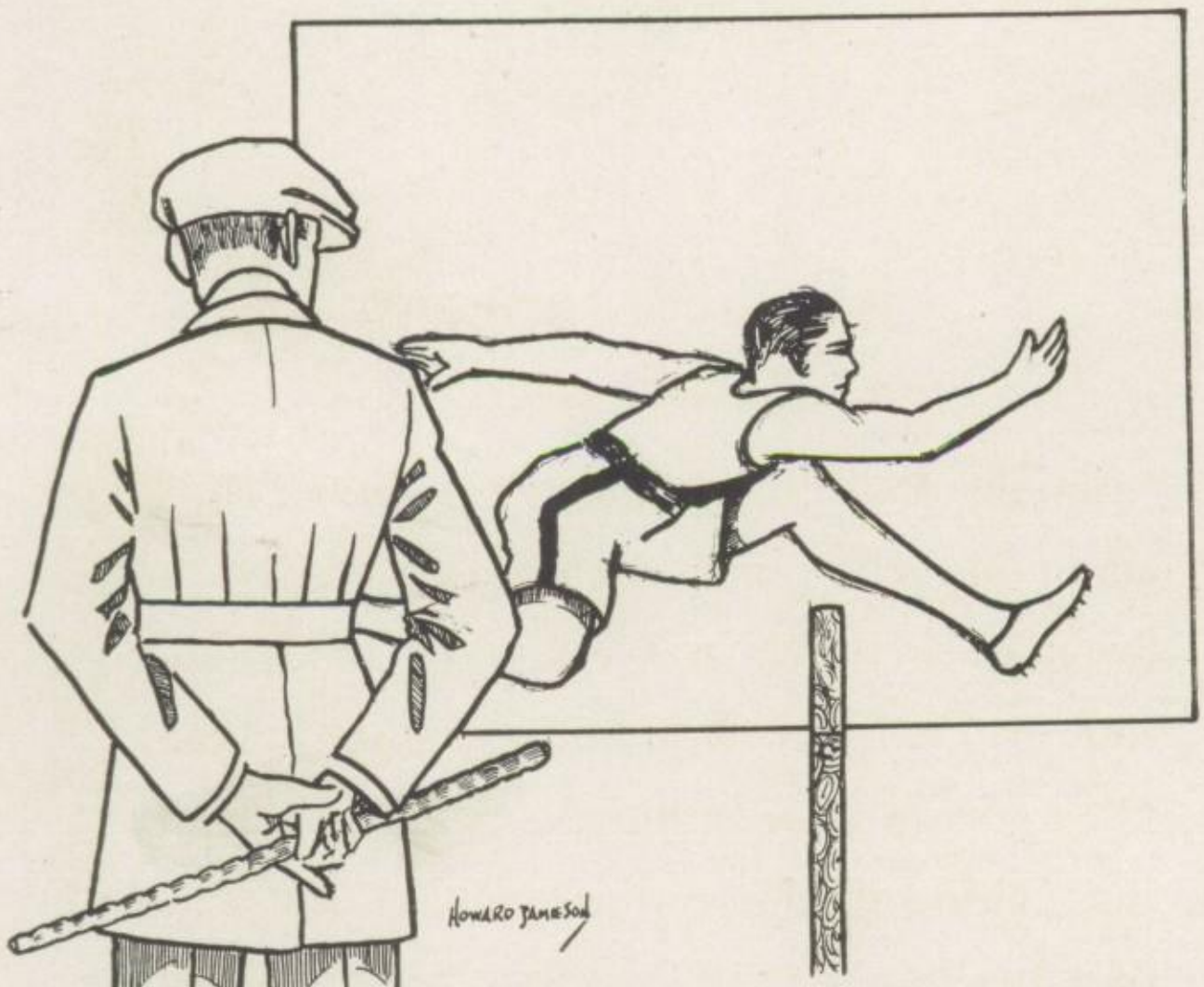
Ford Weber ..... Seniors
Carleton Finkbeiner ..... Athletics
Richard Batch ..... Organizations
Helen Whitmore ..... Social
Fanchon Sampsell ..... Dramatic
Maurine Diggs ..... Literary
Helen Deck ..... Assistant
Theodore Thal, Paul Henson ..... Comics
Howard Jamieson ..... Cartoons
Marjorie Penoyar ..... Art
Dolph Wuerfel ..... Assistant
Rose Paris ..... Assistant
George Stahl ..... Assistant

HONORARY MEMBERS

Stanley Friedman Rollo Falardeau

Acknowledgement

The Scottonian Board is indebted to many students, who though nominally not members of the board, did much to produce this year's issue. The Board wishes to thank all students who may have had any part in the making of this volume and at the same time to express our gratitude for the hearty co-operation of the student body.



ATHLETICS

Wearers of the S

FOOTBALL

Raymond Baer
Garretson Clash
Frank Culver
George Culver
John Ehni
Rex Felton
Aldous Hadden
Waldorf Kirk
Colin MacInnis
Louis Moorehead
Charles Saunders
George Urschel
Henry Vick
Calvin Wetzel

BASKETBALL

Norman Beck
Waldorf Kirk
Louis Moorehead
James Rooney
Henry Vick
Arthur Schelling
George Urschel

BASEBALL

Frank Culver
Waldorf Kirk
Louis Moorehead
George Urschel
Henry Vick
Verne Warner

TRACK

Wardell Hall
Irving Heipel
Colin MacInnis
Louis Moorehead
Howard Sewall
Calvin Wetzel

FRED SIEBERT
Faculty Manager of Athletics.

Athletics at Scott High 1916-17

A former Central High School professor often told his class to "Hitch their wagon to stars;" in other words to aim high. It seems that Scott High in every department of its work has tried hard to eclipse every school in the country in its work. While but four years have passed this school is known from coast to coast, not only for its beautiful building and efficient equipment but for a school that "Does big things." It has been the aim of every Toledo High football team to have the championship of the state and sometimes that of a few other states, but this year Scott started out with the one "Big Idea" of a National championship.

Owing to the fact that our assistant coach, Harry Seubert, was on the border, we found it necessary to employ another man to handle the reserve team. We were very fortunate in getting Mr. Norris Perris, a former Case player, and it is to him that we are indebted for the good work of the Reserve squad and the assistance he gave our varsity in scouting other schools.

The desire for big things at Scott led to an insistant demand by the student body for ample seating capacity and they accordingly had erected on our field one of the finest and largest stands ever built on a high school field and entirely paid for by the student body. This stand is 360 feet long and 17 tiers high. It seats comfortably 4200 people and has accommodated over 6000.

On Sept. 30th, our first game with Fremont drew a fair-sized crowd, and when the final score was found to be in the sixties, those of us that had followed the game for years felt that our ambitions would be realized this year. The next game with Monroe strengthened our convictions. On Oct. 14th, the big game of the year, with our old rivals, Detroit Central, was played. The largest crowd ever seen on Scott Field viewed this game and saw our ancient rivals humbled by a larger score than they had ever been defeated and by a score larger than they had ever defeated Toledo. Not only did the sport writers agree that Scott had a good team but they said that the enthusiasm of the student body was inspiring. Our next game was with the Mt. Pleasant Indian School and many of us doubted our ability to win from the government's wards. They were older and apparently stronger. The machine work of Tommy's squad soon showed that they would require many more seasons of aging to be ripe enough to win from Scott. On Oct. 28th, Coach Merrell decided that we were strong enough to dispense with his services and sent the team to Findlay under the directions of the faculty manager, Tom going to Pittsburg to witness the game between Pittsburg and Pennsylvania. Findlay had in former years been a stronger contestant, but after a few minutes of play it was apparent that they had no chance to score. All the substitutes played the greater part of the game and the score was the largest of the season. Nov. 4th found us with a real contest on our hands, Erie, Pa., playing here. This team came with a good record and few defeats in many years. They held Scott to the lowest season score, and this being 32, shows the wonderful scoring power of the Scott machine.

On Nov. 11th we played our first game away from home and in a special car Scott journeyed to Muskegon, the team that had defeated us at Toledo last year. Upon our arrival at Grand Rapids the local paper had a headline stating "Muskies have the game as well as won." This was the last straw necessary to break the Muskegon team. The fight placed in our team by this statement was enough to make even a poor team play a superhuman game. Before a hostile crowd we defeated this wonderful team and added one more scalp to our belt of victories.

The great problem was to now find teams of clean records to play in order to give Scott an opportunity to have claims to the western championship. Chicago schools were tried, but to no avail. Freeport, Ill., claimed the honors in that state and accordingly were invited to Scott Field. They accepted and on a cold, dismal day appeared on the field with blackened faces to throw consternation in our camp. Fighting Bob Cowell's team did not seem to be frightened, and when the final score of over fifty points appeared on the scoreboard our visitors highed themselves to the plunge and removed the war paint. Our East Side rivals during the season had been playing in hard luck and didn't seem to be able to annex the large end of the score from strong teams.

On Thanksgiving Day the annual battle between the two schools was expected to show the real strength of both teams. The wonderful fighting spirit of both teams in such contests was supposed to call for a close score. The largest crowd ever seen at a football game in Toledo assembled at Scott Field and saw a wonderful display of spirit on the part of Waite in the first half, but with all their strength given in this period they appeared to poor advantage in the second period, when Scott scored at will, and closed the season with a clean slate and a score of over fifty against their greatest rival.

During the season the management had made repeated efforts to schedule a game with a Boston team, and with the hearty co-operation of the local papers had challenged the winner of the New England League. The contest in this league was very close and it was only at the extreme end of the season that a possible winner could be seen. This team was Haverhill, Mass., a school forty miles north of Boston. On the Friday following Thanksgiving we finally succeeded in closing the game with this school, at Haverhill, which we won, 13-0.

The success of this team is due to many factors, all working together for one end. Coach Merrell, as leader, has no equal; Bob Cowell was a fighting leader, every boy on the team was a man that appreciated clean living, a clear brain and a strong frame were necessary for success that only through the co-operation of many could the team succeed. Individualism was buried. The student body faithfully backing the school and team had much to do with our untiring efforts and last but not least, the work of Coach Perris, Trainer Spangler and Herman Berlin and the entire reserve squad who made it possible for the first team to practice. The student managers are to be credited with their share of the success by their faithful management, which was all the detail so well cared for, the faculty by their help in aiding the boys in their studies while under the heavy mental strain of many hard games. It is to be hoped that

the teams will be guided by the experience of the past and following in the footsteps of this great team, "hitch their wagon to the stars" and give Scott even greater fame.

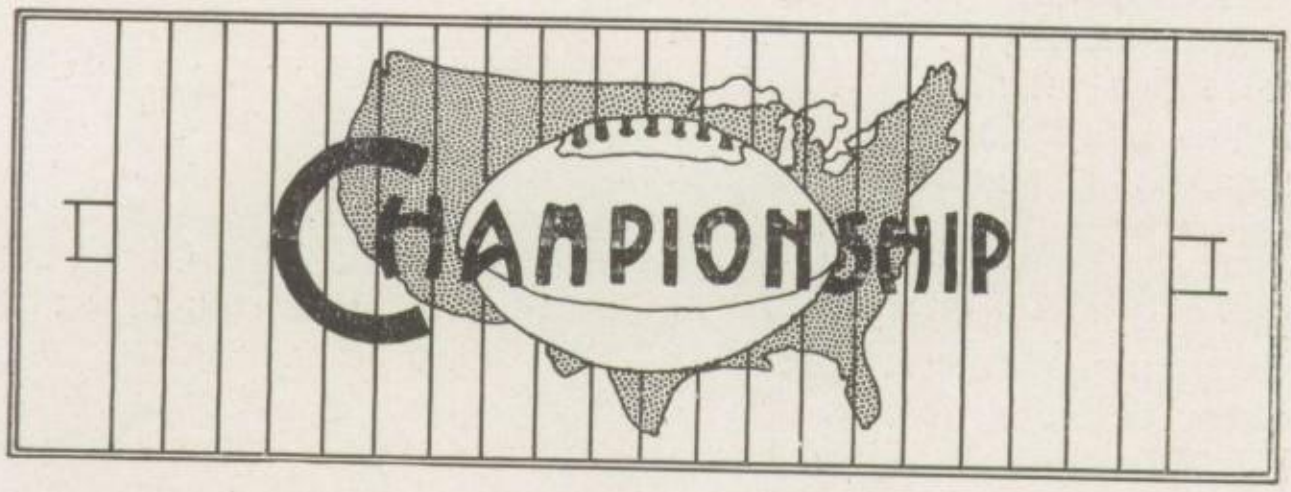
Basket Ball.—After six weeks of athletic inactivity we had the favorite winter sport at hand. Harold Anderson, an old Central High man, was engaged to coach this sport and he handled same in first-class manner. With the numerous social affairs at Scott in the winter it is hard to arouse interest in this sport. Many candidates, however, turned out for practice and prospects were bright for a good team. Under Captain Moorehead the team worked hard and it was only in a prolonged game that Detroit Central was able to defeat us. After this first defeat, Scott started to win and continued to do so until stopped by a game in one of the smaller towns. Scott's whole schedule was built around the two games with Waite, and the other defeats were not taken seriously. At Waite the first game of the series was played and before an immense crowd the wonderful team of that school was declared victor. The second game at Scott drew a larger crowd estimated at 1500. Our East Side rivals proved their superiority and we wish to compliment them on their success and only regret that they could not have held the interscholastic championship in basketball. With the many men out for basketball it was possible to form many reserve teams. Under Coach Spangler they developed rapidly and by a victory over the Waite Reserves shows that we have good material for a team next season. The interest taken in this team was at times greater than that in the varsity.

Track.—This sport, which is one of the best in every way for physical development, has many supporters at Scott and at the class meet many new stars are first seen. Under Coach Seubert and Captain Wetzel this team has developed rapidly and while they lost to Detroit Central and Michigan Freshman have shown flashes of form which we hope will cause them to repeat their victories of last year at Columbus, Ann Arbor and Chicago. With such men as Heipel, Sewell, Wetzel, as a nucleus we hope to be well represented in this sport. Our decisive victory over Waite was such as to stamp the team as "Comers."

Baseball.—Under the leadership of William Elwert, an old baseball player of the greater leagues, over sixty men are trying out for what appears to be the best baseball team in our history. There is no reason why this sport should not interest many boys and cause five or six teams to be organized in place of one. A five-game schedule with Waite has been arranged at home and seven games away, and it is hoped that we will be returned a winner at the season's end.

F. L. SIEBERT,
Faculty Manager of Athletics

FOOTBALL



SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL

— TOLEDO OHIO —

1916 1917

Football Review

Early in September Coach Merrell issued his call for football candidates at Scott and a large squad of men reported to him for preliminary work. Day by day the squad grew until on the first day of school it had swelled to about 60 men. On that day the squad was cut into the varsity and reserves, for the first game was only two weeks away and some hard work had to be done by the first-string men in preparation for it.

Scott 64—Fremont 0,

September 29, 1916—At Scott Field.

Scott opened its 1916 football season in impressive style by defeating Fremont High, 64-0. Scott kicked off to Fremont and held for four downs. After marching down the field Scott lost the ball on a fumble, Fremont recovering. Fremont again was unable to make their first down so Scott took the ball, and after two line bucks Cowell made the first touchdown on a short end run. In the second quarter the teamwork was better, and Cowell, Vick, Urschel and Kirk each took the ball over for a touchdown. In the third quarter, after four more touchdowns had been made, Coach Merrell put in substitutes who, although they did not score as often as the regulars, nevertheless, prevented Fremont from making a first down and added six more points to the score. Fremont fought pluckily throughout the game but was outclassed in every way. Scott showed up well and gave promise of a great team, with a little more practice. For Scott, Wetzel at left end, G. Culver at left tackle, Jones at left guard, MacNichol at center, MacInnis at right guard, Frank Culver at right tackle, Hadden at right end, Kirk at quarter, Urschel and Vick at halves and Cowell at fullback, started the game.

Scott 59—Monroe 7,

October 7, 1916—At Scott Field.

Monroe was Scott's next opponent, and they, too, were defeated by a large score, although they bettered Fremont by scoring a touchdown. It was in this game that Scott's warriors initiated their new green jerseys, and these must have helped the team for Cowell scored the first touchdown three minutes after play started. Urschel and Usher followed in rapid succession. It was in the second quarter that Monroe scored. It was their ball on their 20-yard line when a forward pass was successful and their end, Kenney, ran 60 yards for the only touchdown. Never was Scott's goal threatened again, while they kept piling up points till at the end of the third quarter the score stood Scott 53, Monroe 7. Substitutes took the regulars' places and as a result only six points were scored in the last quarter. This came after Wetzel had blocked an attempted punt by Monroe and had fallen on the ball over the goal line. F. Culver failed at goal and the final score was Scott 59, Monroe 7. Scott showed great improvement over the Fremont game. The line charged faster, got their men out of the way quicker and in the backfield

the interference was much better. But the greatest gain was in teamwork. Scott moved like a heavy but smoothly working piece of machinery and was about as irresistible. The Greenbacks began the game with Morehead and Saunders at the ends, the two Culvers at the tackles, Clash and MacInnis, guards; MacNichol, center; Kirk, Usher, Urschel and Cowell in the backfield.

Scott 37—Detroit Central 2,
October 14, 1916—At Scott Field.

Scott's overwhelming defeat of Fremont and Monroe brought out a crowd of 4500 people to see them battle Detroit Central. The old rivals met again, and this time it was Central who was fearing for her honors. Scott began the game with the same men who had started against Monroe. Scott won the toss and elected to receive. With Usher, Urschel and Cowell carrying the ball in quick succession, it advanced to Detroit's 10-yard line, where Central held for downs. The ball see-sawed back and forth the first quarter, being in Detroit's territory most of the time, but in the second quarter, having advanced well into the opponent's ground, Cowell dropped back and kicked a goal from the 31-yard line. On the kickoff Brenkert fumbled on his 40-yard line and Wetzel recovered for Scott. Usher plunged 12 yards and on the next play Urschel sprinted around right end for a touchdown. Cowell goaled. A few minutes later Urschell dashed 60 yards behind beautiful interference for another tally. F. Culver kicked goal. On a fluke Detroit scored in the third quarter. Allen having punted over Scott's goal line, the ball was brought out and put in play on the 20-yard line. On the first play was a fumble and Urschel was forced to punt from behind his own goal, but the ball struck the goal post and bounded back and Urschel fell on it to prevent Detroit from scoring a touchdown. Later, Cowell recovered a fumble and after a number of line bucks went over for another touchdown. He kicked goal. In the fourth quarter, Vick, who had replaced Usher, intercepted a forward pass and returned it 25 yards. On a forward pass, Urschel to Moorehead, the latter scored. and F. Culver kicked goal. Near the end of play Allen punted to Bulask who had gone in at quarter for Kirk and the latter ran 60 yards for the final touchdown. The goal failed.

Scott 57—Mt. Pleasant 0,
October 21, 1916.—At Scott Field.

The redskins from Mt. Pleasant Indian School came down to Scott with a much-touted reputation and Coach Merrell was anticipating a hard game. Because of a heavy rain the day before and a threatening sky overhead before the game, only six or seven hundred people were out to watch the Greenbacks contend with the Indians. Captain Cowell was ill and was forced to watch the game from the sidelines. The men who started for Scott were Wetzel and Hadden, ends: the Culver twins, tackles; Clash and MacInnis, guards; MacNichol, center, and the backfield was Kirk, Usher, Vick and Urschel. Scott received the ball on the kickoff and straight-way marched to the Indians' 10-yards, but fumbled, Mt. Pleasant recovering. The visitors immediately punted, and Urschel returned 20 yards. A series of line bucks, Usher, Vick, Urschel and Usher

again, and the ball was over. F. Culver failed to goal. The first quarter ended with Scott in possession of the ball on Mt. Pleasant's 2-yard line from whence Vick bucked it over at the beginning of the second quarter. Kirk goaled. Later, Urschel having received a punt, raced 70 yards for another score. Kirk again kicked goal. The Indians received on the kickoff but were unable to gain and attempted a punt. MacNichol sifted through and blocked it. F. Culver recovered. After the ball had been pushed to the visitors' 20-yard line, Urschel, on a short end run, took it across. At the opening of the second half, Scott having blocked a punt and recovered, Urschel went 35 yards around left for the fifth marker. G. Culver missed at goal. Bulask substituted for Kirk and after two attempted fieldgoals had failed he registered another score from the 10-yard line. Morehead failed at goal. Swartzbaugh went in for Usher and after a number of long runs he carried the ball over for another goal. Bulask scored the final touchdown after Swartzbaugh had made a 50-yard run and placed the ball on the Indians' 4-yard line. Mt. Pleasant made but one first down during the entire game so it can be said that Scott was playing some football. Final score, Scott 57, Mt. Pleasant 0.

Scott 32—Erie 3,

November 4, 1916—At Scott Field.

Faculty Manager Siebert had secured Erie (Pa.) on Scott's have a clearer title to the championship. But when the spectators schedule because he knew that if Scott overcame Erie they would got a good look at the Erie men there were many who believed he had make a serious mistake and that Scott's steamroller progress was to be roughly arrested. Cowell was again in moleskins, but was not considered fit to start the game. The Greenbacks started with Wetzel and Morehead at end, the Culvers at tackle, Clash and Baer at guard, MacNichol at center, Kirk at quarter, Vick and Usher at the halves and Urschel at full. Erie won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Vick kicked off to Struker, who was downed in his tracks. By a series of shift plays the ball was advanced to Scott's 7-yard line, where the Green wall held. On a double pass Urschel made 42 yards, seven line plunges by Usher and Vick, and the latter took the ball over for the first touchdown. G. Culver missed goal. Vick kicked off to Miller but Scott held and Erie was forced to punt to Kirk who was downed on his 33-yard line. The first quarter ended with the ball in midfield in Scott's possession. At the beginning of the second quarter Scott was unable to gain and Urschel punted over Erie's goal line. The ball was brought out and given to Erie on their 20-yard line, from whence they advanced to the center of the field on a lateral pass. A forward pass netted 38 yards and it was Erie's ball on Scott's 12-yard line. Scott held and Erie was forced to give up the ball. On the first play Urschel punted to Anderson, who ran offside on his 30. Strucker punted to Urschel, who came back 15, to midfield. Scott fumbled and recovered but could not gain. Kirk intercepted a forward pass and returned to his 35-yard line. Scott could not gain so Urschel punted. The ball went out of bounds on Erie's 35. Erie attempted a punt but it was blocked and MacInnis recovered and ran 30 yards for a touchdown.

Second Half.—Miller kicked off to Kirk, who returned to his

30. After twice making first down Erie stiffened and Scott punted. Erie also punted. Scott fumbled and Urschel punted to Anderson on his 27-yard line. Anderson made 13 yards around Morehead, but a pass was intercepted and it was Scott's ball on her own 25-yard line. Urschel raced 70 yards but Anderson caught him on Erie's 5-yard line. Vick plunged across. The goal failed. Erie received and Anderson was downed on his 20. Struker punted to Urschel, who was quickly downed. Vick plunged 20 yards, and a forward pass added another score. G. Culver kicked goal. Score at end of third period, Scott 26, Erie 0.

Fourth quarter.—Usher threw a short pass to Kirk, who ran 10 yards for the last touchdown. Erie received, and using lateral passes worked the ball to Scott's 33-yard line, where they kicked a field goal, their only points. The game ended with the ball in mid-field. Final score, Scott 32, Erie 3.

Scott 33—Muskegon 0,
November 11, 1916—At Muskegon.

When Coach Tom Merrell's Greenbacks came on the field at Muskegon, they were fighting mad, for in the first place they were out to revenge the defeat Muskegon had administered them last year. In the second, they were out to show certain Grand Rapids sport writers whether the game was already won by Muskegon or not. Captain Cowell was again in shape and started the game.

First quarter.—After Muskegon had been held for downs Urschel made a long run around right end, and on a line plunge Kirk scored. F. Culver goaled. The period ended with the ball in Scott's possession on their own 40-yard line. Score, Scott 7, Muskegon 0.

Second quarter.—Urschel's long end runs and Usher's drives brought the ball to the Muskies' 10-yard line. On a forward pass Urschel to Wetzel, the latter scored, but Cowell missed goal. Muskegon was unable to gain and Scott took the ball. After two short end runs by Kirk and Urschel, Usher cracked the line for 10 more yards, and then Urschel took it across. Cowell kicked goal. Score, Scott 20, Muskegon 0.

Second half.—Vick replaced Cowell, who had been injured, and amazed the Muskegon crowd with his spectacular line plunges of 10 and 20 yards. After a series of these drives he placed the ball on Muskegon's 22-yard line. Two more bucks carried the oval over and G. Culver goaled. Muskegon received but failed to gain. Scott took the ball and Vick and Usher plunged it to the Muskies' 35-yard line. A short pass, Urschel to Hadden, and the latter scored the final touchdown. In the fourth quarter substitutes were sent in to fill the line positions and Muskegon fought hard to score, but the Scott defense was still too strong. The ball was in Scott's possession on their 40-yard line when the whistle blew. Final score, Scott 33, Muskegon 0.

Scott 54—Freeport 6,
November 25, 1916—At Scott Field.

Freeport was recognized the champions of Indiana and Illinois, so a victory over them would give Scott undisputed claim to the middle-west title. The day was cold so that only about 2000 peo-

ple saw the game. The field was very hard and dry. Scott won the toss and elected to defend the west goal with the wind at their backs. Saunders and Morehead, ends; the Culvers, tackles; Baer and Felton, guards; MacNichol, center; Kirk, Urschel, Usher and Cowell was the Scott line-up.

First Quarter.—Freeport kicked off to F. Culver who came back 10. Freeport held and Scott punted out of bounds on the visitors' 40-yd. line. Freeport fumbled, Scott recovered and marched to Freeport's 3-yd. line, but fumbled. G. Culver blocked Freeport's atttempt to punt. Morehead recovered and Cowell smashed over the line. F. Culver failed at goal. Scott 6, Freeport 0.

Second Quarter.—Scott picked up and on the second plav Urschel raced 35 yards. around end with fine interference for a touchdown. G. Culver kicked goal. After the kick-off Cowell made 40 around end, Usher smashed through for 10, and Kirk took the ball over. The attempt at goal failed. Usher kicked off to Freeport, who fumbled. Saunders recovered for Scott on Freeport's 40-yd. line. Cowell failed at a drop kick. Freeport punted to Urschel, who was downed before he could move. Urschel made 25 yds. around end, Cowell went through right tackle for 40 more, and Usher made a touchdown from the 10-yd. line. The punt out went over Cowell's head. Usher kicked off to Freeport. They returned 8 yds. Cowell intercepted a pass and it was Scott's ball on Freeport's 40-yd. line. Two line bucks by Vick and Usher and then Cowell dropkicked from the 25-yd. line. Vick kicked off. Freeport attempted a pass but Usher intercepted and ran 20 yds. for another count. After the kick-off Freeport again tried a pass but Hadden intercepted. Scott marched to Freeport's 25 but Cowell's dropkick failed. Cowell intercepted another pass and came back to Freeport's 3-yd. line, from where Usher carried the leather over. He also kicked goal. Score at end of third quarter, Scott 47, Freeport 6.

In the fourth period Swartzbaugh went in for Cowell and he and Vick carried the ball over for the final score. Bulask kicked goal. On a penalty and a blocked kick Freeport scored their only touchdown. They failed at goal. Final score, Scott 54, Freeport 6.

Scott 57—Waite 0.

November 30, 1916—At Scott Field.

Waite came across the river on Thanksgiving Day with the firm intention of humiliating Scott and taking her place as champion. One of the biggest crowds that has ever assembled on Scott Field was there to watch the battle royal. Waite appeared on the field first. followed about twenty minutes later by the Scott Greenbacks.

First Quarter.—After an exchange of punts in which Scott had the better, Scott worked the ball to Waite's 1-yd. line, where they were held for downs. Foster punted out of bounds on his own 25-yd. line and Scott advanced to Waite's 15 after a penalty. A series of line plunges by Cowell, Kirk and Urschel, and the ball went over. Cowell kicked goal. Score, Scott 7, Waite 0.

In the second quarter at first Waite fought Scott back, but four plays, Usher, Kirk, Urschel and Usher, took the ball over. This touchdown was alleged illegal and was not allowed and Scott was penalized 15 yds. Urschel threw a forward pass to Morehead, who

was downed on the 4-yd. line. Kirk plunged across. Waite outfought Scott the first half, probably on account of the latter's overconfidence. Score, Scott 13, Waite 0.

Second Half.—The Greenbacks came back on the field with a do or die expression on their faces and made up for that first half. Scott recovered a fumble after Waite had received and on the first play Vick crashed through for a touchdown. F. Culver kicked goal. Waite received but fumbled on the first play. Wetzell recovered and Vick plunged through for another counter. Waite received and Scott was penalized half the distance to their goal line, but Vick and Urschel made it up and the former rambled through the line for another. After an exchange of punts Scott marched the ball to Waite's 7-yd. line. F. Culver failed to dropkick. Rousch made 10 for Waite and Simpson 7 more on a forward pass, but Scott held. Waite punted and Scott returned to their 35-yd. line. Vick, Cowell and Urschel took the ball within 1 foot of the goal line and Vick went over. After receiving the kick-off Waite tried a forward pass but F. Culver intercepted it on their 30-yd. line. Cowell, Vick, Kirk and Cowell and six more points were registered. Waite received and punted. Urschel made 20 around end, Vick plunged the remaining distance to the goal. Waite kicked off and Swartzbaugh, who had replaced Vick, came back 35 yds. From there Cowell carried the ball over for the ninth and final touchdown. Final score, Scott 57, Waite 0.

Scott 13—Haverhill 0.

December 9, 1916—At Haverhill.

Scott's Greenback warriors came to Haverhill to battle with the strongest team in the East and to win! Nearly 10,000 people had gathered to see the game, for all realized that it would be a hard fought one. The weather was ideal for the game, but just before noon the rise in temperature brought the frost out of the ground and made the field slippery. At 2:30 o'clock (Eastern time) the teams lined up, Scott having won the toss.

First Quarter.—Haverhill kicked off to F. Culver, who came back to his 40-yd. line. Cowell made 5 around end, and Urschel followed with 3. On the reverse play Urschel went 30 yds. around left end. Vick and Kirk added six more. Gilroy intercepted a forward pass and came back to his 30-yd. line. Haverhill was penalized 5 yds. Morehead threw Delaney for a 10-yd. loss. Gilroy fumbled and Morehead recovered for Scott on Haverhill's 23-yd. line. Kirk made 4 yds. around Cummings. Vick hit tackle for a yard. Cowell made another and Vick plunged through for a touchdown. Cowell kicked goal. Score, Scott 7, Haverhill 0.

Vick kicked off to White, who came back to his 20. Haverhill was held and kicked to Kirk, who came back 20 yds. Scott was penalized 15 yds., but Vick and Cowell made it first down. Urschel made it first in two plays. Finnegan threw Vick for a 7-yd. loss, but directly Dum-dum hit him for 10 yds. in two attempts. Cowell tried a dropkick, standing on Haverhill's 22-yd. line, but the ball struck the crossbar and bounded back. Haverhill's ball on their own 20-yd. line. They punted to Kirk and Wallie returned to their 45. Scott was unable to gain and Urschel punted out of bounds on

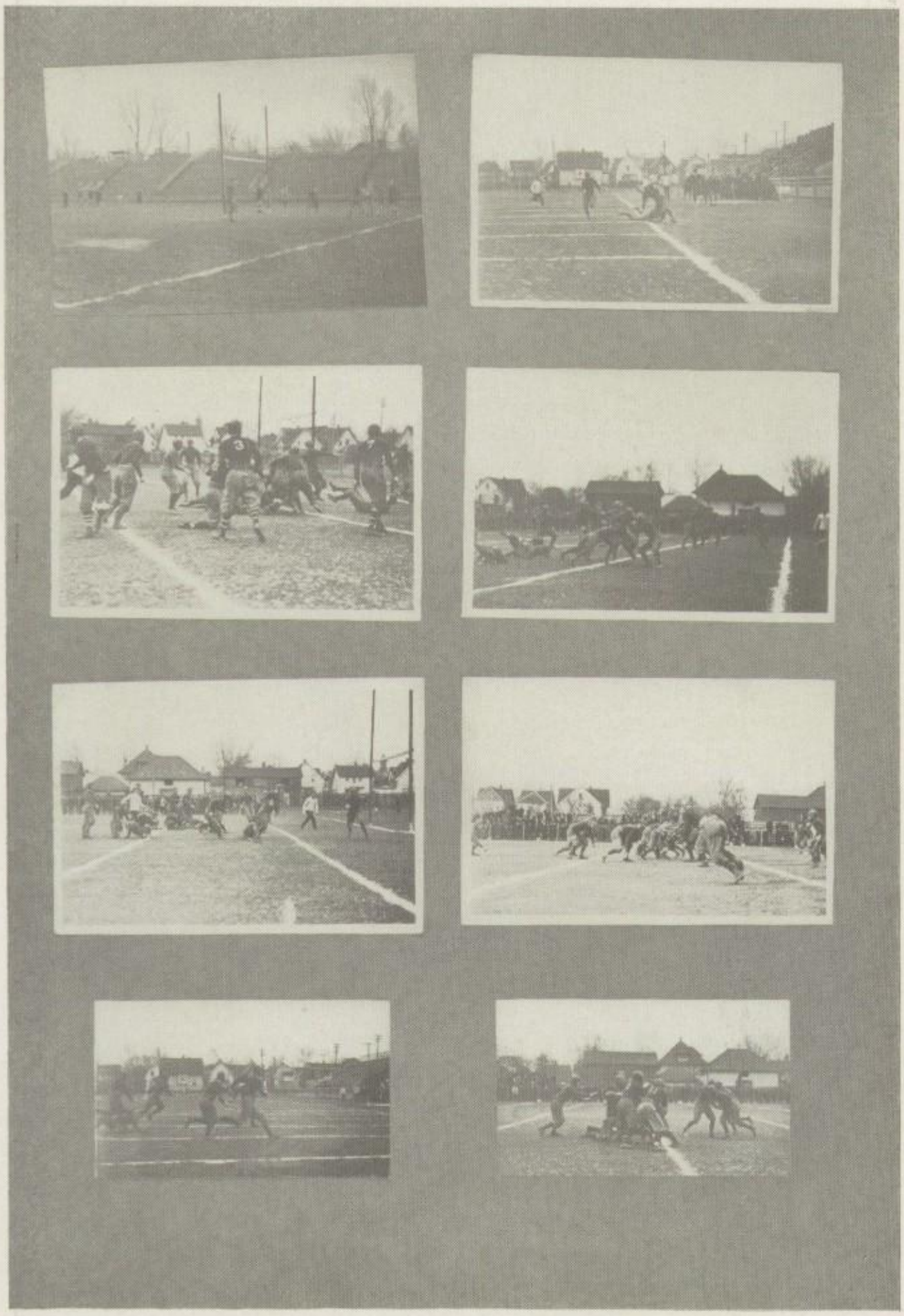
Haverhill's 36-yd. line. Haverhill made first down. Scott was penalized 5, Delaney made 5 around Wetzel. Score, Scott 7, Haverhill 0.

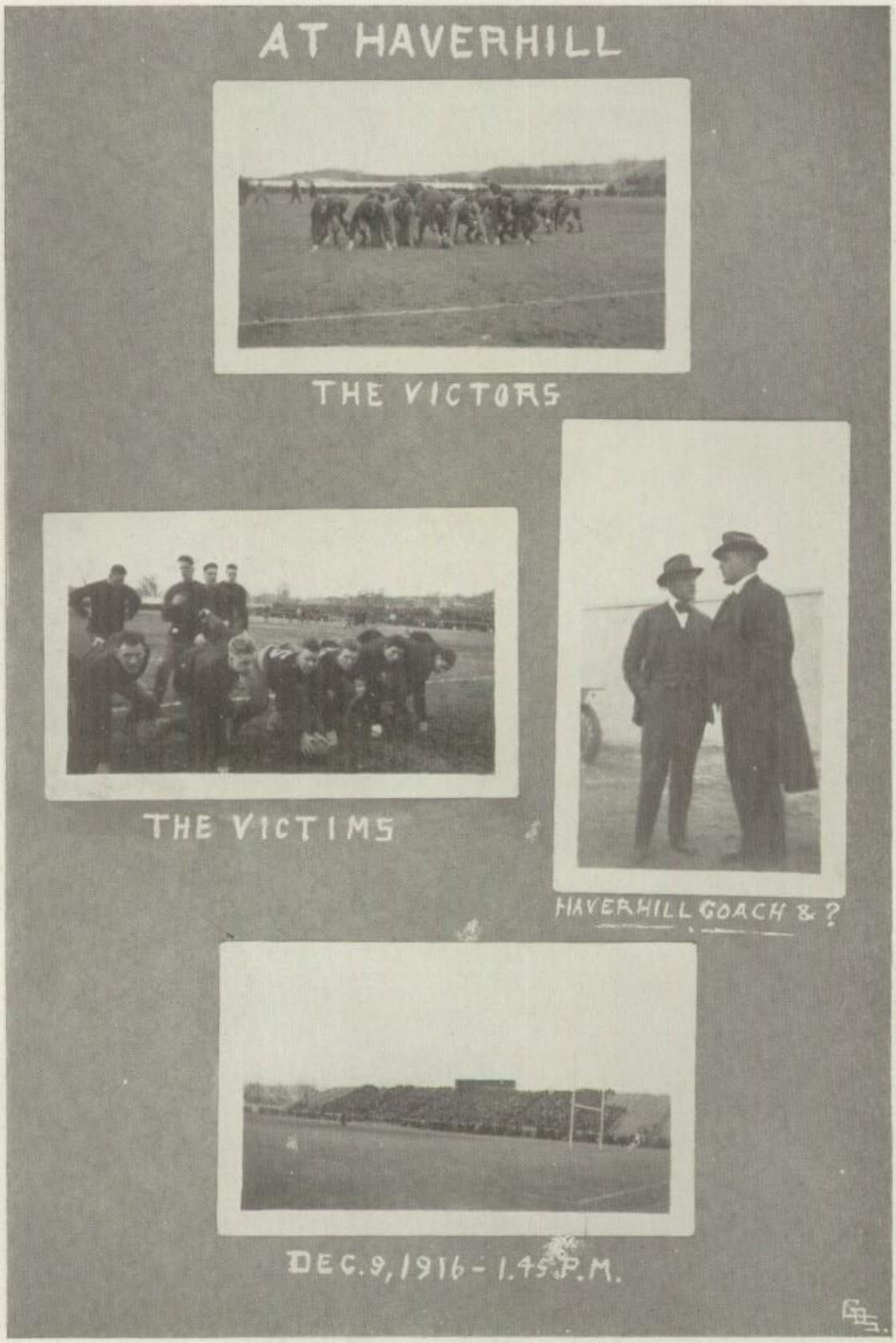
Second Quarter.—Gilroy was thrown for a 5-yd. loss. Pearson failed to gain. Gilroy punted over Scott's goal line. The ball was put in play on Scott's 20. Vick made 10 off center, Cowell made 5 but fumbled, Morehead recovering. Urschel skirted Riley for 9 yds. It was first down on Haverhill's 42-yd. line. Scott was penalized but Vick more than made it up. Cowell made it first down. Felton was badly hurt and Clash took his place. Urschel punted to Haverhill. Haverhill made first down and Scott was penalized 5 yds. for offside. Then Haverhill began a march, using a peculiar open formation, but when on Scott's 15-yd. line they were penalized 15 yds. for holding. Gilroy was thrown for a loss. A forward pass failed. Morehead threw Gilroy for another loss. Gilroy punted to Kirk, who fumbled but recovered on his 5-yd. line. Urschel punted to Gilroy who returned to the middle of the field. Haverhill was unable to gain and kicked to Kirk, who made a fair catch of it standing on his 16-yd. line. Urschel was forced to punt to Haverhill, the half ending with the ball in their possession on their own 40-yd. line.

Third Quarter.—Vick kicked off to White, who came back to his 30. Haverhill was forced to punt. Urschel received and returned to his 48. Vick made it first down off tackle. A criss-cross play failed. Cowell threw a pass to Morehead which netted 8 yds. Urschel made it first down. Cowell tried a dropkick but it was blocked. It was Haverhill's ball on their 20-yd. line. Delaney made 25 around Morehead but his team was offside and the ball was taken back. Then the Easterners began another great march down the field, but Morehead intercepted a pass on Scott's 15-yd. line and Urschel quickly punted out of danger.

Fourth Quarter—Haverhill's failure to score in the third period disheartened the team and they played less spiritedly in the fourth quarter, while Scott, on the other hand, fought more determinedly than ever. Haverhill failed to gain first down and Scott took the ball. Cowell hit center for 4 yds. Urschel flanked Dufour for 17 yds. with perfect interference. Usher replaced Cowell. On three line bucks and a forward pass to Morehead the ball was placed on Haverhill's 4-yd. line. Vick, Usher and Kirk all failed to score on line bucks, but a forward pass, Urschel to Kirk, was successful. F. Culver missed goal. Score, Scott 13, Haverhill 0.

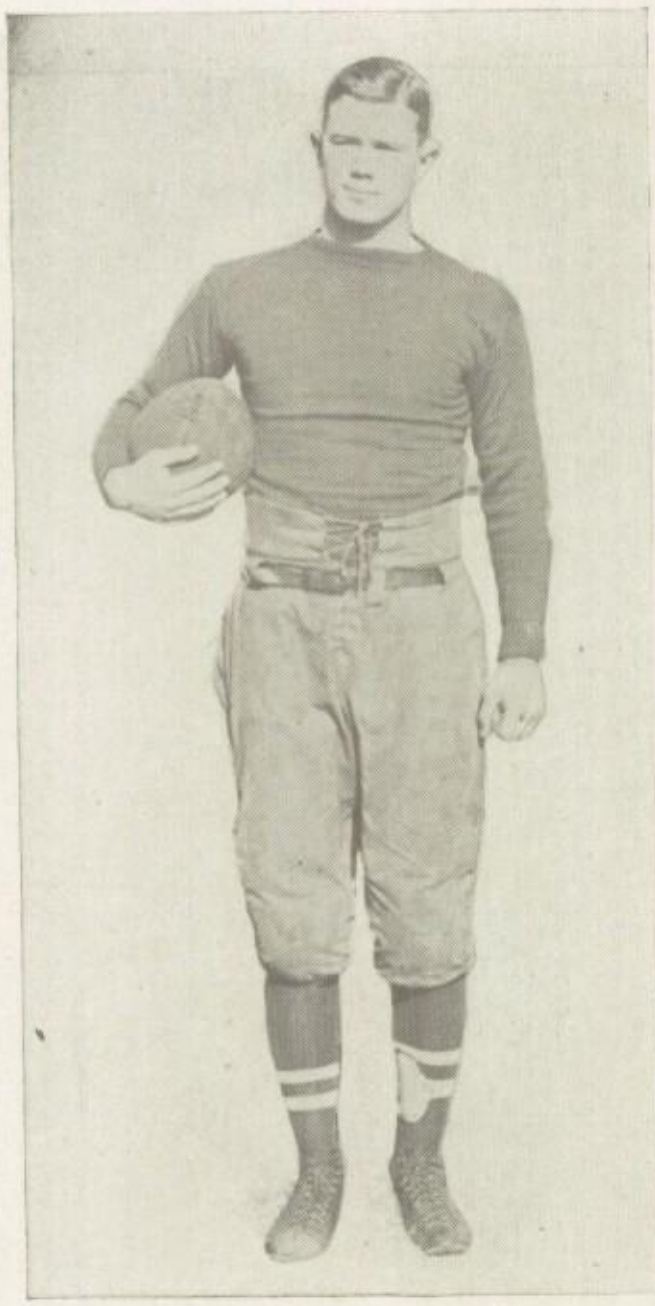
Vick kicked off to White and he returned to his 26-yd. mark. Delaney made it first down. Haverhill was forced to kick after Pearson and Gilroy had made 5 yds. through center. Urschel returned to his 25-yd. line. Vick cracked the center for 5 yds. On a forward pass to Morehead the latter made 53 yds. Vick fumbled on the next play and Finnegan recovered for Haverhill. Gilroy punted to Kirk who fumbled. Sawyer recovered for Haverhill on his 32-yd. line. The game ended with the ball in mid-field. Final score, Scott 13, Haverhill 0.



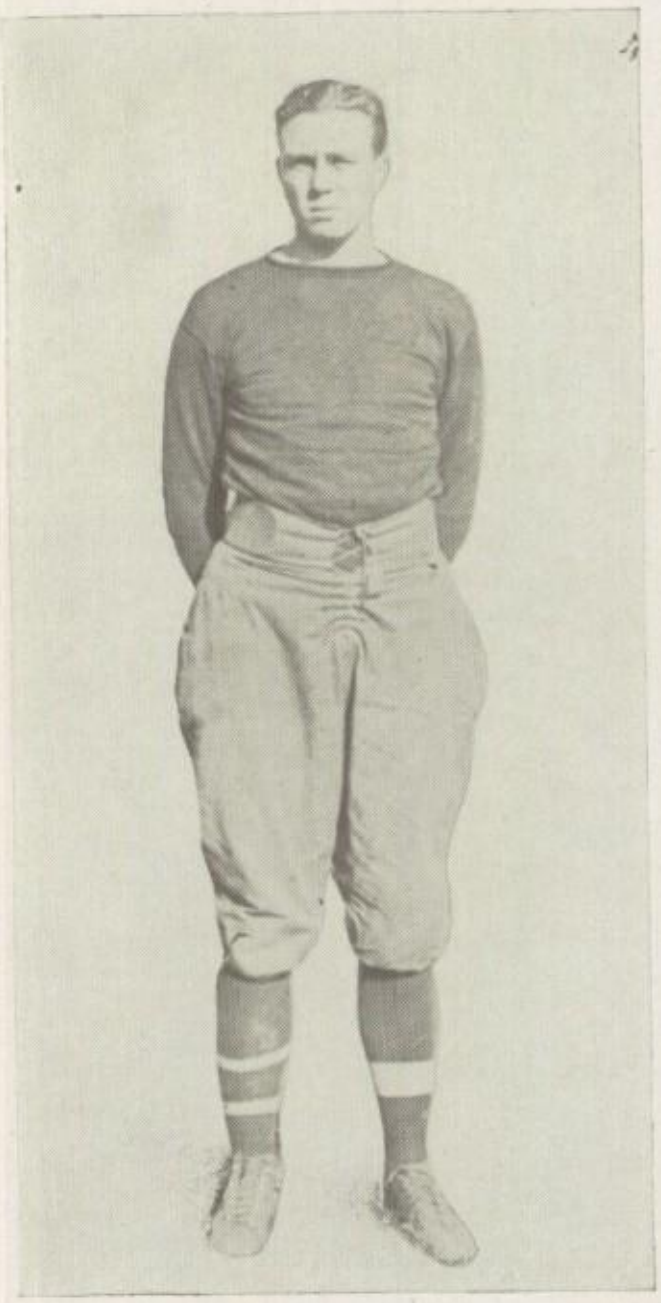

AT HAVERHILL
THE VICTORS
THE VICTIMS
HAVERHILL COACH & ?
DEC. 9, 1916 - 1.45 P.M.

Coach Tom Merrell.

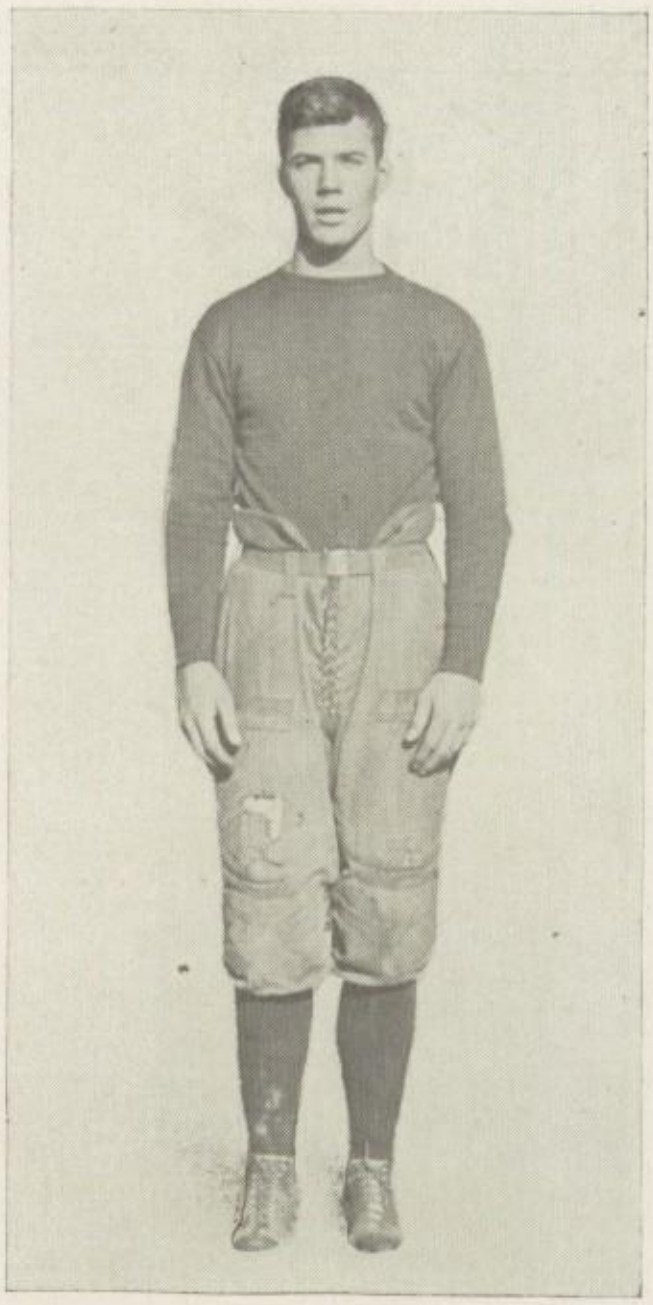
It has been said by a famous college coach that a football coach is like a general in a war. He must plan his moves, always looking ahead into the future; he must be a shrewd observer of character; he must be a strong personality. He must know the fine distinction between overwork and inaction, for too many teams "go stale." He must be able to handle delicate situations that come up between himself and the individual members of the team, for teamwork is an absolute necessity of any team. And above all he must have the unshaken confidence of his men. And Tommy has all these qualifications! But there are two other factors in this man's favor. It is largely due to him that Scott has developed her great fighting spirit which has spread from football to all branches of Athletics. He has instilled his own "pep" and "fight" into the men who represent Scott Hi, so that we are being known all over the country as a school whose teams fight every inch of the way. And he has always stood for clean athletics, the kind that adds to the team and to the school. It is all these things, coupled with a lot of good hard work on the part of both the team and the coach that have enabled Coach Tom Merrell to bring Scott's football team from Ohio recognition to the championship of the United States and National fame.



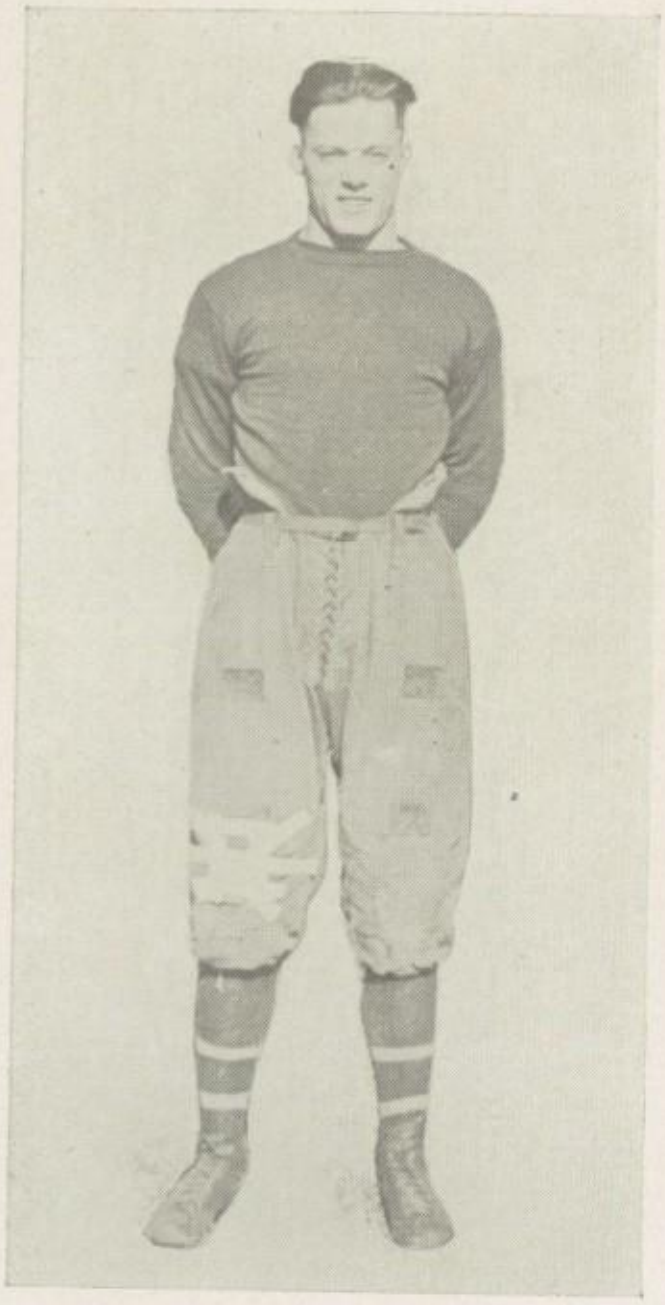
Captain **Robert Cowell,** with his smashing line drives, his short end runs, his wonderful defense work in the line where he was part of the stonewall defense, and his ability to diagnose the opposing team's plays, made a fit captain of a championship team. Playing all season with a handicap of ill health, it was only pure grit and a determination that he would win for Scott that kept "Bob" on the job every night.



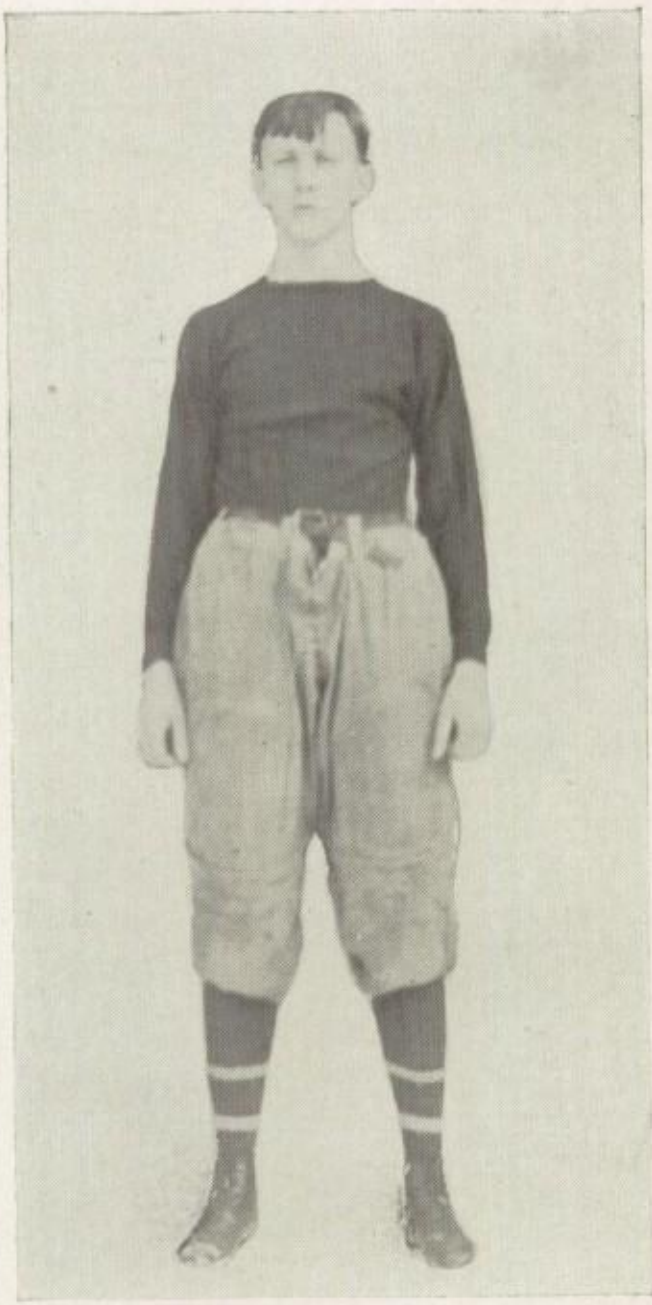
To the average spectator the position of center does not seem very important, simply because the man filling the place does nothing hair raising. And yet when one considers that there are a hundred or more signals and that the center must think out the individual signal in a fraction of a second and pass the ball to the right man in the right place, they will appreciate the work of Alternate Captain **Junior MacNichol.**



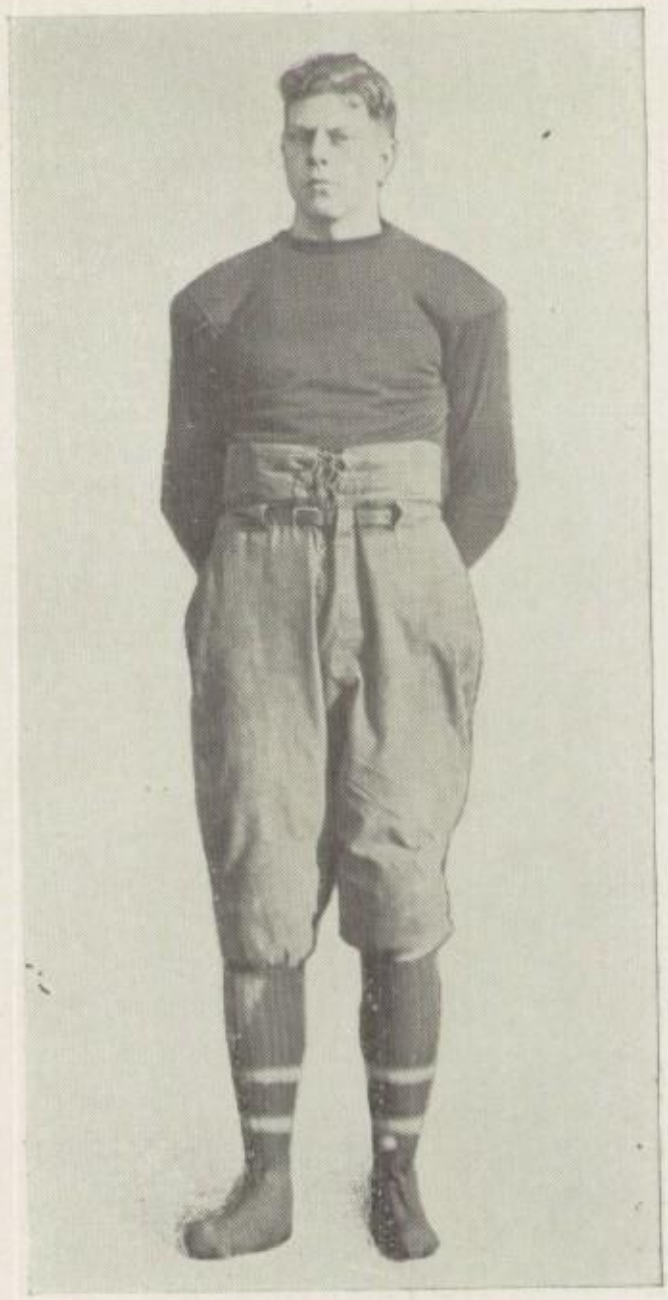
Captain-elect **George Culver**, with his brother Frank, was pronounced by critics one of the best high school tackles seen this year. George was certainly a tower of strength on the left side of the line on the defense, and, oh, those holes he opened on the offense! Next year we hope to see George lead his Maroon and White warriors to another championship.



Brother **Frank Culver** referred to above—"Duke" played roving center on the defense because of his quickness to see just where the other team would strike and his knack of stopping the play ere it pierced our line. On the offense at right tackle he never failed to smash the enemy's line when the play was coming through him.



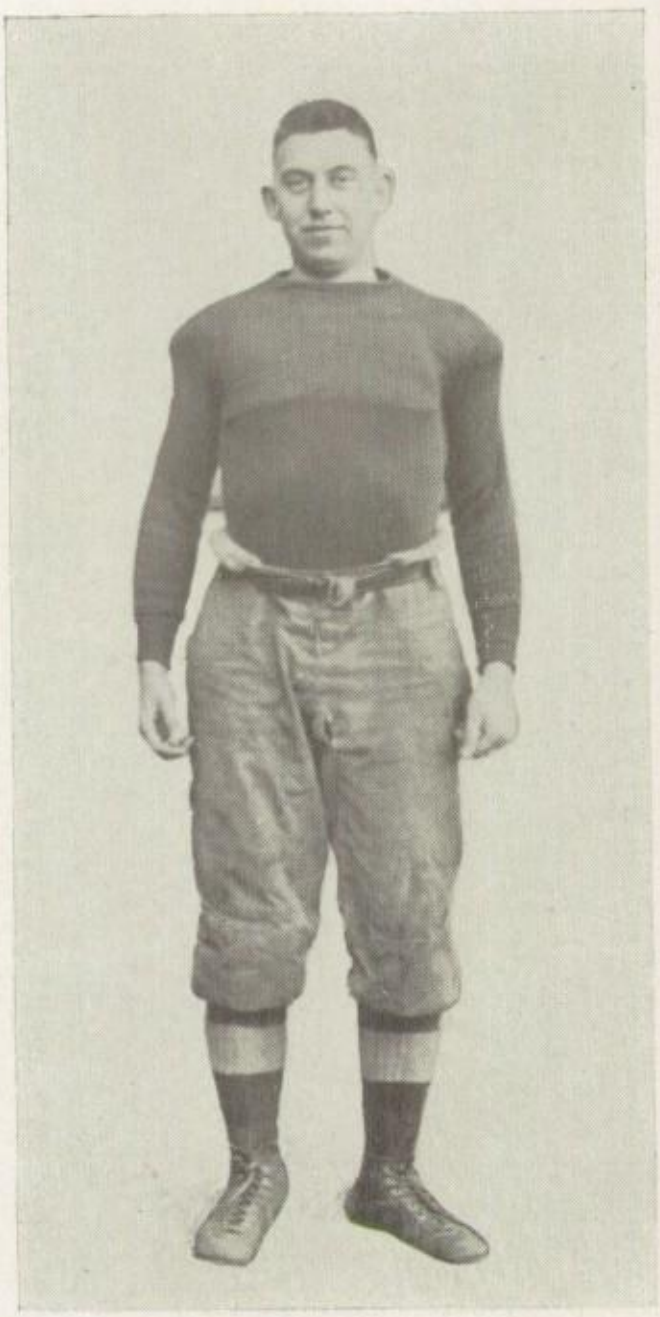
We only needed one man to relieve Frank and George Culver at their tackles, but you can be sure from this that he had to be a good man for the place. **John Ehni** was the man and he proved many times that the coach had made no mistake in selecting him to take either of the twins' places.



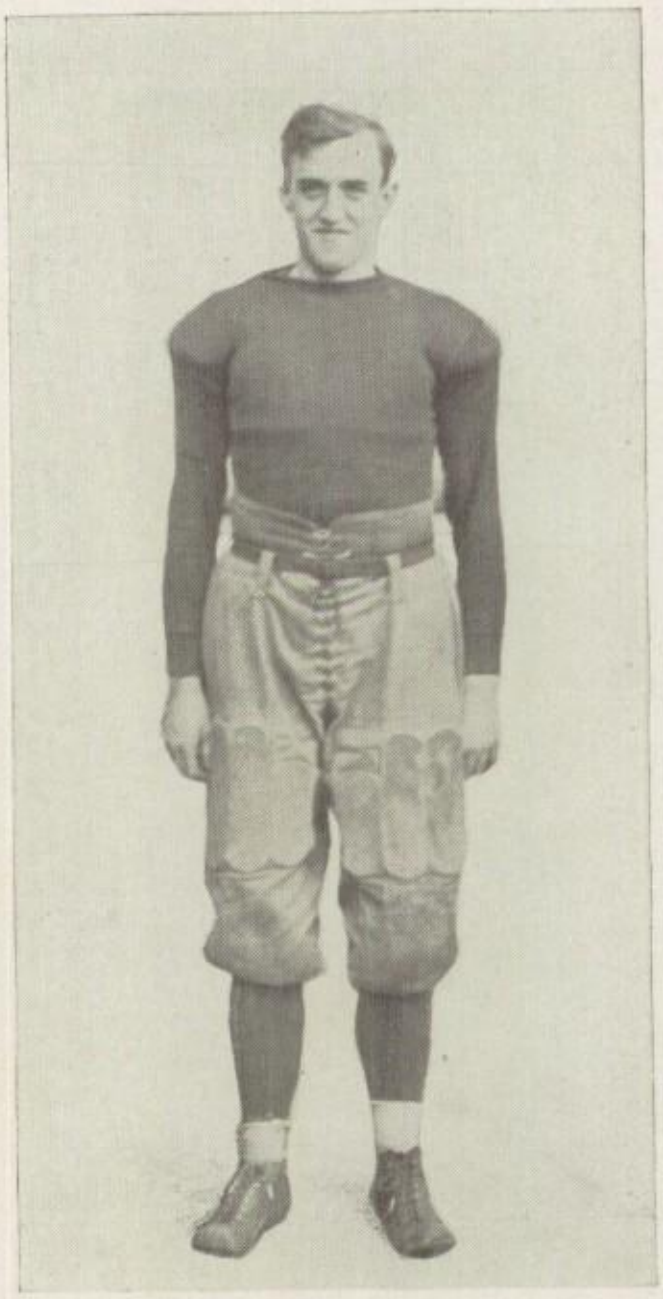
There were four men who made almost equally good guards, because, although not of equal weight, their abilities differed so that it was almost impossible to pick the best. **Garretson Clash** was one of these men who, although very large, was well built and speedy for his size. He was injured the first part of the season but despite this injury, which stayed with him the whole season, he always made himself feared by the opponents.

Colin MacInnis, another guard man, played on the right side of the line. Though lighter than the other men, nevertheless by his aggressiveness and fight he has pushed his way into the front ranks of the men who have played guard for Scott.

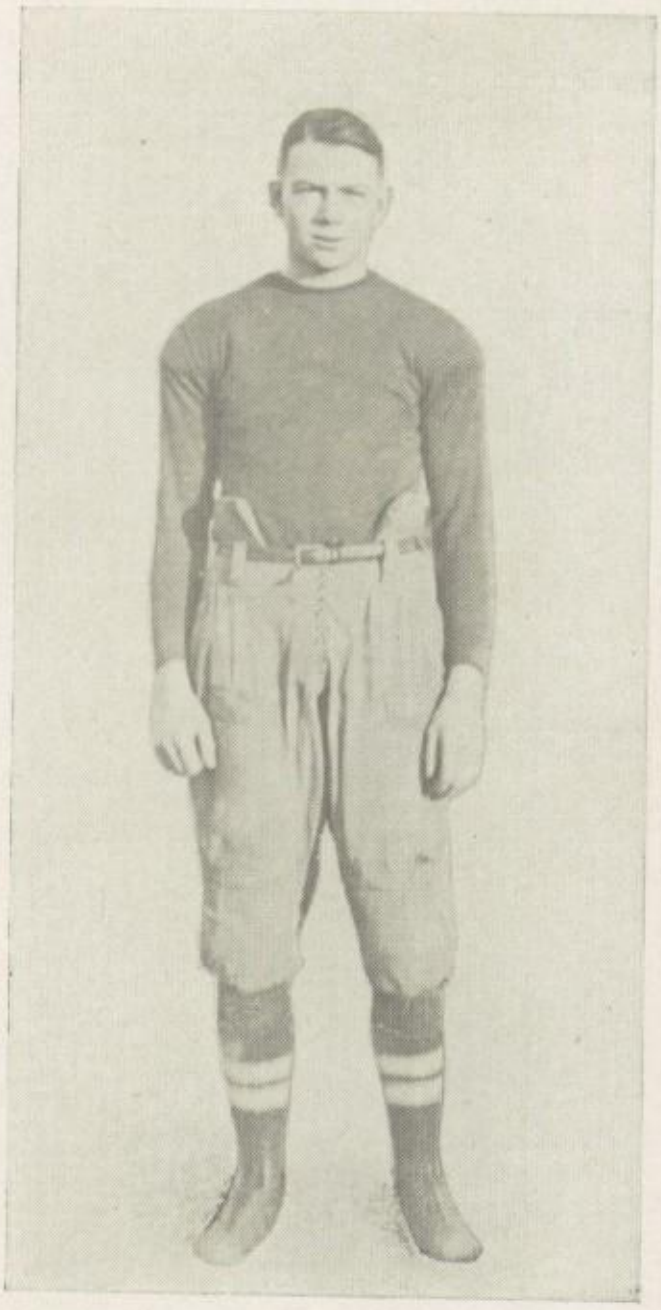
Raymond Baer, the big right guard who was next to MacNichol in weight, is another of these four men who, because of his weight and speed, never missed smashing up the opponents' plays or getting his man out of the way on the offense.



Rex Felton has shown that anything can be done if a person will just tackle it body and soul with a determination to win. At the beginning of the season Rex seemed to have a substitute berth on the scrubs, but through sheer fight he battled his way to a regular position on the Varsity, so that he started at left guard in every big game.

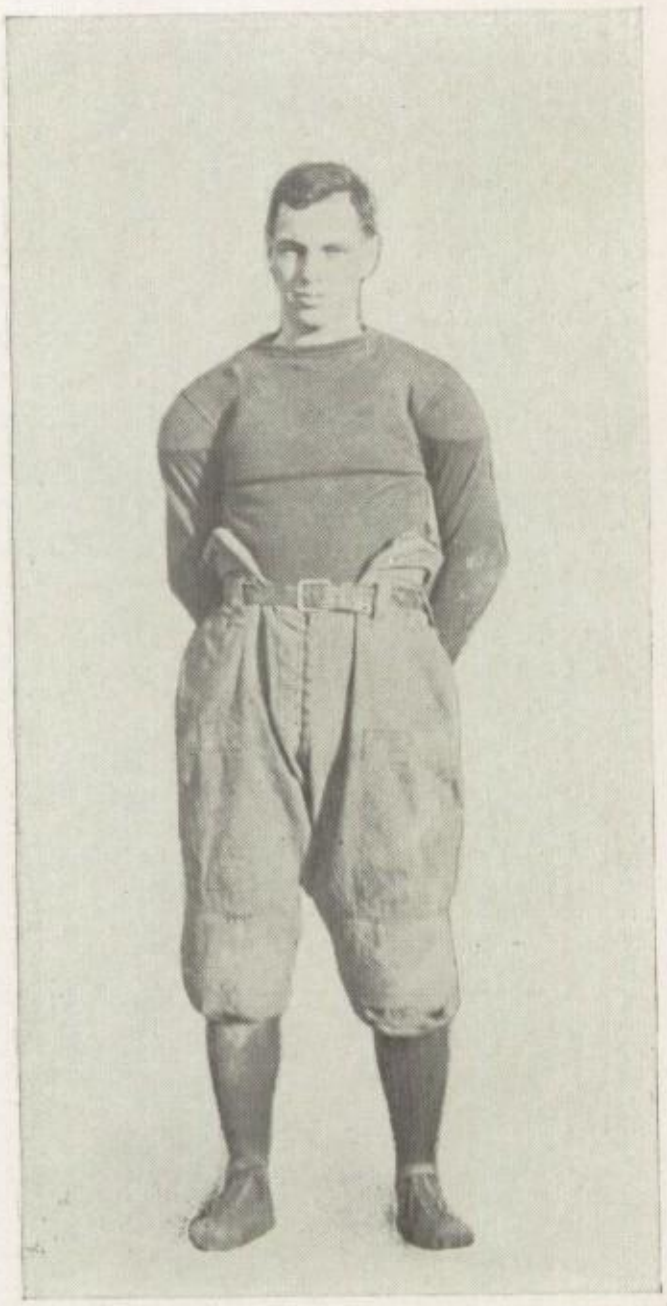


Any football team must have four ends, but Scott was blessed with four good ends. Two were a bit faster than the others so they started games against faster teams, but if the enemy was slow and heavy the other two men started. **Louis Morehead,** sometimes called the "speed merchant," surely justified his claim to the title, for in overtaking opponents' interference and getting away with forward passes "Louie" was surpassed by few.

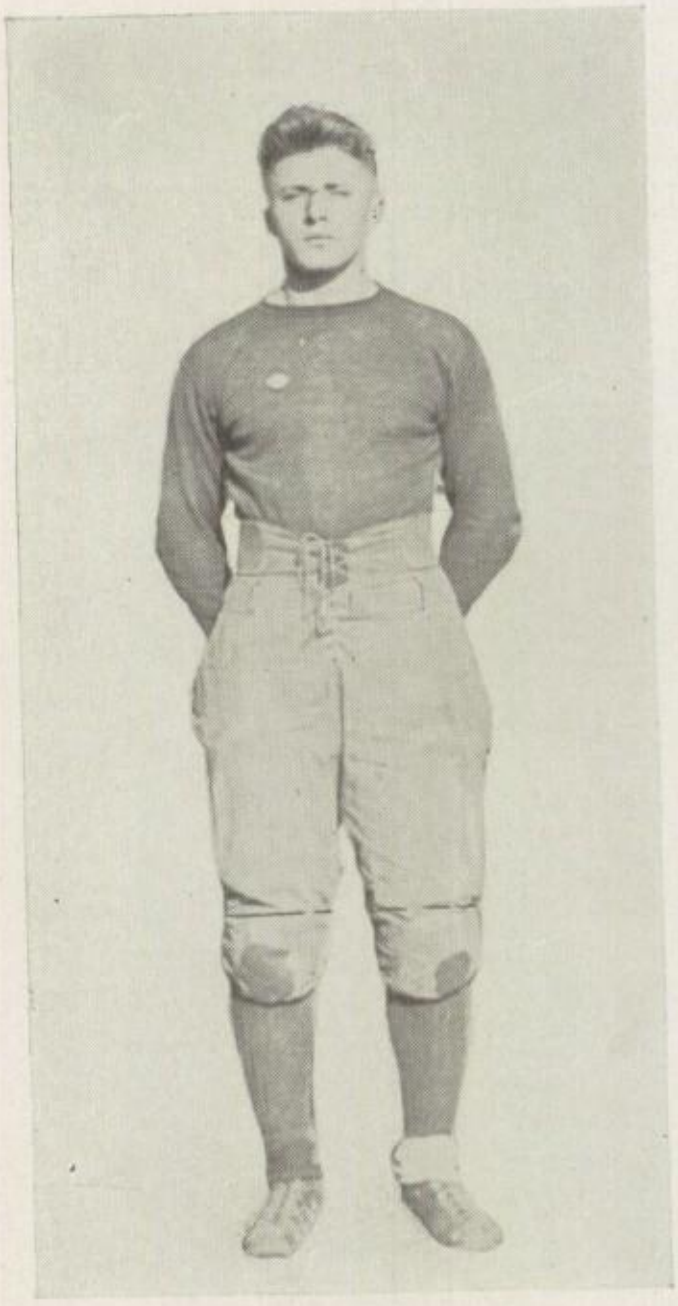


Calvin Wetzel, the other speedy end, was equally good on the offense and on the defense. but how he could get down under those punts, being right there ready to down the man in his tracks. He was a "bear" at catching forward passes and getting away for long gains.

Aldous Hadden alternated with Morehead at right end, and while not as speedy as Louie, it was his hard, sure tackling and true catching of passes, coupled with his fighting strength, that won him his place.

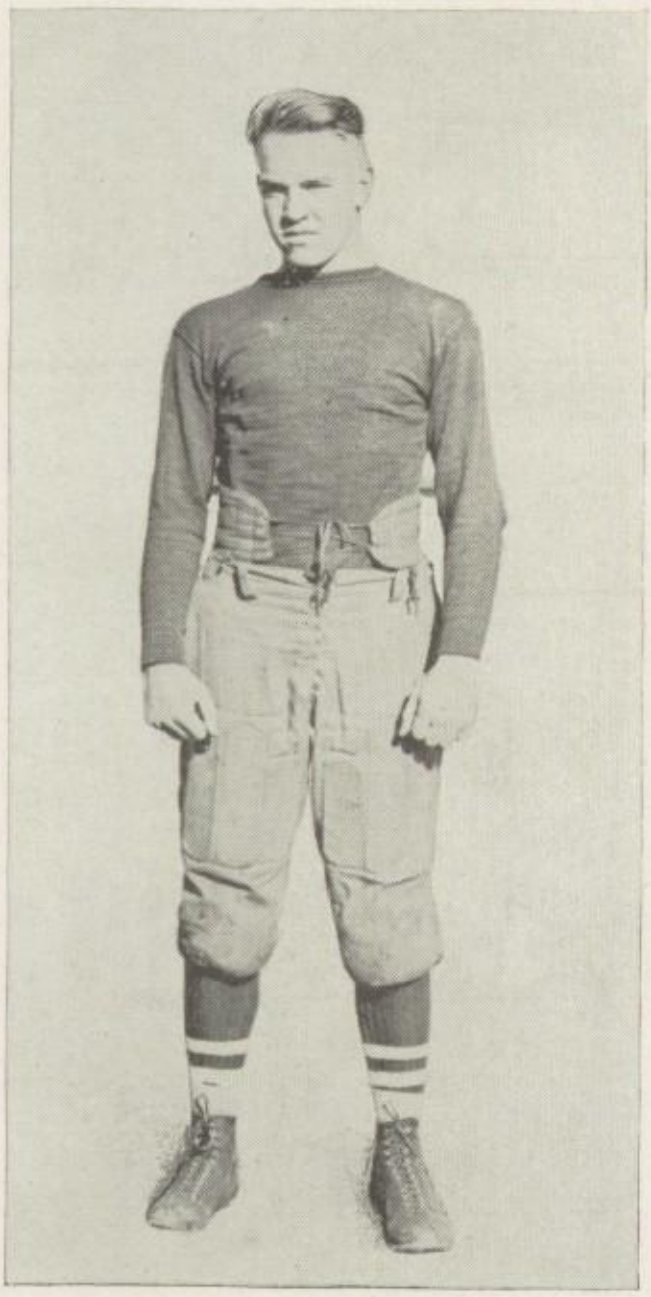


Charles Saunders was the lightest one of Scott's wing men but in spite of this he has played three years of Varsity football and is looking forward to a fourth. He could smash interference to perfection and on account of his experience he was good at knowing what to expect from the enemy.

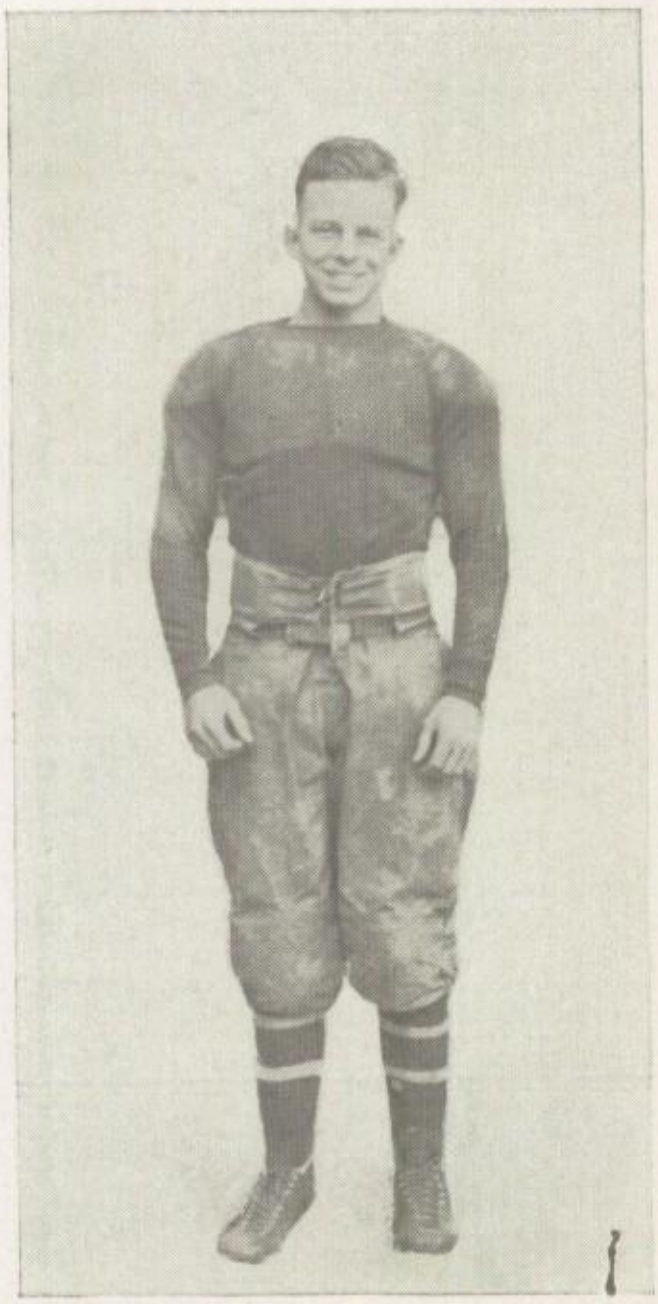


Henry Vick was the find of the season, for before this year he was not known in football. "Dum-dum" certainly gained the right to his nickname with his terrible smashing drives at the center of the line. He was also a punter of extraordinary ability and all in all he was a man that Scott could not have done without.

As if in contrast with Vick stands out **George Urschel,** the speed merchant of the back field and the best punter. When "Ursch" got safely away on an end run it took a sure tackler to get him, for in spite of his lack of weight he was a hard man to stop. On the defensive he was probably the best and hardest tackler on the team.



We had another line smasher who stands with Cowell and Vick. **Edward Usher** had the abilty to pick his holes and then he crashed into them with a drive that usually carried everything before it. He could back up the line to good advantage with his sure tackling.



A quarterback in whom the team has confidence as a field general who can carry the ball himself is absolutely necessary to a team. **Waldorf Kirk,** or "Wallie," seemed to know just what play to use at all times and many a time when we needed but a yard or two to make first down he dove between MacNichol's legs for the needed yardage. It was he, too, who with a hard tackle kept many a long run of the opponents from being disastrous.

VARSITY RESERVES

Harold Bulask
Clifford Collins
Sheridan Haverfield
Donald MacInnis
Frank Russell
Ted Swartzbaugh
Herbert Skinner
Taylor Smith
George Wechtel

Basket Ball

After the football season there was at least one very busy man at Scott High. That man was Mr. Fred Siebert and his business was looking up basketball coaches. His efforts were finally rewarded, for he secured Mr. Harold Anderson, a Wisconsin man who had been one of those five men who are picked each year for the All-Conference Five. With a short practice of only a week Captain Morehead, Baither, Schelling Vick and Urschel engaged in a practice game with the Woodward Manuals. The fine showing of this team convinced the students that Mr. Siebert had made no mistake in his selection of coaches. The score was Scott 35, Woodwards 6.

January 12th the team journeyed to Detroit and put up a wonderful fight against Central, but they were finally beaten in an extra period by four points, the score being 29—25. The line-up was, as it has been all through the season, Schelling, center; Morehead (Capt.) and Rooney, forwards; Vick and Urschel, guards. The score might have been different had not two of our men been removed from the game on account of having four personal fouls called against them.

By the 19th of January things were running more smoothly and Sandusky Hi went back home with the small end of a 46—8 score. Morehead and Vick led in the scoring, but the whole team showed up well.

The 23rd found the team at Huron and pitted against a good team and a bad floor. But the Anderson machine proved its superiority and Scott came back home the victors of a 29—25 game.

Scott met Adrian on the home floor February 2nd and after great difficulty in finding the basket, scored 29 points while Adrian secured 14. The teamwork was good and the score would have been larger had it not taken our crew so long to get started.

Napoleon was our next victim and though outclassed they fought gamely till the last whistle. Scott gathered 46 points while their opponents were busy securing 16. Rooney and Schelling starred.

A cog slipped and the result! Norwalk 55, Scott 20. The Norwalk floor was bad and our team a bit off, but there is no denying that Norwalk had a good team, particularly on the night of February 17th.

On the evening of February 23rd occurred one of the greatest basketball games that has ever taken place in this section of the country. Scott met Waite in the Aggies' gym and Waite won. It was fight, pure fight, that enabled Scott to hold Waite to a 31—27 score, for Waite had the dope and rightfully. Teeple's men had the

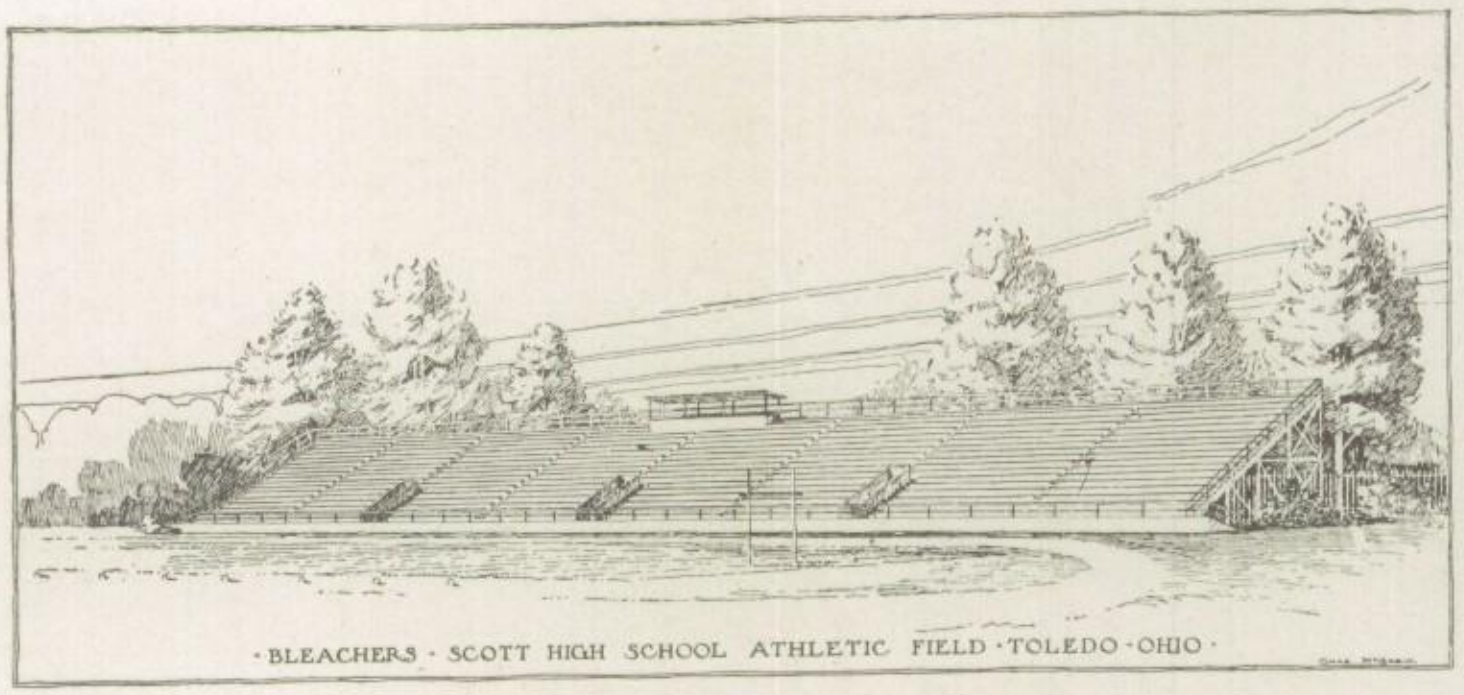
edge in the first half but Scott opened up in the second and played Waite off their feet.

The team came back with a rush the next week and overwhelmed Findlay to the tune of 33—12. The first half was fast but in the second the teams slowed up and made the game uninteresting for the spectators. Beck substituted for Vick and played well, he himself caging two baskets.

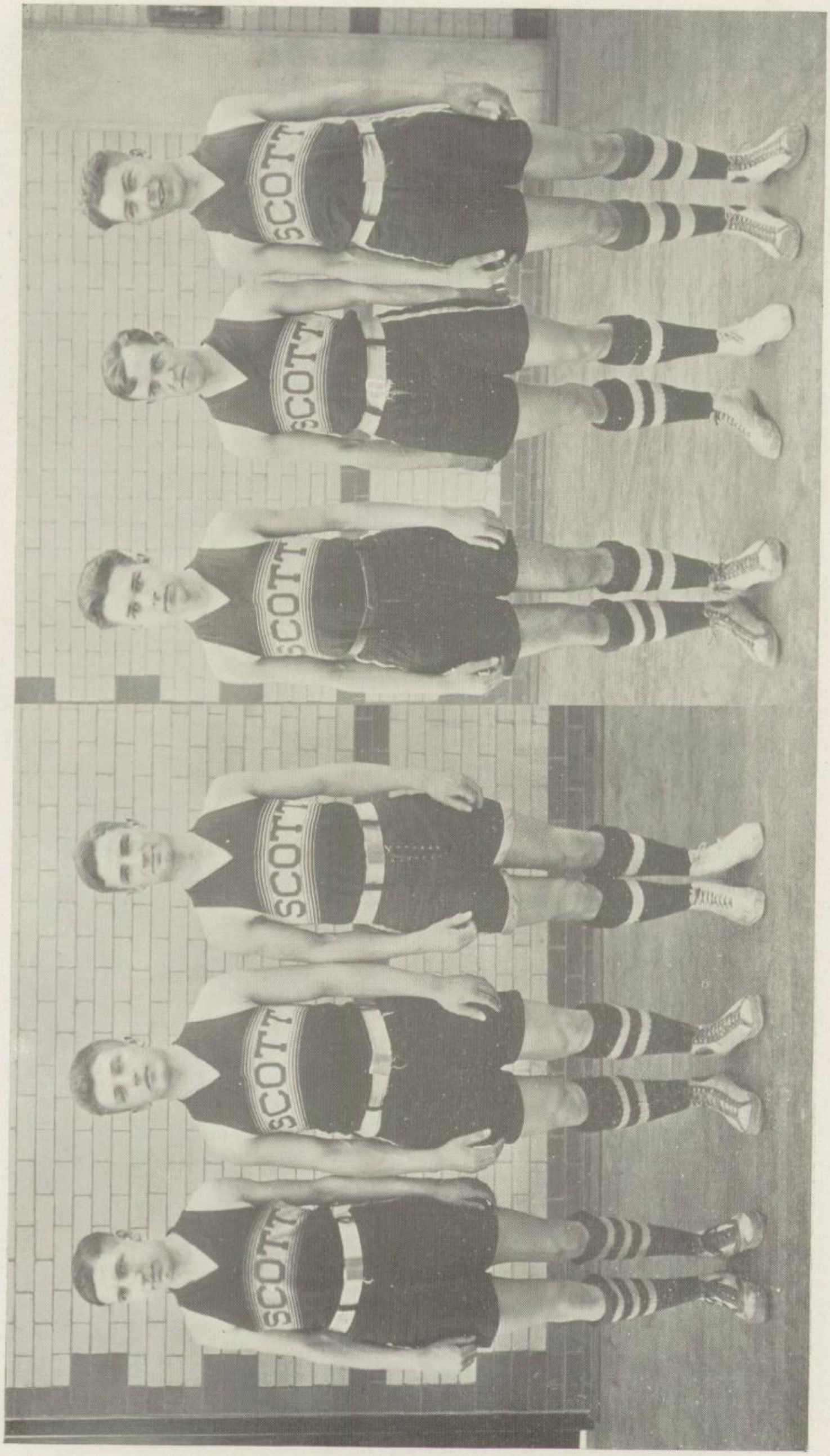
The deciding Waite-Scott game was played in the Scott gym before the biggest crowd that ever assembled there. Waite started off with a rush and maintained their speed throughout the game. Scott fought hard but they were up against a better team and when the smoke blew over the scoreboard showed Waite 32, Scott 15. The whole Scott team played brilliantly but Morehead in particular, he caging two beautiful shots from mid-floor. Coach Anderson has certainly done great things with the team and deserves much credit. Another year of his coaching and Scott will have a real team.

SWIMMING

Swimming is a sport that has but recently come into the limelight at Scott but from the interest manifested in it it seems to have come to stay. On January 20th a representative team consisting of Falardeau, Heuple and Hackett journeyed to Hamilton, Ohio, to participate in the state high school tournament there. Rollo Falardeau established a new state record when he plunged a distance of 56 feet. Waite also has a swimming team and some time in the near future there will be a tank meet between the two schools, but the date has not been definitely decided upon. With the coming of a swimming team Scott now has a team representing her in every kind of athletics recognized by high schools.



·BLEACHERS · SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC FIELD ·TOLEDO·OHIO·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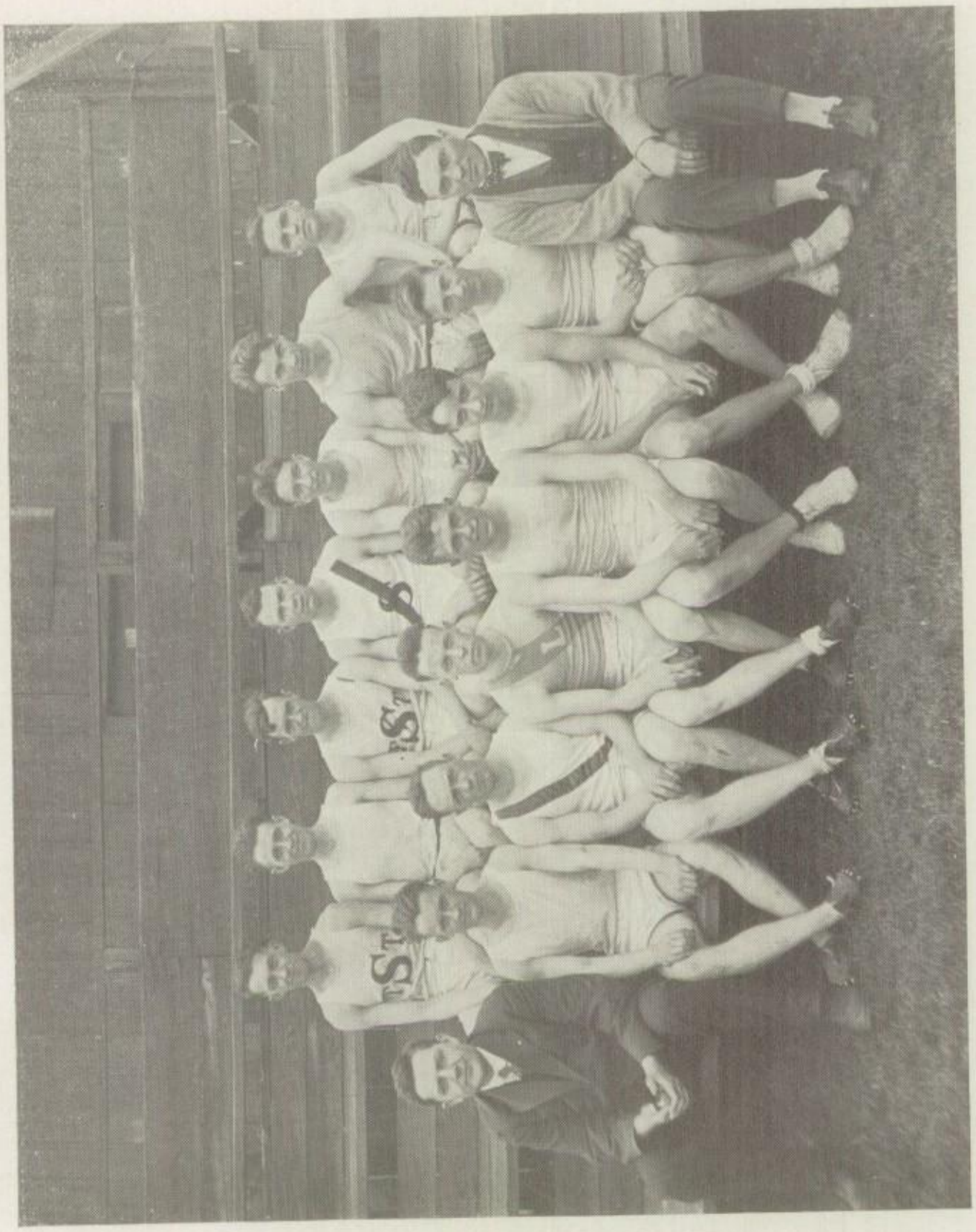


In the absence of Track Coach Seubert, Mr. Russell Lucas was secured for the place and proved himself a capable substitute. Mr. Siebert, with Manager Frank Culver, prepared a schedule which calls for three indoor meets and five outdoor ones.

In order to pick out promising men for the track team, an interclass meet was held Saturday, February 3rd. The Seniors won with a total of 48 points and they uncovered some winners who look good for this season. Urschel took first place in the pole vault and second in the shot-put; Douglas won the 440-yard dash; Hadden took first in the shot-put and second in the high jump and hurdles; Ehni easily won the mile and half, and in a close race Meese took the honors in the two-lap dash. Of the underclassmen, Pearson (Jun.) and Monetta (Fresh.) distinguished themselves in the 30-yard dash; Pollman (Jun.) in the 440 and two-lap dash, and Wagers (Jun.) in the hurdles. There were no records broken in this meet but the winners showed that they had the stuff in them that makes for good track men.

After two weeks of hard training Scott's trackers met Waite's in the West End gym on February 16th. The winners in this meet were to be picked to go to Ann Arbor the next week to meet the Michigan All Fresh, so there was the liveliest sort of competition. Waite started off well when McBride copped the pole vault at a height of 9 ft. 4 in., but her followers were doomed to disappointment, for their only firsts were taken by McBride in the pole vault and hurdles. In the other events Waite was outclassed and though her men fought with their usual pluck the final score was Waite 20, Scott, 66. Heuple won the mile in 4:58 and the half in 2:15, with Ehni placing second in both events. Captain Cal Wetzel won the shot put with a heave of 37 feet. To Morehead went the high jump at 5 feet 4 inches, while he and Sewall tied for first place in the 30-yard dash. The 220-yard dash was won by Sewall in 28 2-5 seconds. Meese of Scott finished a close second. Douglass again won the 440 in 64 4-5 seconds. Scott easily took the relay in 80 2-5 seconds.

On the 24th of February the men who had won honors in the Waite-Scott track meet traveled to Ann Arbor to attempt the mighty task of humbling the Michigan Freshmen. The men from Waite making the trip were McBride, Pearson, Robison, Herringshaw, Pore, Pleiss and Brenot, while Scott was represented by Urschel, Heuple, Ehni, Sewall, Morehead, Meese, Wagers, Douglas, Pollman, Wetzel and Hadden. The Toledo teams were opposed to more experienced men and although the All-Fresh team was not exceptionally good it was good enough to take first place in all the events but the mile.

Heuple, Scott's star distance man, took the blue ribbon honors in this event and then managed to finish second in the half mile. The score at the end of the meet stood, Scott, 16; Michigan Freshmen, 61. The boys were treated splendidly by the college men and the loss of the meet was forgotten for the time in the pleasure of looking over the university.

The last indoor meet took place in the Scott gym with our old rivals, Detroit Central, on March 9th. Central was known to have a powerful team and the meet was no sooner started than the spectators saw that the report had not been exaggerated. About eighty rooters came over from Detroit to help their team to victory and their cheering was very good. Allan was Central's star, taking third place in the 30-yard dash; first place in the high jump; and first in the shotput. For Scott, Heuple won the mile and the half-mile, Wetzel took second in the 440, Haddan third in the shotput, Morehead second in the high jump, Sewall first in the 220 and Meese, Morehead, Wetzel and Sewall won the relay. Final score, Scott, 32; Detroit Central, 54.

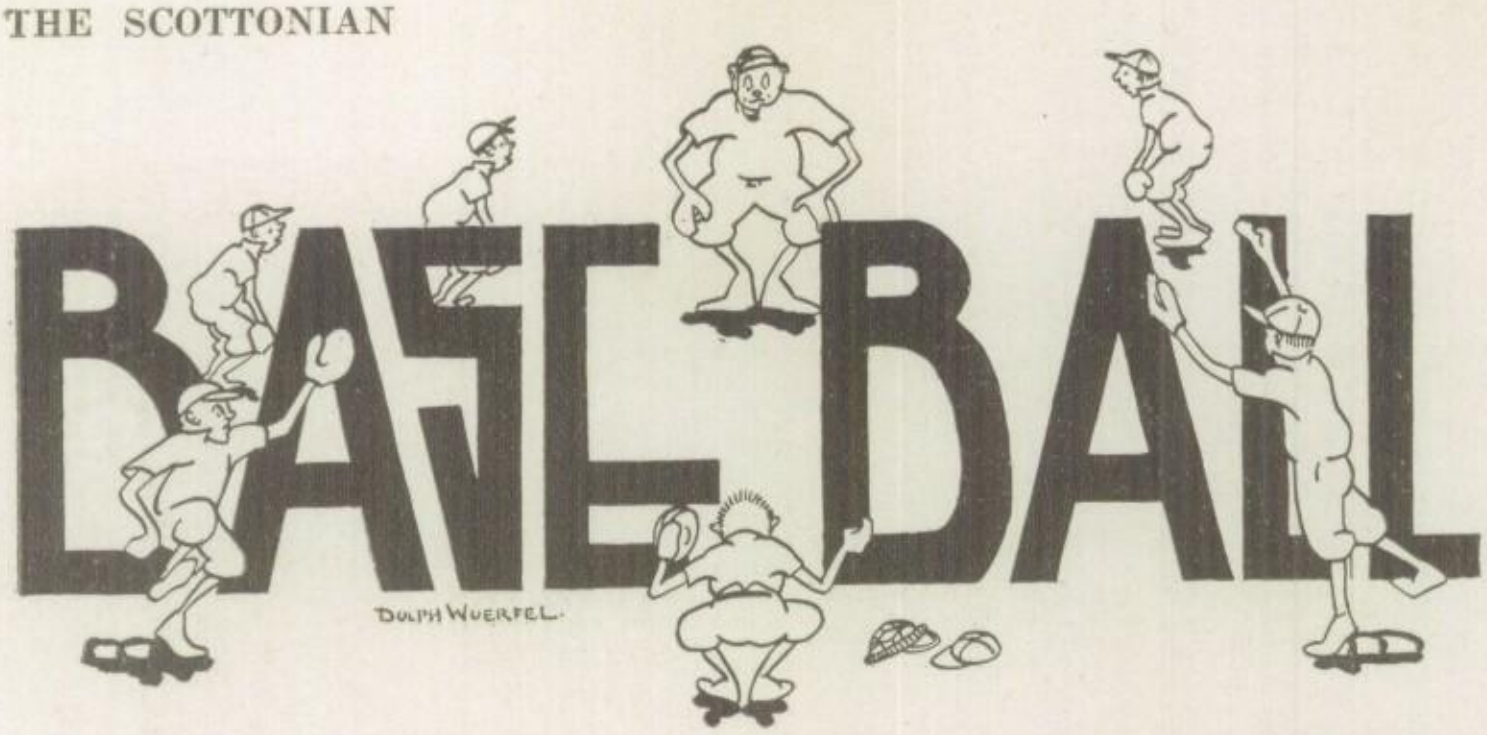
The early publication of this volume prevents anything more than a mention of the outdoor track. Coach Seubert has returned from the border and taken his old place as head coach of track. April 28th the relay team will go to Philadelphia to participate in a meet there. May 7th will find the track team at Ithaca entered in an eastern high school meet. The Northwestern Ohio meet takes place at Fostoria and of course Scott will compete. Then there is the Ohio high school meet at Columbus May 21st and a final one at Ann Arbor the following week, so the Maroon and White trackers will be busy during April and May.

STUDENT MANAGERS

Frank Culver
Basketball and Track

Earl Sweet
Baseball

Carl Method
Football



Baseball at Scott has never been the success it should be simply because of lack of interest by the student body. But this season we are planning on a winning team and with good reason, too. Faculty Mgr. Siebert has signed up as coach, Mr. William Elwert, more familiarly known in Toledo as plain "Bill" Elwert, the new coach, has played professional baseball, holding down third base for the former Toledo Mud Hens and was a star in his day, so there need be no doubt concerning his competency for the place. Although several men were lost by graduation last year, nevertheless a good many veterans, including Vick (captain) Kirk, Rhab, Warner, Urschel, Morehead, Volkstadt and Frank Culver (alternate captain), will be in the squad that answers Mr. Elwert's call sometime in early April. Of these, Vick and Warner will take care of Volkstadt's offerings. Urschel, Rhal and Culver will form the neucleus of the infield while Morehead and Kirk will look after the pastures. Another pitcher is needed badly but from among the new men there will undoubtedly be developed one who can relieve Volkstadt if necessary. From all indications interest in baseball seems to be picking up and it is expected there will be a large squad of these new men who will report to the coach at the first workout. With reasonable support from the student body Scott can surely hope to turn out a team that will be a credit to the Maroon and White. In anticipation of just such a team Mr. Siebert has secured the following schedule which will test the mettle of the 1917 baseball team:

April 28—Blissfield at Blissfield.
May 2—Waite at home.
May 4—New Washington at New Washington.
May 9—Waite at home.
May 16—Waite at home.
May 18—Columbus Grove at Columbus Grove.
May 23—Waite at home.
June 1—Hicksville at Hicksville.
June 8—Waite at home.

SOCIAL
MPenoyer

Social

LIT. PARTY

The four literary societies held their annual Hallowe'en masquerade party in the gymnasium Saturday evening, November 4th. Seymour's Orchestra played for the dancing. Apples and cider, appropriate refreshments for the time, were served.

FOOTBALL HOP

Of the many entertainments given for our champion football players, one of the most enthusiastic was the football hop given at Scott January 13th. After a program in the Auditorium the letters were presented to those who well deserved them. The assemblage then went to the gym for dancing. The chaperons for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Demorest, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. De Vilbiss, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Seibert, Jr., Miss Ritchie and Miss Jermain.

JUNIOR HOP

The annual event of the Junior class, the "J" hop, was given at the Woman's Building January 26th. Over two hundred couples danced to the lively tunes played by Bargy's Orchestra. The arrangements for this delightful party were made by the following committee: Gardner Leach, Lewis Paine, Hubert Roemer, Carleton Mathis, Henry Seney, Hildreth Biddle, Finnette Martin, Esther Jones and Elizabeth Schenk.

The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Demorest, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Guitteau, Dr. and Mrs. J. Lee Richmond, Miss Ritchie and Miss Schneider.

ORCHESTRA DANCE

The orchestra concert was given at the Woman's Building February 9th. After a wholly enjoyable concert, Bargy's Orchestra played for dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Demorest, Miss Ritchie and Miss Jermain were the chaperons.

SENIOR MOVIE AND DANCE

On the evening of Saturday, February 24th, the Senior class gave its first movie and dance. The Auditorium was crowded to see the first picture, which featured Marie Osborn in "Joy and the Dragon." After this, part of the audience went to the gym for dancing. The remainder saw Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington." Chaperons of the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Demorest, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. De Vilbiss, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Crane and Mrs. M. B. Urschel.

SECOND SENIOR MOVIE AND DANCE

The Senior class was very lucky to secure the films of the Ohio troops for its second movie. Captain George Greenhalgh introduced the pictures by giving a short talk on the daily experiences of camp life. After these pictures Marie Osborne was presented in "Sunshine and Shadow." During the intermission all those who cared to went to the gym for dancing. Those remaining saw a Pathe Weekly and Robert Warwick in "The Heart of a Hero," one of the finest movies ever presented.

Senior Banquet

Inverness, May 28, 1917.

Class History.....Jeannette Reh
Class Poem.....Alice Beckham
Class Novel.....Helen Carney
Girls' Prophecy.....Carol Bayless
Boys' Prophecy.....Roy Gindy

COMMITTEE

George Storer Carleton Finkbeiner Stuart Donaldson
Howard Sewall Ruth DeSoe Sarah Cameron
Alice Greene

PERICLEAN BANQUET

Woman's Building, December 27, 1916

Margaret Stump—Toastmistress

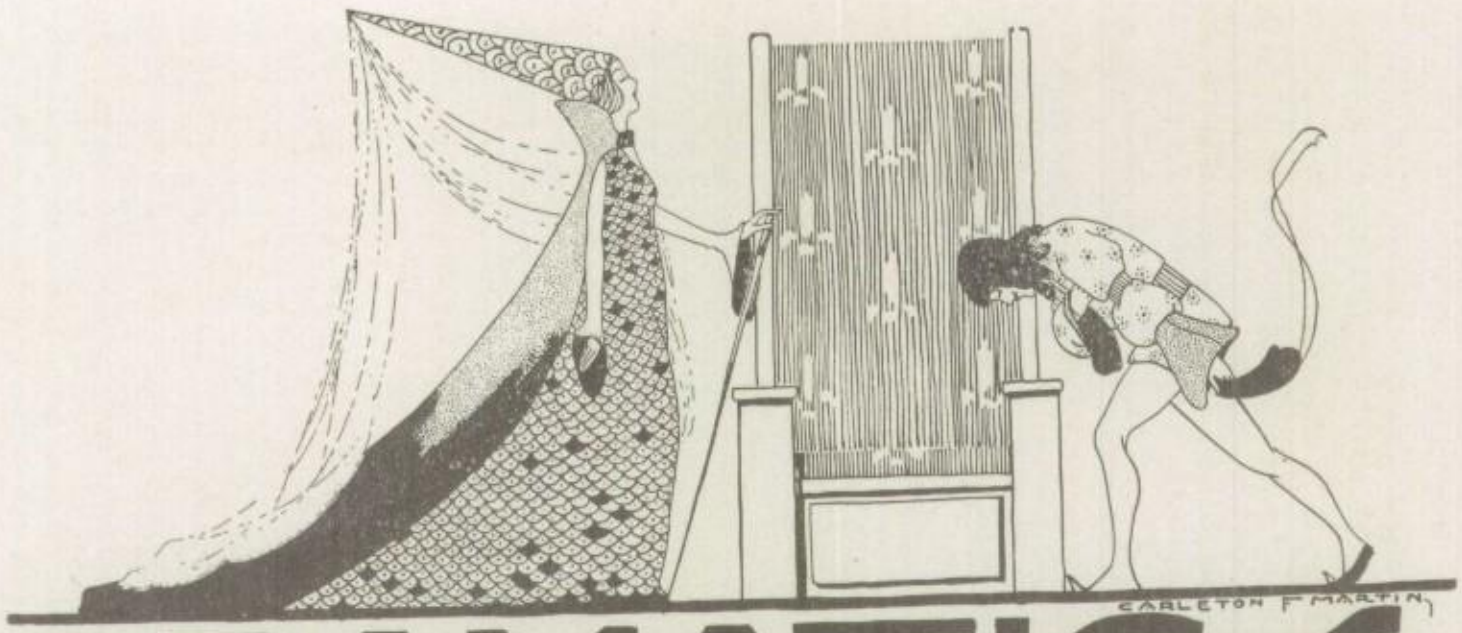
Responses—Amelia Bodenmille, Ruth DeVine, Mildred Leddy, Hazel Geiner, Marion Ross, Helen Wright, Mary Hodgekins, Elsie Rodgers, Miss Caughey and Miss Gates.

PHILALETHEAN BANQUET

Woman's Building, March 29, 1917

Alice Beckham—Toastmistress

Responses—Dorothy Davis, Kathryn Randolph, Ella Outerbridge, Sarah Carr, Hortense Kruckman, Helen Schade and Thelma Paquette.



DRAMATICS.

THE PHIL MINSTRELS

The Philalethian Literary Society gave a minstrel show December 9th before a large and appreciative audience. The costumes were good, music catchy and jokes very appropriate. Alice Beckham as interlocutor was cleverly and ably assisted bythe following black-faced entertainers:

Louise Brunson
Esther Jones
Sarah Carr
Ella Outerbridge
Amy Wright
Myrna Beall
Helen Deck
Margery Warner
Jesse Beckham
Hildreth Biddle
Merideth Young
Margaret Veitch
Dorothy Davis
Carol Bayless
Ella Reed
Dorothy Kent
Louise Jewett
Lucille Renner
Margaret Haverstock
Eloise Sanford
Lorene Crosby
Margaret Merrickle
Alice Olrich
Lucille Chapman

Dorothy Riebel proved exceptionally good at the piano.

THE SENIOR VAUDEVILLE

Given on the evening of April 13th before one of the largest audiences that ever filled the Auditorium.

PROGRAM

I.

"In the Office," a Cartoon.....By Roy Gindy
The Euclidean Club

II.

Vocal Solo.....Rachel Ailabach
(a) "It's a Wonderful Place"
(b) "Mississippi"

III.

The Toledo Sinkfunny Orchestra—
Soloist—Mlle. Gabardine Farino
Conductor—Signorina Macaroni
The Philalethian Literary Society

IV.

In the Art of Thaumaturgy.....Warren J. Baker

V.

"The French Maid and the Phonograph"
The Periclean Literary Society

VI.

"Mercy Me Co."

Prof. Mercy Me.....Darwin Storey
Assistant .....Ted Thal

VII.

"A Spanish Bull Fight"

Toreador .....Wendell Cole
Stormeador .....Harry Jewett
The Bull.....Paul Kenson and Keith Miller

VIII.

Scott High Tenor

Enrico Corrosive.....Emmor Rood

IX.

Sears and Roebuck in "Two Pages of Fun"

X.

Mrs. Vernon Castle in her latest dances.....Kathryn Kirk
Ensemble

THE HOMER CONCERT

Wednesday evening, January 24th, marked the crowning event in the musical circles of Toledo, when Madame Louise Homer, under the auspices of the Senior class, rendered the following program before an audience which completely filled the auditorium:

PROGRAM

I.

(a) "My Heart Ever Faithful"..... Bach
(b) Aria: "Ombra Mai fu"..... Haendel
From the Opera Serse
(c) In's Freie ..... Schumann
(d) Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt..... Tschaikowsky
(e) Er ist's ..... Wolf

II.

Aria: "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta Voix"
From "Samson and Dalilia," Saint Saens

III.

(a) "The Stormy Evening"
(b) "Sheep and Lambs"
(c) "Cuddle Doon"
(d) "Sing to Me—Sing!"
Sidney Homer

IV.

(a) "Come Down to Kew"..... Carl Deis
(b) "Deep River"..... Harry Burleigh
(c) "I Don't Care"..... John Carpenter
(d) "The Lark Now Leaves His Wat'ry Nest"..... Horatio Parker
Miss Florence McMillan at the piano

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

The much-loved fairy tale, under the direction of Miss Betty Berkebile, was presented by the Scott Friendship Club Saturday, March 17th, before large afternoon and evening audiences. The part of Alice was excellently played by Althea Hill. Other members of the cast were: Queen of Hearts, Mildred Valentine; King of Hearts, Pauline Copely; Duchess, Luella Shinkle; Knave of Hearts, Maude Sass; Cook, Mable Bunge; Doormouse, Dorothy Simm; Cheshire Cat, Stella Colburn; Hatter, Ruth Bishop; White Rabbit, Emma Ackerman; March Hare, Caryl Armstrong; Mock Turtle, Bertha Bishop; Executioner, Mary Wilbur; Officer of Court, Helen Trettien; Fairies, Myrtle Gurand, Lorne Blackmore, Lucille Thomas, Mildred Moore, Esther Wertz; Ladies of the Court, Dorothy Snell, Dorothy Miller; Guards, Mildred Angel, Mildred Cramer, Bernice Senhart, Hazel Aufbenkampe; Gardeners, Bea Spafford, Helen Stewart, Margaret Hammacker; Pages, Janice Stecker, Mary Kebbler.

"GREEN STOCKINGS"

The Philathian and Demosthenian literary societies selected for their play this year, "Green Stockings," a comedy by A. E. W. Mason. The play was given March 23rd under the capable direction of Miss Hazel Rex and was followed by dancing in the gymnasium. The action of the play centered around Celia Faraday, a spinster, who invented a lover in order to escape the humiliating pity of her friends, only to find her imaginary lover appear and all ends happily. Celia was faultlessly portrayed by the versatile young actress, Miss Lorene Crosby, who won great applause from the large audience.

The Cast

Aunt Ada	Esther Jones
Phyllis Faraday	Alice Beckham
Evelyn (Lady Trenchard)	Thelma Paquette
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham)	Lucille Renner
Martin, the butler	Edward Hirssig
Robert Tarver	Henry W. Seney
James Raleigh	Bert Walter
William Faraday	Lawrence Mack
Admiral Grice	Colin MacInnis
Henry Steele	George Williamson
CELIA FARADAY	LORENE CROSBY
Colonel Smith	Ford Weber

COMMITTEE

PHILS	DEMOS
Myrna Beall	Lawrence Mack
Louise Brunson	Henry Seney
Helen Schade	

CHAPERONS

Mr. and Mrs. Demorest

"THE AMAZONS"

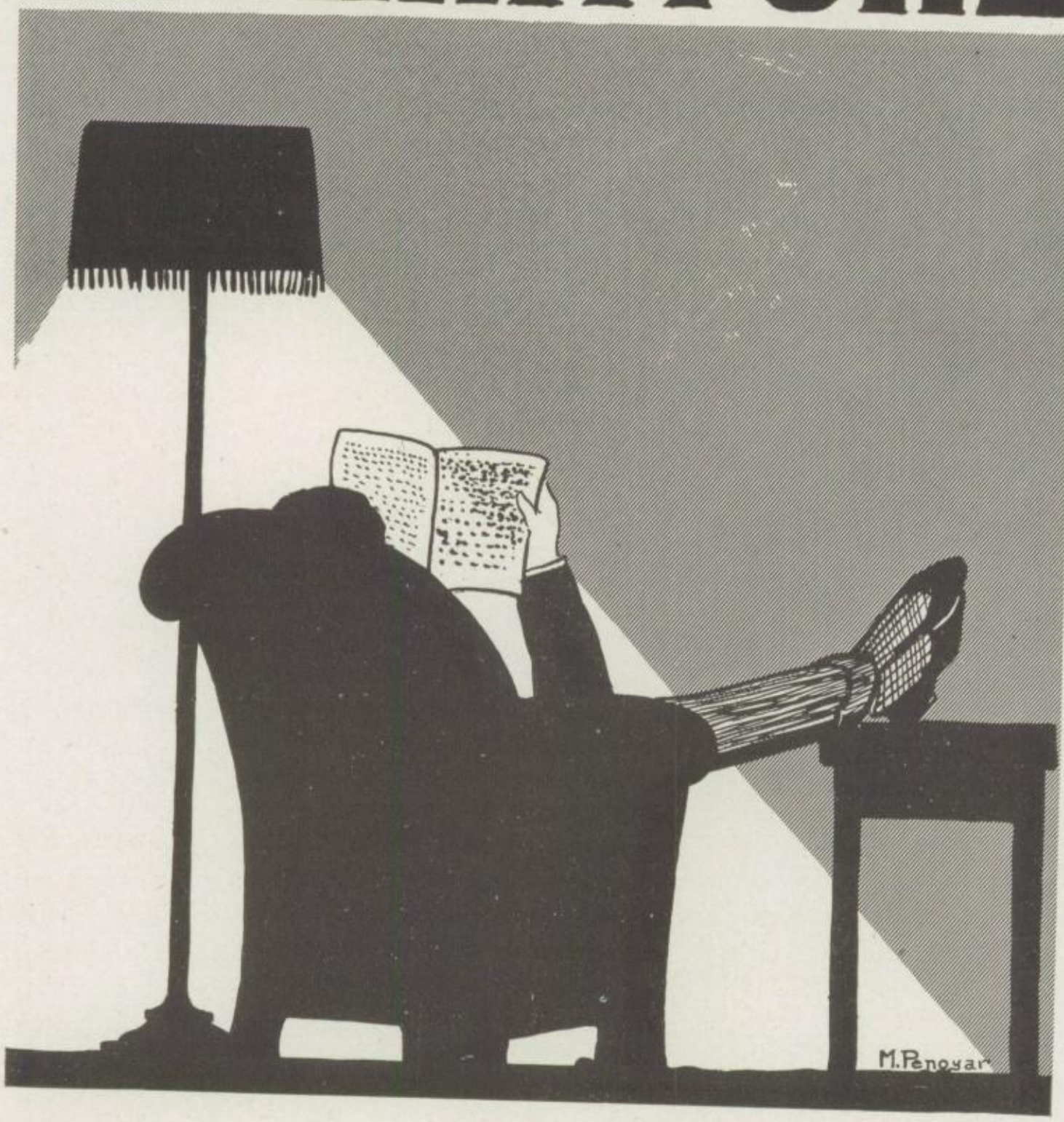
The Periclean-Webster play, which marks the histrionic achievement of the school year, was given in the Auditorium, April 20th, under superivision of the well-known directress, Miss Betty Berkebile. Pinero's popular farcial romance, "The Amazons," was presented with the usual skill and finish which characterize the work of these thespians and justifies the enviable reputation they have established.

In this play, Pinero permits himself to dally with the "mannish woman" idea in the greatest spirit of satire and in a most whimsical spirit of romance. Miriam, Marchioness of Castlejordan, by fortifying her secluded estate in England, attempts, with the assistance of Sergeant Shuter, to bring her three daughters up as boys. All goes well, till three gentlemen, Lord Litterly, Lord Tweenwayes and Andre de Grival find openings in the park palings at Oversote where, narrowly escaping death at the hands of a poacher, Orts, assisted by Rev. Roger Minchin, Fitton, the gamekeeper; Youatt, a servant, and "Sergeant" Shuter, they force Lady Castlejordan to acknowledge that "girls will be girls." The play ends in the "usual way."

There being no stellar role, the success of the play rested on the faithful representation of each character. Bessey Martin and Rex Felton added new laurels to their work of last year, while the other members of the cast established their place in amateur dramatics.

Barrington, Viscount Litterly	Ted Thal
Galfred, Earl of Tweenwayes	Watson Snell
Andre, Count de Grival	Arthur Rivers
Rev. Roger Minchin	Rex Felton
Fitton	Gardner Leach
Youatt	John Ehni
Orts	Carlton Mathis
Miriam, Marchioness of Castlejordan	Sylvia Gifford
Lady Noeline Belturbet	Bessey Martin
Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet	Carlina Felton
Lady Thomasin Belturbet	Helen Wright
"Sergeant" Shuter	Gertrude Baer

LITERATURE



Somewhere

Alice Beckham, '17

I.

People want stories that make them forget their troubles. They have worries enough without adding those concocted in an author's brain. They're willing to weep a little if the tears come in the midst of the tale and there's a laugh at the end. So that's the sort of story they get; for people generally get what they want from those as dependent on their will as authors. But sometimes real life takes a hand and reverses the order of things. Out of her hodge podge of laughter and tears and sorrows and smiles she weaves a web of her own fancy —and maybe she forgets the way the world orders and then the laughter and the tears come at the wrong place. But real life must have her way and the pattern she has woven cannot be changed.

II.

It was a beautiful wedding—a wedding blessed with September sunshine and late roses and all the mellow fragrance that Maryland bestows—a beautiful wedding, that of Jean and Bob Weston, in spite of the fact that everybody cried. Bob's father said as much afterward when he grasped the hand of his son in parting.

"Your wife certainly is lovely." The millionaire banker ackowledged it grudgingly, but even the mere acknowledgement coming at this late date made the young husband swell with pride. "Just the same, son, just the same, she's not the girl we picked out for you; not the one we wanted."

Bob's pleasure changed quickly to annoyance.

"We threshed that out long ago," he said harshly. "When I met Jean a year ago I knew she was the only one. Denver girls aren't in it," he said more gently to his mother. "Jean's a dear, the dearest, sweetest wife the luckiest man in the world could possess."

The banker shook his head. "Wait! Just wait! Life won't be all roses, living on the little you can earn; not after you've been living on the scale my money permitted. Woman's sweetness too often depends on her husband's pocketbook."

Bob turned away in disgust, unwilling to argue with the cold, moneyed man he knew his father to be. But a look in the old man's eyes betrayed the love he bore for this only son and it was that which prompted him to make again the offer, though knowing his son would never consent, "give up Jean in return for a half interest in his father's fortune!" It had always met with the refusal it merited. Bob's broad shoulders squared and his athletic figure took on a look of determination—a look of willingness to battle the world—to break the closest ties if need be that he might shield and protect the woman he loved.

"Father, don't be a fool. Money can't take the place of what I've found in Jean. Money has been made too much of in my life anyway. From now on I'm going to put a few other things in its place."

Clean, upright, strong in the pride of love, he dared to look unshaken into his father's eyes. "And as for earning a living—if ever a

man had cause to work, if ever a man was given inspiration to stick out the roughest road, God knows I'm that man!"

III.

The sky was ablaze with the last rays of the sun as Bob came riding over the strip of pasture that separated the ranch buildings from the house. The white paint he had so laboriously put upon it had crumbled under the scorching heat of the past summer; heat that seemed to have left its mark upon everything except the flowers on the shady side of the house. They alone under his wife's care preserved the freshness of nature and the promise of cooling moisture.

Three years had passed since their marriage. They had come to California and on a rented ranch in the southern part of the state they were trying to solve the problem of existence; trying, to no good, the man thought wearily.

"Daddy!" At the childish cry the face of the man in the saddle brightened and he waved an arm in greeting to the blue-clad toddler upon the porch.

"Kitten!" He swung her to his shoulder and entered the house joyously.

His other arm held his wife close to him for a minute. Jean protested laughingly, but she gazed at her big, bronzed husband with even a deeper love than had lighted her eyes three years ago. No regret, no sighs had ever troubled her that she had cast her lot with this man.

"Bob, dear, you'll spoil Kitten as much as you've spoiled me."

"With what, Jean?" His face was sober. "I've been thinking about it. I haven't been able to give you anything, girl; bringing you out to this country of heat and sand and mesquite and roughness and you—"

"Stop, Bob!" A hand more beautiful because of its work-roughened condition was placed over his mouth. "Can't you see?" She took their child from him and held her close. "Do I look abused?"

Sweet content shone upon her face and the youngster in her arms laid her curly head against the gold brown of the mother.

"Jean, darling!" Satisfied, Bob took his little family in his arms.

Kitten was in bed before he broached the subject which had troubled him that day. Coming up to the house he had read again the letter that had come in the last mail; read it with disdain for the enticements his father held out to him, with regret that his father would not accept Jean and welcome her as his daughter. He was almost bitter as he thought of the well-born girl, slaving here in routine drudgery. He was almost decided to make a change. To stay here longer was intolerable. They might go farther north where the country was not so dry. He would rent a ranch near Los Angeles and then Jean and the child might at least be near a large city.

So together in this as in everything else they planned and together they made the change.

IV.

Another year passed. Summer again and roses now around the house and oleanders in the garden and two babies instead of one in the house. Sunshine and roses and babies—the essence of happiness

that enveloped Jean and Bob until life seemed too rosy to last. He had made wonderful results on this ranch; full ownership in the near future seemed assured.

It was thus he left that day for Los Angeles. Light of heart, he waved a good-bye to Jean and Kitten from the road.

Singing, Jean took Kitten with her into the house, intent on straightening the rooms for the day. Childish toys lay scattered as they adlways do. She kissed the sleeping baby in the cradle as she stopped to pick up Kitten's doll. Then she went into their room where Bob had left his clothes man-fashion over the chairs. She hung up his ties. She dropped a discarded collar into the laundry bag. She picked up a vest thrown over a chair where he had left it the night before. Some letters dropped from the pocket. She stooped to replace them. One was open and a sentence in it caught her eye.

"If it were not for Jean you would never have disappointed me. If she had not meddled in your life you would be a rich man—"

Pale as though stricken by some blow the girl dropped onto the bed. The letter fell from her hand.

"If it were not for Jean!" The words seared themselves on her brain. She was conscious of the billowing curtain at the window and a queer feeling pervaded the blankness that Bob need not have curtains like those—cheap muslin—but for her. Somehow it seemed pitiful—all their joy over securin g the prettiest patterns for the least money. Numbness to an intense degree had fastened itself upon her. Her hands were icy. She had been blind, selfishly blind.

This couldn't have been the first time Bob's father had blamed her. She had wondered why Bob had spoken so shortly of his family. She knew now. Suddenly she wanted air; she was suffocating. She went out on the porch unseeingly, never heeding Kitten until the youngster clung to her hand whimpering. The terrifying cry was beating into her brain, stultifying her consciousness, "But for you Bob might have," choking with some wild fear she pressed the child to her.

"Baby, mamma's been selfish, oh so selfish!" the terrible numbness gave way to a storm of tears. "Oh what can I do!" was burned into her brain. Bob's life, Bob's happiness were paramount; her own lost in their vastness; her brain was on fire. Then something inside her seemed to burst and rising, pressed into her brain. Her eyes had the dazed look of one who faces tragedy for the first time not knowing how to bear it. Had some kindly soul been there to help her through the shock—but there was none—and the words of the letter grew more terrible as her overwrought brain recalled them. No one ever knew how she took care of the children. Mechanically her body must have moved, for her mind was slowly becoming fixed into a purpose that cold as steel gripped her soul.

Her husband came home late. She met him as mechanically as she did everyone else. Her consciousness seemed to be out of her body, in a sphere of its own that looked down and directed and yet remained undisturbed. He was to tired to see anything amiss beyond her unusual pallor. So, blind to the tragedy that enveloped her who was dearest to him, he went to bed and slept. She lay beside him, motionless until his regular breathing told her he was asleep.

An awful purpose alone filled her mind. His tiredness, his worry, his work all because of her—she was past all reasoning now. His father said she had meddled—her hand had reached out and touched the revolver under his pillow.

He stirred in his sleep. She drew back her hand. He slept on. She reached a second time and drew the weapon closer, her finger feeling for the trigger.

Lightning flashes went through her brain. Already a black cavern seemed to yawn and velvet darkness promised rest. Lightning flashes and chilling numbness and velvet blackness smothering it all—she pressed the trigger.

V.

The old man raised Kitten on his knee and blew his nose vigorously as he held his watch for her to play with. He seemed to have blown his nose a lot lately—ever since the service when his son had dropped to his knees beside the coffin and gazed with that unutterable look on the face of his dead wife. Could he ever forget that look! Ever since he had seen that expression on his boy's face something had seemed changed within him. Now he was not so sure of himself, of his beliefs. Bob's silence had conveyed the impression that he was in some way guilty of this tragedy. He swore he couldn't see how, but he had an uncomfortable feeling that he had something to do with it and in fact a great something.

A figure in sombre traveling clothes appeared in the door.

"Bob!" the old man's cry was involuntary.

"I'm going away, father." Dull eyes from which all life and happiness had fled surveyed his father.

"Bob, I'm sorry. I'll try to make it up." It was hard for him to plead, but he did it.

"No, no father, you've ended it all. Your letter killed her—your letter that I'd never given a second thought to. I'm going away."

"But the children!" It was harder to plead for one not himself.

"Mother and you can take care of them. I'm going away—somewhere."

He turned, never heeding the child on the old man's knee. His horse stood saddled at the step. He mounted and turned toward the road. At a fresh mound by the roadside he halted a minute, his hat uplifted, his brown hair blown by the breeze and then he was up again and gone—somewhere.

Romance a La Mode

Roy Elliot Gindy, '17.

It happened at Palm Beach. Now as a matter of fact, it could just as well have taken place at Oshkosh. But Romance seems to work better when he has the smell of brine in his nostrils, and Oshkosh is hopelessly dry, caused by the physiography of the place and the W. C. T. U. Moreover, who ever associates Oshkosh with Romance? Yes, I know that he is reported dead, but not at Palm Beach. There, Romance is alive and kicking, waiting, in sooth, begging to keep tryst with someone. You just escape him in one place and presto!—bump right into his arms around the next corner. And Romance thrives. For if it isn't an heiress who elopes with her chauffeur, then it is a millionaire who marries a waitress.

Therefore, the scene is at Palm Beach. The season: When all plumaged birds—human and otherwise—have southward flown. Now to proceed with the story.

Elizabeth was a waitress in the Big Hotel. Now this, in itself, may seem to be a fitting description. But not so. For I have seen a waitress who looked as old as the chicken she served, which fowl must have been the especial pet of Methuselah. As far as masculine observation goes, Elizabeth was young. Out of doubt, she was beautiful. It did not take Harrison Fisher to see that. Strands of auburn hair peeped from her plain white cap. A lazy curl escaped from her bounds and was so natural that it made you doubt whether it was her own. Her eyes were two bits of heaven. Her nose, slightly freckled, had a decidedly upward tilt. She wore in contrast to her cap, a black dress of crepe de—crepe de—oh, that thin light goods!

Got the idea, girls? Auburn hair, blue eyes, and dressed in crepe de—crepe de chine—that's the stuff. Take a hint: men go crazy over that type of girl.

There, I knew you would. Of course, it is unusual for a waitress to wear crepe de chine. But then, this happened at Palm Beach, and besides, Elizabeth had a reason.

You see, she had a burning desire to marry a rich young man, the possibilities of which were far from being slim. Oh yes, there were plenty of rich men who had wooed her. Either they were too old or too young. Some were utterly devoid of hair or had those horrible unsanitary, unkissable moustaches or beards. Elizabeth was also particular about their physical qualifications. As yet, she had seen no prospect for her matrimonial intentions.

And then, one day, as the Parcae would have it, a young man entered the hotel, and as Elizabeth waited on him, he gazed at her in grinning admiration. His white flannel trousers were reefed up from a snowy pair of oxfords, displaying his heliotrope hosiery that heaved an effulgence of color at the dazzled tortured eyes.

The girl dropped her menu-card. Quick as a flash the young man had it, and presented it to the girl.

"So stupid of me to drop it," she said with a foreign drawl.

"Not at all," gallantly responded the young man. "Fate long ago decreed that you should drop that card."

"Ah yes, Fate! But fate has been unkind to me. Mine has been an unhappy life." Suddenly, the girl looked terrified. "I must go now. The manager would be angry should he see me talking to you."

"Angry? Why?" He did not comprehend.

"We are not supposed to talk to the guests."

"Forget it for awhile. I'll stand the damage. Before, you said you didn't feel well—I mean, you were unhappy. What seems to be the greatest trouble?"

"Ah, you do not know," she sighed.

"No, I don't. But won't you tell me?" he pleaded.

Elizabeth hesitated. Then her eyes flashed. She would defy the manager.

"Yes," she finally said, "I will tell you because you look like a true friend. You see, I came from England a—a runaway. My father wished me to marry the Earl of Hampshire. But I hated him and refused to marry him. So on the night I was to be married, I ran away and then came to America. I finally found work here, but I have led a cruel life. Why one day I was terribly insulted. A man came in and hugged and kissed me, and he was drun—intoxicated."

"I wouldn't have to be in that state to do the same," commented the young man.

"You brute!"

And then she blushed, which isn't so hard to do. Any girl can. All you have to do is to hold your breath and compress the diaphram. Furthermore, she blushed, which is a synonym for "You are pardoned." It is a known fact that when a woman directs her epithets at you and then proceeds to blush, you are forgiven. The young man was aware of this axiom.

"And who, may I ask, is your father?"

"Sir Richard Hargrove Mansfield, First Lord of the Admiralty."

"Wow! And you?"

"I am called 'Lady.'"

"Can you beat that?" ejaculated the young man. "Come in here to get a beef stew and then discover a really truly 'Lady'! I thought Broadway, N. Y., had a monopoly and patent on all wonders, freaks, Florenz Ziegfield, marvels, miracles and prodigies. But this certainly beats all. The idea of a man kissing you! Did he kiss you on the lips? Yes? That's bad, very bad.

"But see here Milady, I've forgotten to introduce myself. Don't carry cards—too much bother. Well, I am Jack P. Morton, son of the late deceased J. P. Morton. My income is fair,—about ten million a year. Can't tell though. I never counted it. My occupation is,—well you see, I have a little blacksmith shop up in Pittsburg and make steel.

"Now, listen close little girl. This may be sudden, but don't forget this is the little old U. S. A., and not a shine country like England. The minute I laid eyes on you, I loved you. Will you splice with me?"

"Splice?"

"Yes, embark on the good tub Matrimony with me * * marry me."

The girl's forehead was puckered into a little frown. She followed his strange flights of speech with seeming difficulty. She understood the gist of it, however.

"Ah, you Americans are so,—what do you call it?—oh, 'fast.' But it is impossible to do as you say. Really I must go. I may be punished if I talk longer."

Elizabeth gave one long doleful look in the general direction of the ceiling and then walked slowly, sorrowfully away.

The young man followed her with his eyes until she disappeared through the swinging doors of the kitchen. Then he went outside to where a motor car waited.

"Hurry up, Jack," an individual in the car cried. "We've got to hustle to make that directors' meeting up in the Smoke City."

"Confound that meeting," said Jack, and then as he got into the car he muttered to himself, "I bet ten to one this is the first time she was out of 23rd street, New York."

Back at the hotel, Elizabeth was accosted by the chief dish washer, her friend and confidante.

"Well Liz," said she of the dishes, "did you hook the poor fish?"

"Nothing doing," said Liz. "What do you think he tried to hand me? He tried to string me that he gets ten million a year, and then tells me he's a blacksmith. Can you beat that for nerve?"

An Opinion

Helen M. Deck, '17.

Some think disagreeing wrong.
  Well, what is this world for?
It should not always be a song,
  Or one big continuous roar.

Now listen one and all to a truth,
  It will help us as we climb Life's Path.
When we're in trouble with a foe—in sooth,
  Just think of the Motto of our Senior Class.

Try to be agreeable when other are in the right,
  Try to persuade others when you're in.
But never in your life if you have to use all your might,
  Be put in the wrong when you're in the right.

"Just Polly"

Dorothy Keyt, '17.

"It's dreadfully unconventional," she demurred.

"I **know** it—but gee! what's a fellow going to do. Here we both are—unhappy victims of fate. I've got to stay in this measley old hotel until my lawyer traces those missing papers that stand between me and several thousand dollars; and **you're** in for it until your honorable young relative chooses to get over the measles, which will be a week, at least—more likely two of them. But why should we try to make ourselves as uncomfortable and lonesome as possible? Let me get tickets for the theater tonight. It'll cheer you up—maybe and be like Heaven to me."

She looked up into his frank brown eyes—and then her gaze strayed to the curly, dark hair and the pink tip of his left ear. From there down his arm and finally rested on his well-formed hand—drumming a tatoo on the desk where she had been seated when he came up. Realizing himself on inspection, he turned slowly before her, saluted and quietly awaited the decision. She laughed, he was so like a little boy and so dreadfully in earnest.

"Oh, run along and get your tickets," she answered with a mysterious smile. "I'll be ready at eight." With a low bow and another salute he turned and marched sedately out of the room whistling "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" as he went. It was lucky there was nobody else in the big hotel library. They probably would have thought the two crazy. But they weren't—just two healthy youngsters—caged for awhile and beating their wings against the iron bars. Polly finished her letter abruptly and went upstairs. Pausing in front of a mirror for a moment, she was surprised at the amused look on her face—for well she knew this mysterious stranger.

Recalling the snap shots her brother had sent from Yale featuring an amateur theatrical that his frat brothers had presented, she remembered the young man who had taken the lead. That dimple and peculiar way of lifting his right eyebrow—that the camera had caught, could not be concealed from a bat—even a blind one. His first name was Phillip. She didn't know the last. But wonders of wonders, he was an alleged "woman-hater." Polly laughed out loud this time. He had even been known to go the long way around just to avoid meeting an adoring co-ed. "Wasn't it exciting?" she thought, "going to the theater with a perfectly strange man—that is one to whom she'd never been properly introduced. What would the girls say! and wouldn't Miss Clarkson be scandalized!" Polly had recently emerged from this lady's finishing school and Miss Clarkson was that kind of a person who—that is to say—a good disciplinarion—a most excellent disciplinarion.

At eight she was ready and merrily they started forth chatting gayly just as if they'd known each other all their lives. She discovered he was more than an amateur in photography—and being enthusiastically interested in this subject herself—it served to entertain them until they reached the theater. "Don't you suppose"—he

whispered between acts—leaning forward and entracting a delectable bittersweet from the box he had so thoughtfully provided for the occasion. "Don't you suppose," he repeated, "that I might at least know your name?"

"Why I—I'm just Polly," she answered lightly. "And I—I'm just Phil," he mocked. The curtain rising on the last act prevented further discusison—but Polly hugged herself mentally. She was so happy and this was the first time since Christmas that she had been out with a real man, the aforesaid Miss Clarkson reigning over an Adamless Eden, and being personally of the opinion that all boys should be caged between the ages of five and twenty-five, and then return to the world much subdued and absolutely peaceful!

The next morning Polly received a letter concerning the state of her young cousin's health. Within a week she and her aunt would doubly enjoy the delayed shopping trip. She told Phil at dinner—he immediately donned a gloomy and forsaken air—refusing to be comforted until she promised to go again with him that evening. The second time was even better than the first. They saw a light comedy and enjoyed a delicious luncheon afterward.

"You know I never went into this sort of thing much," he confessed over the salad, "Never imagined I could stand it. Always thought girls were a sort of delicacy—valuable china and so forth—to be kept under glass cases. I always was afraid of them you know," he finished lamely.

"Oh we really are nice if handled correctly: c'est-a-dire:—allowed to have our own way in little matters, though in big ones we like to be bossed," she philosophized—and truly, too.

And so the week sped by. He could have left Thursday, as far as business was concerned, but concealed the fact dextrously from her, and stayed on until Saturday—when the "Good-byes" were said. To each other they were still "Just Polly and Phil." It was so much more fun," she had insisted, "and anyway what do names matter?" She had refused him even her address and withheld all information save only the fact that she came from Baltimore to shop and then visit relatives in Maine. And so they parted.

It was a warm day in the latter part of June a year later. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson and all the young Jeffersons were leaving for their summer vacation, usually spent in a snug little cottage at Pine Bluff. This year they made no exception to the general rule. The children ran around excitedly at first calling to each other over each new item of interest. It was "Polly do come and see this funny bug!" or "Oh, Polly, look at this darling kitten," all day long—for their older sister was a child with them.

The season was well advanced and they were all in the water one day. The youngsters—already fearless—truly swam well, for their age; Conrad, the twelve-year-old, was proud of his achievement and liked to show off before the twins, aged ten. Alas! his pride nearly caused distaster that eventful day. Left alone for a moment he began to wonder how far out he could swim. It would be such fun to get way off and then wave carelessly to the awestricken Priscilla and Penrod. In his enthusiasm he swam even farther than he'd dreamed, and turning, he seemed miles away from everybody. The water was awfully cold.

He tried to swim back faster but his tired arms refused to obey. Suddenly a great pain shot through him and he doubled up in agony, screaming with terror as he did so. But no one seemed to hear. He made a futile effort to fight back the great green monster that was greedily enveloping him. He called again. This time he was heard and the men started toward him—but they couldn't possibly have gotten there in time.

No need. For a young man had jumped from a canoe, which had been drifting unnoticed—a hundred feet away. With incredible speed he reached the unconscious boy and lifted him into the canoe. Upon reaching the shore, first-aid methods were applied, until Conrad regained consciousness; then the anxious crowd breathed a sigh of relief and turned its attention to the young man.

"Why Phil Randolph!"

"Why Bob Jefferson!"

"Just to think that it should be **you** and I didn't even know you were within miles of here. Mother and Dad, this is a class-mate and frat brother of mine—Philip Randolph." Immediately followed a multitude of tearful "thank yous," and expressions of admiration from the crowd, which our modest hero didn't like—a little bit. Seeing his plight and discomfiture, Bob drew him away.

"Come on up to the house, old man, and get into some dry duds," he said, taking his arm. So the two started off. Nobody had missed Polly—who had retired in confusion as soon as the danger was over. She preferred to meet him in private and so it happened.

Completely attired in some of Bob's things, Phil came down stairs and stepped out on the veranda—where she was to meet him.

"Polly!" he cried.

"Phil!" she echoed.

"Oh, I thought I'd never see you again. I've looked most everywhere. That's principally why I'm here. Tell me—are you any relation to Bob?"

"Distantly," she replied. "I'm his sister, and I knew who you were all the time—he has your picture—only I didn't tell because it was **much** more interesting not to."

"Villian! I'll get even yet," he threatened.

The rest of the summer fairly flew in its eagerness to be gone. At least that's what Polly and Phil thought.

"I don't know just how to say it," he told her one day, "but I don't see any real good reason why this shouldn't last always. Do you?" Polly, after due deliberation decided that no such reason existed—and thereupon the matter was settled.

"Oh, Phil, supposing Joan hadn't had the measles," she sighed that night—and many times afterward. "Just supposing!" he always answered.

The Passing Show of '17

By Lorene Crosby, '18

Although I'm not old and I'm not real slow,
I don't very often go to a show;
But I liked the looks of an ad. I'd seen
For "The Passing Show of Seventeen."

(It's awfully good—but the joke's on me.
Just read this over and you shall see.)
The curtain rose with the blare of a band
Upon a scene that was mighty and grand.

I gripped the chair—could this be true?
It's just as I'm telling it to you.
Before my eyes stood old Scott High.
And the Senior Class was grouped near by.

It was a catchy musical show,
With girlies and music and songs, you know,
But can you imagine my surprise
When right in front of my very eyes,

Stood Kathryn Kirk and Miss Amy Wright
And a chorus of Seniors all ready to fight
In tennis and basketball—girls, don't you know,
Our Senior Girl Athletes—all straight in a row.

After this song the boys made their bow.
And led by George Urschel they then showed us how
Scott beat the country, and won the esteem
Of the nation at large with our great football team.

A great group of students, with books well in hand,
With Miss Hortense Kruckman a-leading the band,
They sang of the pupils within old Scott's walls
Who study at noon and don't walk the halls.

Ehni and Weber appeared to us soon
And sang a duet to a most charming tune.
They and the chorus represented, you see,
The boys' Lits at Scott, it was quite plain to see.

Misses Leddy and Beckham and followers true
Did a most clever dance, quite original, too,
While the chorus with debates on paper—in rhyme—
Chanted clear, concise sentences all of the time.

Miss Sylvia Merrill and Ann Beely too,
They had a large group who most certainly knew
How to have a good time and without whom, 'tis said,
The nicest of dances would surely be dead.

Then the band broke forth in measures most grand,
And covering all of the stage did stand
The whole of the class of 'seventeen—
The finest class I'd ever seen.

And when the curtain it fell at last,
From the throats of the crowd like a mighty blast
Came cries of "Author!" "Author!" "Speech!"
The curtain rolled back, and almost within reach

Were Miss Ritchie, Miss Schneider, Mr. Demorest, too.
Faces most friendly, but faces not new.
Their co-operation, its result we had seen
In "The Passing Show of Seventeen."

"Pardon me, but the show is o'er;
Right over that way is the door."
I stared at the usher and then woke up.
The play was a dream and this story a bluff.

Miss Patsy Lincoln

By Lucetta Tanner, '17.

It was cold. The awakening man yawned. He resettled into a more comfortable position, fixing the covers up close about his head.

Then, the air was filled with sound, deep and rich. It was time to get up; to dress, to breakfast and go to work. The bell, still dutifully calling other sleepers made the dull, cold and dreary room seem sunny, warm and cheerful.

Workmen, clad in carpenter's clothes were hurrying everywhere over the bit of building they were doing. Suddenly, the bang of hammers, sawing of wood and noisy commanding from the boss, was outdone by the call of a bell. With the first stroke, the great clamor ceased. Hungry men sought shelter from the sun, under the nearest tree, and laughed and talked as they ate.

Mother fairly yanked the comb in Mary's curls, and slicked the brush across Mary's eyes. Her face would have puckered, but, the bell. She had no time to weep. School began at eight-thirty.

Williams was weeping; I mean, yelling. Who wouldn't? A hot, wet rag was gouging his eyes out, and washing the back of his neck, when it wasn't dirty. But he musn't be late to school. Sitting on a stool in the corner, because one was late, was not fun and since this process must be gone through with, well——. The bell.

Thus it was; everyone depended on the bell. Young and old, all depended upon it.

* * * * *

"Hen! Oh, Hen!" came pleadingly from the voice of a small child.

Henry, much startled, faced about and beheld the neighbor's daughter staring at him with a pitifully, sad look in her eyes.

"Patsy Lincoln! Does your mother know you are here?" admonished the boy.

Patsy, in spite of her eight years, evaded the question as skillfully as sixteen. "Hen! Oh, Hen! you said some day you'd show me the bell."

Now, Henry, was a tall, blue-eyed boy, about fourteen years old, and a junior in the Toledo High School.

In the days of Patsy and Henry, the old High School provided a three-year course, and those enjoying the first year at High School were called Juniors. Second-year students were Middlers, and those attaining the third year were high and mighty, Seniors. Therefore, Henry was what we call a freshman.

Although the bell was no new experience for him (since the A grammar, or eighth grade, was located in the High School building), he had often told Patsy about it. Just the night before Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln had paid Henry a dime to come over and stay with Patsy, while they made an evening call.

Henry told the wide-eyed Patsy weird stories about the bell until she fell asleep. Henry's domestic accomplishments were not limited to amusing Baby Lincoln either. On many occasions, providing the

door was locked, and providing his mother would decline to tell his whereabouts, if any of the boys whistled; and for the enormous compensation of two cents, he would condescend to wash the dishes.

School had been dismissed, and Henry had just promised Joe, his constant companion, to go over to Sammy's house with him. Therefore, Patsy's appearance annoyed him very much. He would have to see that she arrived home safely, or he would "never hear the end of it."

"Patsy Lincoln, I said some day. Some day. Do you get me? S-o-m-e day! I would show you the bell. Now I've got to put myself out o' lot to get you home."

"Now I'm here, you're going to show it to me, aren't you Hen-ry? Ah! Hen! Please Hen!" persisted Miss Lincoln.

"Take her across the street an' let her go," suggested impatient Joe.

Henry carried the disappointed lady across the street. On her face she wore a look of disgust. When he placed her down on the walk, and started back across the street, her face wrinkled and twisted and she "wept" bitterly. Suddenly, just as Henry had rejoined his waiting companion, she called pleadingly to him: "Henry, if you aren't a gonna show me the bell, you're gonna take me home, aren't you?"

Henry ignored her. Then, desperately, half mingled with anger, she called: "Come back Hen-ry Lane. Come back and kiss me, bye."

His majesty was not to be dominated in this way, but, "to prevent her calling any more such junk," after him, he turned around and ordered, "Consider yerself kissed."

A backward glance, before she could reply, revealed four winged feet going around the corner.

* * * * *

On the evening of March the tenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, Patsy celebrated her eighteenth birthday. Among the guests was Mr. Henry Lane. The Lanes and Lincolns were still neighbors. Henry was a business man in another town, and he rarely saw Patsy, except when he was home making a short visit with his parents.

Henry told Patsy that he had a birthday gift from her and that after the others had gone home he would give it to her.

"Why can't you give it to me, now," demanded Patsy; and Henry elaborately explained, some flimsy reason. But, being the same old Patsy that we saw ten years ago, she persisted. The same old Henry, ignored her. An argument ensued and ended by Patsy losing her temper and stamping her foot at his majesty, saying, "You need not bother to give it to me at all, if you can't give it to me, now."

A few minutes later Patsy heard a meek voice at her side. It said, "Patsy, I'll give it to you now if you will come out on the porch a moment."

"Henry Lane, you always tack an if on everything you say. I won't go out on the porch."

"But Patsy it's awfully private, if you would only listen; if-f-f," he stammered.

"There you go again, Henry Lane. IF, I say; IF it is so awfully private, why didn't you give it to me this morning."

Henry groaned inwardly. It was useless to argue with Patsy. How impossible it would have been to give it to her this morning. Right out in broad daylight, in the street, in front of everybody. So Henry wore a very sad and rejected look the remainder of the evening.

The crowd broke up, and when Patsy was standing in the midst of many "good-byes" Henry slipped noiselessly out of the door and went home.

* * * * *

Henry Lane turned over in bed and resettled for the one hundredth time into a more comfortable position. Still his heart persisted. He was nervous. For the fiftieth time he arose from his bed, went over to the dresser, picked up a small box, opened it and nervously fingered the contents, a ring.

This time, instead of replacing the box, he flung it recklessly onto the floor and stumbled headlong, in the dark, back into his bed.

He rested there quietly, although wide awake, for a while. It seemed hours in the stillness. Suddenly, a slow, sad dong of a bell broke the stillness. At night the sound was always sad. It meant fire. The bell only rang during the night, to tell of a fire.

Nervously he dressed, the sound of the bell continuing and seemingly becoming louder. Would he never get his clothes on? Then the chiming-out ended, abruptly. This abrupt ending in all the dark stillness of the room made him tremble. His limbs almost paralyzed. Outside his open window he could hear voices going along the road.

The hoarse whispers of the passerbys, accompanied by the running patter of their feet, relaxed his muscles.

He started toward the door. His foot stepped on something sharp. Oh, yes! he must not forget to put shoes or slippers on. What had he stepped on? The ring, oh yes. Feeling about the floor he soon found it and put it in his pocket.

Once out of doors, he soon learned the whereabouts of the fire. The school! The school! He rushed down the steps only to come face to face with Patsy.

Side by side and silently the two joined the crowd. Side by side, they watched the red tongues flare up, heard wood crack and crash, saw walls start to cave in. How helpless they were! The hearts of the spectators pulled hard. All silently choked on hard lumps. Each thought of happy hours in the building, and wondered vaguely about the morrow. Things would never be the same! No, never!

To all appearances the flames were willing to devour all. The odor of burning wood was strong. Heat had expanded and cracked the outer brick walls. The tower wall was giving away. Oh! Oh! it had given away. The bell! It was falling! The bell! Oh! A deep sound filled the air, clear and pure. The bell had tolled, farewell. The hearts of the spectators were as one. A quick sense of the new loss seized them. Never again would it be the same old high school! Never again—no not even the bell!

Patsy fainted. Never in all her life before had she fainted. Henry Lane carried her out of the crowd, and then to her home. The Lincolns were all up and so obtaining entrance was not difficult.

Where was she? Why was she here? What time was it? Oh, yes! She was in the living room of her own home. The fire; she

recalled it all with a faint heart. The new sense of loss stunned her. It was morning now of course. She looked down. On the fourth finger of her left hand was something sparkling. It was—it—it—her thoughts were not at all clear. Oh, where was Henry?

Just then, Henry came into the room. She started toward him. Then hesitated. "If—oh, if you haven't—if you haven't told——"

"No IFS from you, Miss Patsy. It's all right with your father."

* * * * *

After breakfast the young couple went back to the scene of the past night. It was school time. Students, who had not previously known of the fire, were fleeing with heavy hearts. The sight frightened them. Grief was too great for tears. Many, for the first time in their lives, were heavy hearted because they could not attend school.

In the Spring

Oh, the sky is so blue,
And far from the south
Come the birds;
And all earth seems to ring
That it's Spring,
Just Spring.

Oh, the air is so soft,
And the rays of the sun
Grow so long.
Then the flowers simply sing
That it's Spring,
Just Spring.

Tommy Throws Away the Life-Preserver

By Leo Steinem, '17.

The minute Tommy opened the door and shuffled into my room I knew something was wrong. He had a look on his face like an amateur beggar that has been told to move on. I didn't have to wait long for the reason. He started in on the introduction to his hard-luck story right away.

Speaking of introductions, I ought to introduce you to Tommy. Well, to begin with, Tommy Hunter was a Junior in college, and a newly-elected member of the Sigma Beta Gamma, to which I also belonged. To end with, he was a freshman—no, we'd better say a kindergartner, when it came to experience along the line of feminology. Being a fraternity brother of mine, he picked on me for advice and sympathy, and seemed to think I was a sort of Beatrice Fairfax in disguise.

His present difficulty was a long story, as he told it, but I'll give it to you as briefly as I can. It was this way. Our annual fraternity dance was to be a week from that day. A month ago, when the date had been first announced, Tommy, by a series of stammerings and inarticulate sounds had asked a girl to go. The girl he had asked was Miss Ione Berkeley, one of the most popular girls in school. She must have been overcome by surprise when Tommy asked her, because she couldn't think up an excuse fast enough, and accepted the bid. So far so good.

But just yesterday she had confided in Tommy that she didn't know what to do. There was an awful mixup, she said. Another student by the name of Mead had asked her to go to that dance before Tommy had, but at the time she thought he was joking, because Mead was not a member of the fraternity, and only fraternity members could go. Then the Sigma Beta Gamma had issued a few outside bids, and Mead had managed to get one and expected her to go with him. She appealed to Tommy's resourcefulness. What could she do? She didn't want to disappoint either of them, she said. In order to be perfectly fair she would stay home from the dance. Yes, that was it, she would not go at all, much as she knew she would enjoy it.

Tommy responded nobly. He said no, she should not stay home from that dance; he, Tommy Hunter, would waive his claim, and thereby clear up the whole affair. And then the poor fish actually released her from the date, received her benediction and departed.

I broke the news to him as gently as I could, that he was the victim of a frame-up. At first he wouldn't believe me, so well had the fair Ione done her work; but the statement of a few facts soon convinced him. How was I sure it was a frame-up, you ask? Well, in the first place, I knew Mead and Ione Berkeley, and in the second place, I knew Tommy. Lastly, I had head that same story before with slight variations.

I'll have to admit it's a pretty good dodge, all right. Wiser men than Tommy have been fooled by it. There isn't much a fellow can do when a girl comes to him with a piece of fiction like that. If he pretends to believe it, it's up to him to do the noble thing and resign.

If he intimates that he doesn't believe it, the girl immediately gets huffy and offended, and will have nothing further to do with him. In either case, the poor male person is the one that gets left.

Well, as you can plainly see, this left Tommy without anybody to take to the dance, now only a week away. And he was set on going to that dance, because he'd been taking dancing lessons for the past three months and wanted to show off in public. It was a sort of coming-out party for him, although it might be a slipping-down party. You never can tell what these tutored-for-the-occasion dancers will do, when they get onto a crowded dance-floor, out of the hearing of their master's voice, and with no "One, Two, Three, Four—to the side—and turn" to guide them.

After I had heard Tommy's tale of woe, I cheered him up as best I could, and told him, certainly, there were plenty of other girls who would be glad to go to that dance. To be a little more definite, I mentioned Mabel Mills, who was in Tommy's math class, but warned him that Bill Richards intended taking her, although, as I happened to know, he hadn't asked her yet. The events that followed I gathered from various sources.

The next day, at noon hour between morning and afternoon recitations, Tommy discovered Mabel Mills in the hall of the science building. She was walking hurriedly away from him. He walked hurriedly after her.

"Hello," said Tommy breathlessly. Mabel stopped as if transfixed. She looked at Tommy inquiringly. This was the first word that he had ever spoken to her. Tommy was searching the cover of his book for inspiration. Finally he got up enough courage to ask, "Ah, what was the assignment for tomorrow in math?" Whereupon she gave him the desired information and started to move away. Tommy spoke again. "Today is a fine day, isn't it?" he suggested and started walking along with her. Tommy was just pondering how to ask her to go to the dance, when Bill Richards came around the corner, a smile covering his face.

"Hello, Mabel," he said, "how's Mabel?" He suddenly noticed Tommy. "I have something to tell Mabel here," said Bill. "You can come along with us if you want to," he added, in a tone that precluded acceptance. Tommy fled indignantly.

After the math period was over, he waited at the door and formally asked Miss Mills to go to the fraternity dance.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Hunter," said Mabel Mills, "I would have enjoyed going with you, I'm sure, but I just accepted a bid this noon. From Bill Richards," she added.

That night he didn't study. He was determined to get somebody to go with him to that dance. He called up another girl classmate of his.

"Hello," challenged a harsh, male voice at the other end. A few bars of "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River" as sung by a mixed chorus, together with the faint sound of a victrola could also be heard over the wire. Tommy asked to speak to the girl. It seemed ages before she answered. And when she did answer, he had a hard time making her hear. In fact, she wasn't able to understand him at all. She asked, would he please call up tomorrow night, as there was a

party over there now, and she couldn't hear a thing. Tommy hung up. He tried to study.

The next night he called her up again. After he had explained to her the purpose of his phone call, she told him, yes, she thought it would be all right, but would tell him for sure tomorrow.

Tommy felt elated. On the strength of this he went out and purchased some vivid yellow gloves, a new pair of dancing pumps, a gorgeous tie, and his ticket to the dance.

The next night he called her up again. In the meantime she must have inquired about his past social record from helpful friends, and found that he hadn't any. For all she said was, "Why, no, I don't believe I can go to that dance." Tommy dropped the receiver. Only three days remained. It seemed useless for him to try again, but he had said to himself that he was going to that dance, and he was going.

He called up Mary Andrews. While he was waiting for her to answer, he happen to remember that somebody had once remarked that she was engaged. He was still thinking about this when she answered. In reply to his now stereotyped proposal, she informed him that for the past six months she had been going with just one fellow, and did not contemplate a change.

A whole day passed before Tommy gathered enough courage to ask another girl. And it was becoming more and more difficult for Tommy to find another girl that he knew well enough to ask. For, as in all college towns, girls are pretty scarce.

Tommy thought there must be something wrong with either himself or his methods. At one time he had read in a book that an attitude of indifference brought the best results with girls. It was time that Tommy had results all right. He decided to give this method a trial. Tommy hurried to the nearest phone. It was with an air of indifference that he looked up the number. It was with an air of indifference that he took down the receiver. When she answered he said in a careless nonchalant tone. "Why-a-, I didn't have anything else to do tonight, so I thought I'd call you up.

"Oh," cut in the girl. "I'm so sorry, but you'd better find something else to do, because I'm in an awful hurry. They're waiting for me on the porch." It hurt his ear when she hung up the receiver.

Evidently this method was not what it was cracked up to be. Only forty-eight hours remained. Tommy threw his dancing pumps across the room in disgust. He was not going to that dance, that's all there was to it. But some of the fraternity fellows dropped in and told him he positively had to go. They did not say, however, where he was to get a girl. And Tommy had already asked everybody he knew. Then something unexpected happened.

The next day he met Irene Blanchard, a girl from his own home town. Tommy did not have to look twice to see that Irene was as good-looking as ever, and he knew from hearsay that she was a wonderful dancer. She was so pleasantly congenial that before he was aware of it, he had asked her to go to the dance and she had accepted. He was surprised how perfectly natural and comfortable he felt. He could hardly believe it. He was really going to that dance after all. Tommy walked on air. With his rising spirits, he grew inexcusably confidential.

"Do you know, Irene," he confided, "I had the worst luck, I asked close onto ten girls to go to this dance and none of them could go. You see——"

Tommy paused, much alarmed. Irene was regarding him with a frigid, icy stare.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hunter," she said, "but I just remembered I have another engagement for tomorrow night."

Shaking Up Shakespeare

Antony—Good friend, sweet friend, I come to steal away your heart.

Duke—With all your heart, give him your hand!

Portia—I did, my lord.

Gratiano—Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh one.

[Exeunt Portia and Antony.]

[Enter group.]

Lady Macbeth—Who was it that thus cried?

Macbeth—I'll bring you to him.

Duncan—Go get him, surgeon!

[Re-enter Portia and Antony, attended by surgeon.]

Duncan—So well thy words become thee, Antony. What thou hath won, noble Macbeth hath lost.

Macduff—Oh, horror, horror, horror! He hath neither tongue nor heart.

Macbeth—I will be satisfied. Deny me this dear one, and an eternal curse fall on you.

Thunder—What is this, that rises like the issue of a king?

Malcolm—His tune grows manly. Macbeth, receive what cheer you may, the night is long that never finds a day.

Macbeth—Cure her of that love. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd which weighs upon the heart?

Citizen—O piteous spectacle. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Antony—Let me not stir you up, dear friends. What private griefs you have, alas I know not. I am no orator, but as you know me all, a plain blunt man that loves my friend.

Gratiano—A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Shylock—Why, then the devil give him good of it.

Portia—Soft!—No haste. What mercy can you render Macbeth? The quality of mercy is not strained. But ah, Antony, he is well paid that is well satisfied. And I, receiving you, am satisfied. I pray you, Macbeth, know me when we meet again.

The Track Meet In Hades

By "I. M. Anoyoys."

The Seven Suns rose bright and clear over the Land of the Shade. Most generally there were only two, but this being the day of the first Track Meet, Pluto borrowed five from Jupiter.

In the forenoon, the fires were banked and the Field Judges chosen. George Washington was to be chief and he was assisted by Socrates and Diogenes of the Lantern. P. T. Barnum was in charge of the gate receipts and the ticket office.

At last a great crowd of live ones had assembled. Croesus and J. P. Morgan each had a book-making system and much betting was carried on. The first event was the High Hurdles, won by Cassius, who was as lean and hungry as ever.

Then the weight men trotted out; for the Shot Put came next. Hercules threw his club forty miles; Samson hurled the jaw-bone of a lion, fifty-three, and Goliath insisted on throwing an Israelite and was thereby disqualified. So, Caesar won the event by casting the "Die," the distance from the Rubicon River to Rome.

The next event was the 100-yard dash, which Mercury took, hands down, in two seconds.

Just then a great hub-bub arose—P. T. Barnum, Cerberus, the three-headed dog, and the gate receipts had disappeared. Everybody hunted everywhere.

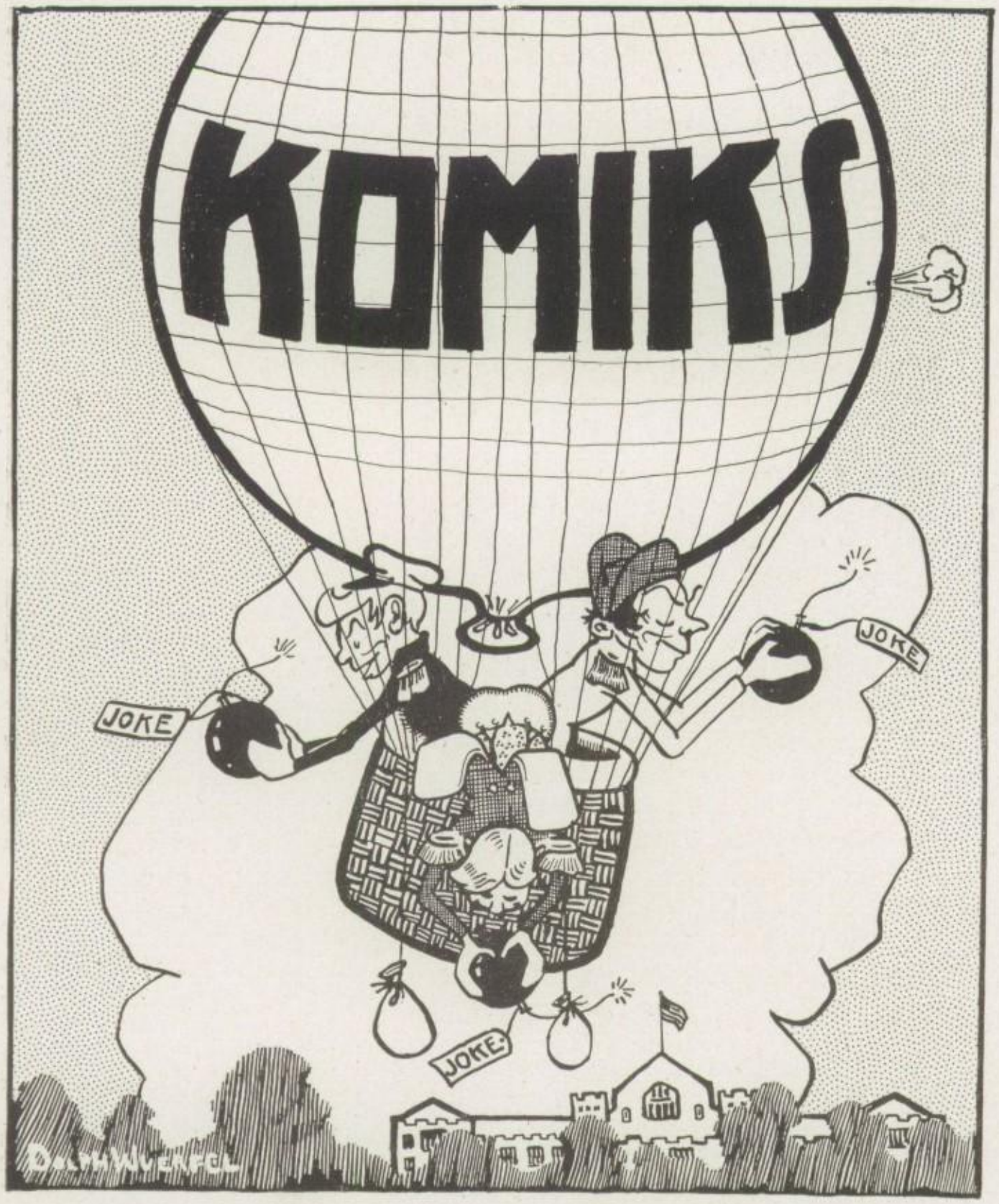
Sherlie Holmes, with his nose to the ground, ran into a Styc Stogie that P. T. had discarded, which was still lighted. The trail led toward Purgatory; and at that place they discovered that the culprit had started a one-ring circus with Ceberus as his chief attraction. They took him back to Hades and tried him. He was found guilty in the forty-fifth degree.

The penalty was never to argue; and he could not speak until spoken to. Nobody talked to him for six months, so when Pluto, out of kindness asked:

"How goes it P. T.?"

He returned:

"Oh, cookies—Plut, old kid—this is h——."


KOMIKS
JOKE
JOKE
JOKE

The A B C of S. H. S.

A Equals Algebra, Freshman's delight.
They say 'twill develop the mind,
So o'er x = a he works far in the night,
But the value of "a" cannot find.

B Is for Barkdull and Bissell, too;
And Brunson, the physicist, of course,
For what in the world would "we city folks" do
If we knew naught of power and of force?

C Is for Canniff, who watches the stairs,
A teacher most faithful and kind,
But if a poor sinner be caught unawares,
"That pussy has claws" he will find.

D Is for Doc, Richmond by name.
Who teaches us all Mathematics.
There is hardly a soul unaware of his fame,
Obtained years ago in Athletics.

E Is for Eberth and Euclid, his friend.
Of circles and planes he talks with a drawl;
His patience is not like a line, without end;
However, he's well liked by all.

F Is the Future we're all looking toward
And for which we are all preparing.
With knowledge and facts our minds must be stored,
So we work with an ardor despairing.

G Is for German, and also Guitteau.
Sprechen sie Deutsch? Nein? Ach!
The language of Germany is a good thing to know,
And is taught by Herrs Fischer and Lok.

H Is for Hanson, a classical blonde,
Who speaks in the language of Cæsar.
Of the words of his worth she is really fond;
To speak of him lightly would tease her.

I For Intentions we had in September.
They seemed to sail off to an unknown somewhere.
(Some of them now we can't even remember.)
"I" is the Illiad we read with such care.

J For the Juniors who look with disdain
On brothers and sisters in ranks far below.
"J" is for sprightly, alert Miss Jermain,
Whose bright eyes and wit we all so well know.

K Is for Kitchen and Kirkby, you ĸnow;
"Two extremes" you may indeed say.
The first believes sorrow humanity's woe,
The other goes smiling 'long life's thorny way.

L Is for Latin, of which light minds beware,
And Literature, that's really a pleasure.
We've learned much of Shakespeare and Johnson, "the rare,"
Who imbibed fragrant tea without measure.

M Is for More. "More what?" you will say.
More school and more lessons to miss;
Till June 27 we all have to stay,
Because of the infants' paralysis.

N Is the Note that whirrs thro' the air
At a moment that's most unpropitious.
It cannot escape the teacher's fierce glare,
And is seized in a clutch that's most vicious.

O Is the Order which we must preserve
When within the walls of the school,
But those who are gifted with plenty of nerve
Give never a thought to this rule.

P Is for Perkins whom all must admire,
With her pretty dark hair and soft, gentle eyes.
"P" is for Physics which raises one's ire
If to learn it he really tries.

Q For the Questions that come in the test.
"What do you suppose they will be?"
Then is indeed a time of unrest,
Till the little white papers we see.

R Is for Ritchie, a fine teacher all say,
To the Seniors she is as a mother.
All join together and respects to her pay,
For we know what it means now to leave her.

S For the Seniors of serious mien,
Who soon from school must be going.
What they do not know is readily seen
To be really not worth the knowing.

T Stands for Tucker, busy old man,
His duties are many and hard.
He keeps old Scott so spic and so span,
While "Shakespeare" looks after the yard.

U And "S" for our country will stand,
The home of the valiant and free;
"U" is the use we can be to our land,
Whose flag goes far over the sea.

V For Van Sickle, and Veler too,
Who journeyed far south last term.
He went with the boys, for the red, white and blue,
And we eagerly wait his return.

W The Whisper forbidden by law,
But in which we ofttimes indulge.
We wish to tell someone of something we saw,
Or perhaps some great secret divulge.

X Is the quantity we are to find.
"X" is for excellent which we are when it's found;
"X" for exam, for which we must grind,
And "X" is for Xmas, when pleasures abound.

Y For the Youth from far and from near,
Who come to the fountain of learning,
Pushing onward and upward with never a fear,
Finally laurels of victory earning.

Z For the Zero that really is nothing,
But causes us worry—a deal of it, too;
It were very much better to cease all vain fussing,
And leave till the morrow what today we can't do.

Toledo's Finest Hotel

400 ROOMS

Secor Hotel

COMPLETELY FIRE-PROOF

WALLICK BROTHERS, Proprietors

Lucie Faber—Mamma, when people are in mourning, do they wear black nightgowns?

Mother—Why, of course not.

Lucie—Well, don't they feel just as bad at night as they do in the daytime?

Batch—My landlady is a regular old hen.

Kieffer—A what?

Batch—Just that. Because I owe her a little money, she is always laying for me.

"How are you getting on at school, Percy?"

"Oh, all right. I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead, you know."

"Well, heaven knows you need one."

First Farmer—'Pears to me these here allies are puttin' up a great fight.

Second Farmer—Ya-as, but it ain't nothin' to what these Belgians an' French an' British are doin'.

Mistress—Is the plumber coming again tomorrow, Bridget?

Bridget—Sure he is.

Mistress—And will he begin where he left off?

Bridget—Oi hopes so. He was on the point of kissin' me whin he left today.

W. W. SIMONDS, Proprietor *"Simonds for Service"*

SIMONDS'
Drug Store

Soda, Sporting Goods,
Camera Supplies,
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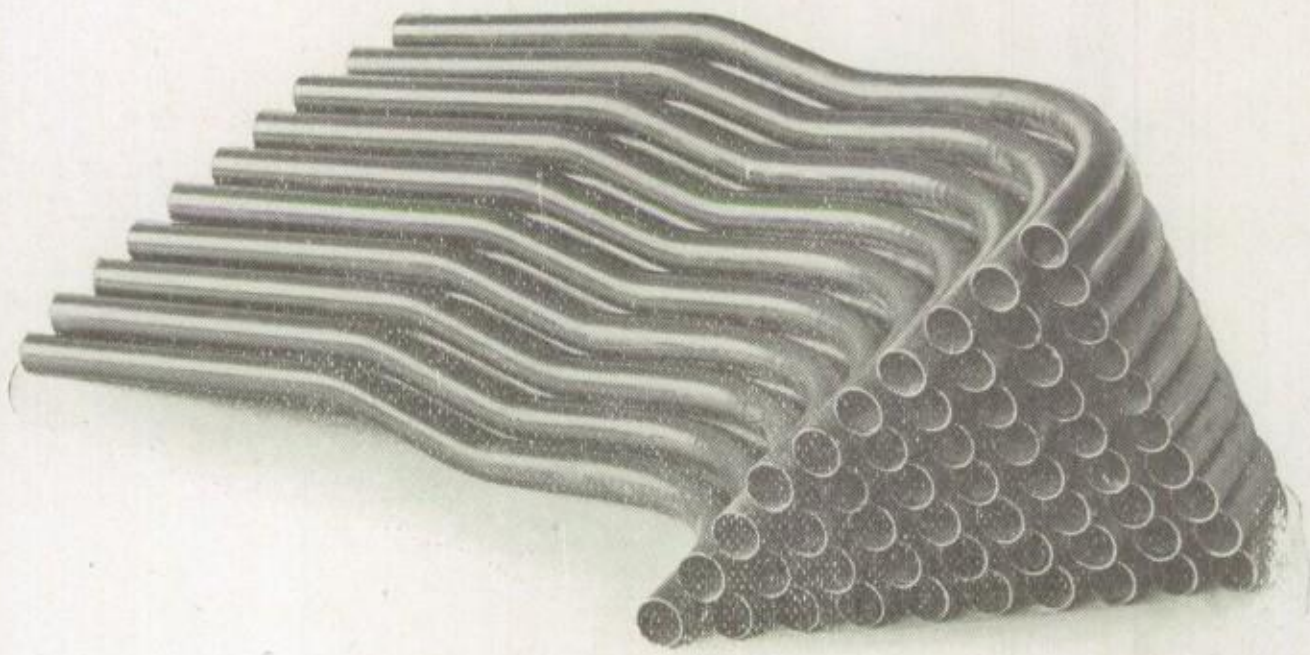
Post Office Sub Station No. 13

H. P. Park, 507; Bell Col. 1507 *Delaware and Collingwood*

BRAZED STEEL TUBING



The Standard Steel
Tube Company

TOLEDO, OHIO

Adam—Say, Eve, can't you say something? It's dull here with a dumb wife.

Eve—What's a woman to talk about with no clothes and no servants?

Clarence Eoff—Sometimes I think that if I should die no one would miss me.

Jean Reh—Pa might. You're all the exercise he gets but golf.

Wife—This is the hotel for us. I positively won't go to any other.

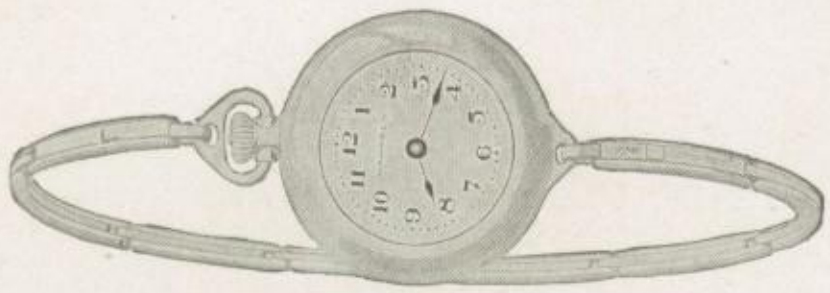
Hubby—My dear, if we are going to spend the summer, we should consider well. There are much better hotels in that neighborhood.

Wife—But not one of them advertises such idyllic moonlight nights.

Helen Post—How is the weather, Marie?

The Maid—Fresh and windy, madame.

Helen Post—Very well. Put a healthy flush on my cheek this morning. I'm going out.



OUR SUGGESTIONS FOR GRADUATING GIFTS

For the Young Lady, a Wrist Watch or Diamond Ring.
For the Young Man nothing is finer than a Watch.
Bracelet Watches ..... $10.00 to $50.00
Thin Model Gent's Watches, round, octagon or oveal ....$10.00 to $50.00
Diamond Rings, special value .....$11.00 to $100.00

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3rd Floor Smith & Baker Bldg.
Entrance on Superior next to Trent Silk Shop.
Jewelers

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A Serviceable Savings Account that Pays Four Percent

Is one on which you can deposit any amount at any time and earnings will begin at once, and it will not cause you a loss of earnings if you need to withdraw something for clothing or books, or for Christmas, or for Insurance or Taxes, or for a vacation.

We compute earnings for you on your daily balances, that is from day of deposit to day of withdrawal, hence the most practical and useful Savings Account you ever heard of.

People's Savings Association

337 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

The Whitney & Currier Co.

Headquarters for

Steinway Pianos,
Aeolian Pianolas,
Victor Victrolas

The greatest trio of Musical Instruments
in the World

WE INVITE PATRONAGE

The Whitney & Currier Co.

Toledo's Oldest and Largest Music House

YOU WILL LIKE

Kenyon College

Because of its spirit of goodfellowship
and friendly associations.

A high academic standard is maintained
and all sports are encouraged.

WRITE FOR BULLETIN

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Meats

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H. P. Park 821-822 Bell Coll. 1015

W. J. Meyer

Serviceable
Hats and Furnishings
for Gentlemen

246-9 SUPERIOR STREET
Home Phone 574

The Middleton Millinery
ASHLAND AND BANCROFT

Wechtel—What makes you think he is a vegetarian?
Rodman—I have smoked his cigars.

Baer—How is it I didn't see you at the charity meeting last night?
Daggett—It was I who passed the plate around.

Alice Beckham—I suppose a lot of men will be made miserable when I marry.
Carol Bayliss—Why, how many men are you going to marry?

Stanley Mawer—Those two girls used to be bosom friends, and now they scarcely speak.
John Boice—What's his name?

"It's mighty hard to please a woman. If you stare at her she thinks you rude, and if you don't she thinks you lack taste."

Kent Meader—Good heavens, the clock just struck one, and I promised your mother I'd leave at twelve.
Maurine Diggs—Good! We've eleven hours yet.

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Eoff Advertising Co.
636-7-8 OHIO BUILDING

DIRECT ADVERTISING
SERVICE

Mailing, Typing, Multigraphing, Filling-In, Copywriting

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

Milton Aish—What have you ever done to show your patriotism?
Stanley Friedman—Well, I always shoot off two or three dollars' worth of fireworks every Fourth of July.

St. Peter—Give this man a pass into heaven.
Quick Lunch Waiter—Make it a pair.

Orris Berkebile—Is young Featherly a responsible sort of person?
Lewis Boldt—Yes; he's responsible for most of the mistakes in our department.

Marie Abair—Moses was a good man but he had indigestion.
Elsie Meier—How is that?
Marie Abair—Why, he received two tablets from heaven.

All this talk about Cupid laughing in his sleeve at folks is tommy-rot. Who ever heard of Cupid having a sleeve?

There's another nice thing about the movies. It doesn't take a woman three hours to dress before she is ready to attend one of them.

The
Law-Froebel Kindergarten
Training School
And School of Culture
for Young Women

CERTIFICATE and DIPLOMA
Courses 2 Years Each

2313 ASHLAND AVENUE
Send for Announcement Mary E. Law, M. D., Principal

Gurney—She wears too much jewelry.
Collins—Think so?
Gurney—I do. No fun to hold a hand like that. You can get the same sensation by holding a handful of curtain rings and a wrist watch.

Jumping at conclusions is not good exercise.

Never refer to your girl's nose as the pink of perfection.

Hale Canfield—What, you charge five dollars for that? Don't you think you are a little dear?
Young Lady—If you say so, I am.

Freshman — A woman is like a salad; it all depends on the dressing.

A rolling stone may be short on moss, but it is long on experience.

Auld Class Pins and Rings

Designed exclusively for discriminating classes who put quality ahead of price.

THE D. L. AULD CO.

COLUMBUS, - - - OHIO

Official Jewelers of the Class of '17

We Are Exclusive Agents for

Page & Shaws Famous Boston Candies

DIETHELM BROS.

The Drug Store of Quality

MADISON AVENUE, Corner Erie Street

Telephones: Home Main 7866—7867 Bell Main 3435

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

Teacher—If a man gets four dollars for working eight hours a day, what would he get if he worked ten hours?

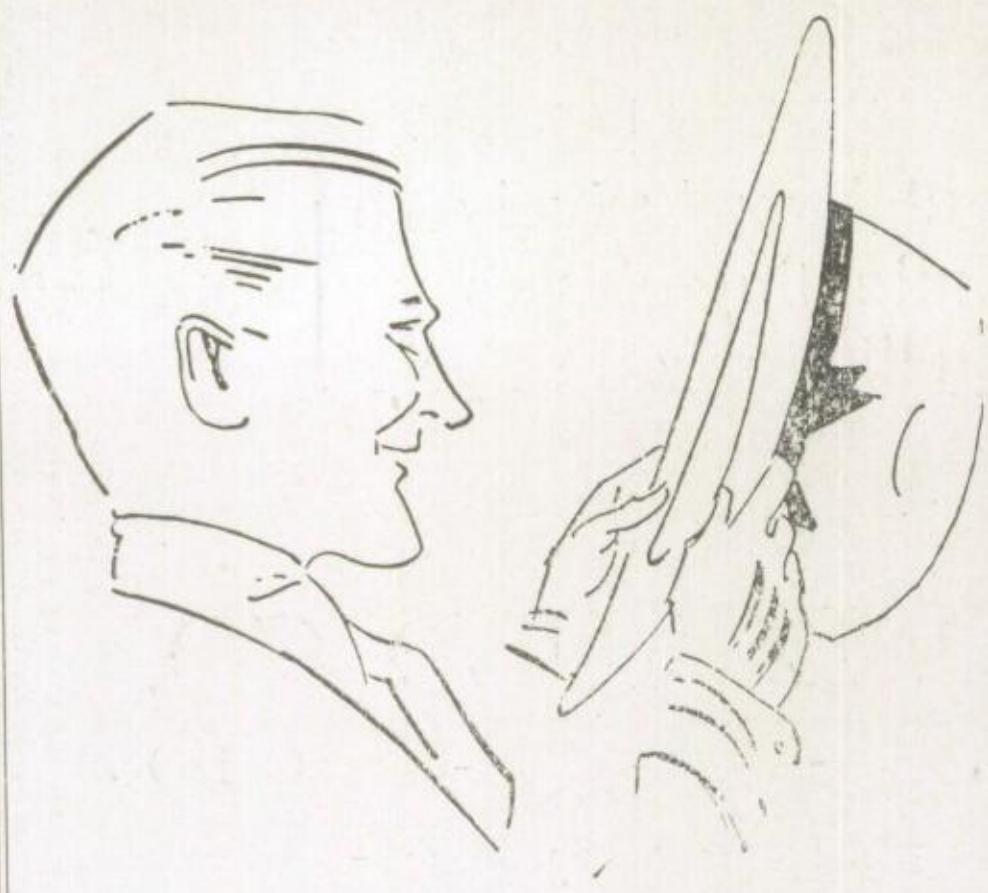
Johnny—Ten hours a day? He'd get a call-down from de union.

Felton—Do you think it would be foolish for me to marry a girl who was my intellectual inferior?

Dolly—More than foolish—impossible.

Public opinion is never tongue-tied.

Do You Know of a Better Hat for $3. or $4. Sir?

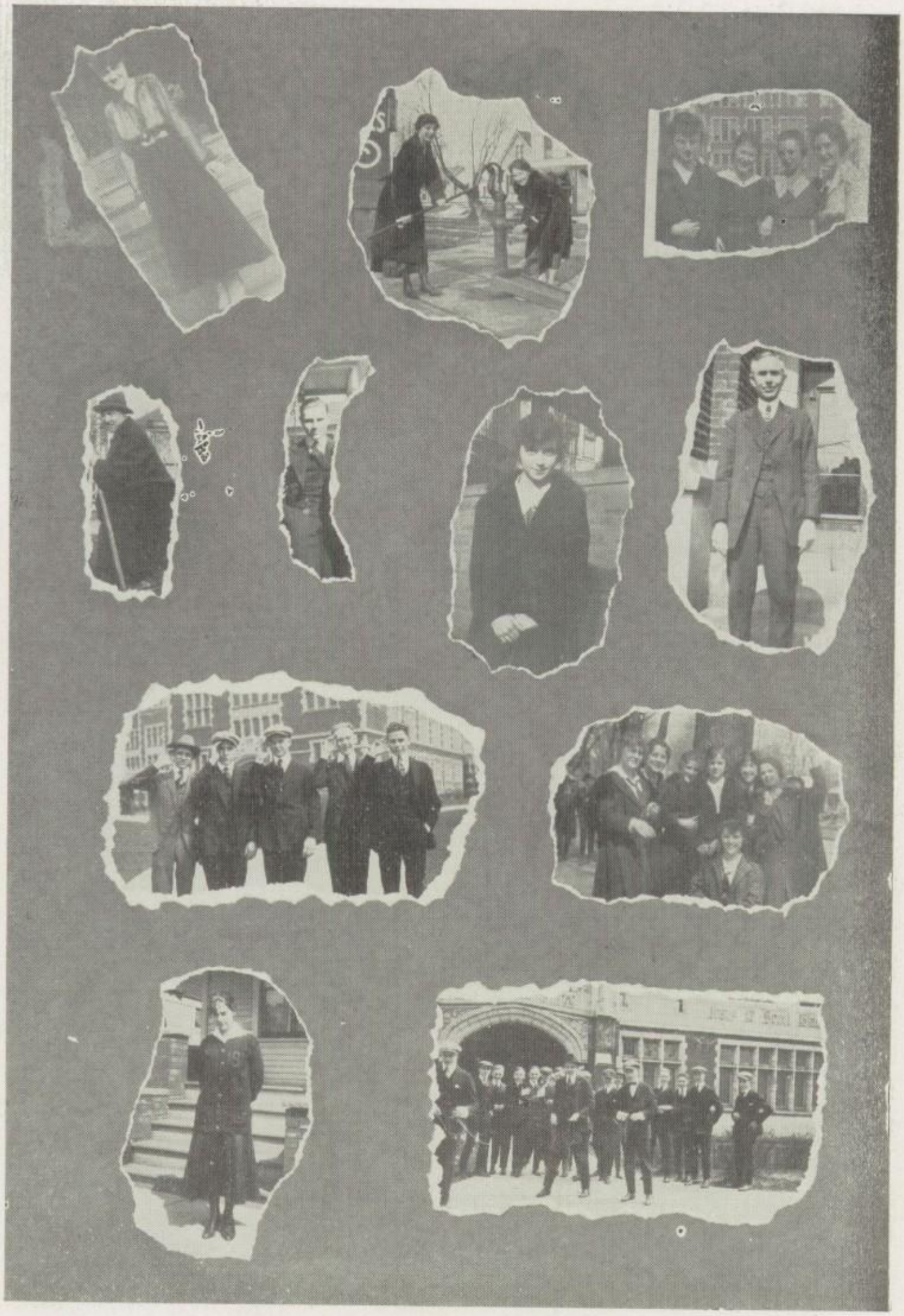


These are our own "Kellers Specials". They have as much style as anyone could wish for. They're of good quality felt.

And may be had in all shades---pea green, ivy, bottle green, the new bronze green, carbon gray, pearl gray, seal brown and others.

Keller Shop

Hotel Waldorf



B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

Wishes to thank the Students of Scott High for their patronage and extends its best wishes for success to the class of 1917

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

NOTHING DOING

She sat beneath the mistletoe
Without the slightest fear.
She felt no wild, glad tremor, though,
She knew he lingered near.
She sat there calm and unafraid,
And sleepily he yawned, for they'd
Been married for a year.

Wetzel—What are Arctic extremities?
Hadden—Cold feet, of course.

Teacher—Willie, why don't you stop smoking?
Willie—I won't stop smoking for you or anybody else. I expect to smoke till I die.
Teacher—Yes, and if you don't change your morals you will stand a good chance of smoking a long while after you're dead.

Miss Kirby—Mention some memorable date in Roman history.
Urschel—Anthony's with Cleopatra.

FABER'S *Pharmacists*

ASHLAND & BANCROFT

and PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

JOHN DAIBER & SON

Importing Tailors

620 MADISON AVENUE BOTH PHONES

Distinctive Haberdashery

May Be Had At

C. A. MOHR CO.

505 Adams Street Bert E. Bunning, Mgr.

Seasonable Goods at Reasonable Prices

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

QUITE CORRECT

Latin Teacher—Harold, give me an example of the dative.

Collins (with mind elsewhere)—I'll meet you at 8 o'clock.

THEIR AMBITIONS

Freshman—To have a party and play postoffice with her.

Sophomore—To live alone with her on a desert island from now unto Kingdom Come.

Junior—To rescue her from a sudden and horrible death and die doing it.

Senior—Never to let her know that he is bored.

1950

Prison Official Culp—We will have to stop giving permits to people to go in to see prisoners.

Turnkey Frank—Why so?

Culp—Too much confusion; they keep getting in the way of the fellows who are escaping.

Pa—Who's making that infernal jangle on the piano?
Ma—That's Mary at her exercise.
Pa—Well, tell her to get her exercise some other way.

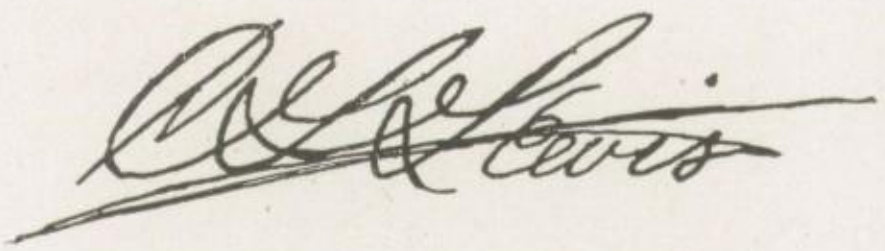
"PERECTLY DARLING"

Phone us for an appoint-ment.

Madison at 13th

Is what all Scott High Boys and Girls say of the Special $5.00 Pictures we are making this year at our studio.

DROP IN AND LOOK OVER THE SAMPLES



George Heath—Will you go to the dance with me?

Bessie Davies—I'm sorry, I can't. But I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl whom you can take.

George Heath—I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you.

Holmes—Bill surely likes to put on airs.

Yunker—What's he doing now?

Holmes—Oh, he fills a gasoline can with water and carries it home in full sight of the neighbors every night.

"Yes," said Hildreth, "I spent the entire evening telling Gardner that he had a terrible reputation for kissing girls against their will."

Florence Ross—"And what did he do?"

Hildreth Biddle—"He sat there like a boob and denied it."

Esther—What do you suppose ——— meant by sending me those flowers?

Louise—He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one.

Billy Watson—Say, pa, I had a fight with Henry Phillips today.

Father—That so? Did you whip him?

Billy—Sure. You don't suppose I'd be telling you about it if I didn't, do you?

EAT AT

KABLE'S

RESTAURANTS

318-320 Summit St.

616 Madison Ave. 406 Monroe St.

Smith's Cafeteria

For Good Wholesome Food

E. H. Close Bldg. Madison Ave.

Iva Black—Do you think that Darwin Storey is a free thinker?

Robert Winters—Well, no editor I know of will give him anything for his thoughts.

When a girl promises to share a fellow's lot she should be certain the lot is not mortgaged.

"Quick, hand me that satchel!" yelled Dr. Faber, "A man just telephoned me in a dying voice that he couldn't live without me."

"Wait," declared his wife, who had taken up the receiver. "That call is for Lucy."

Beauty and Utility In

DeVilbiss Perfumizers

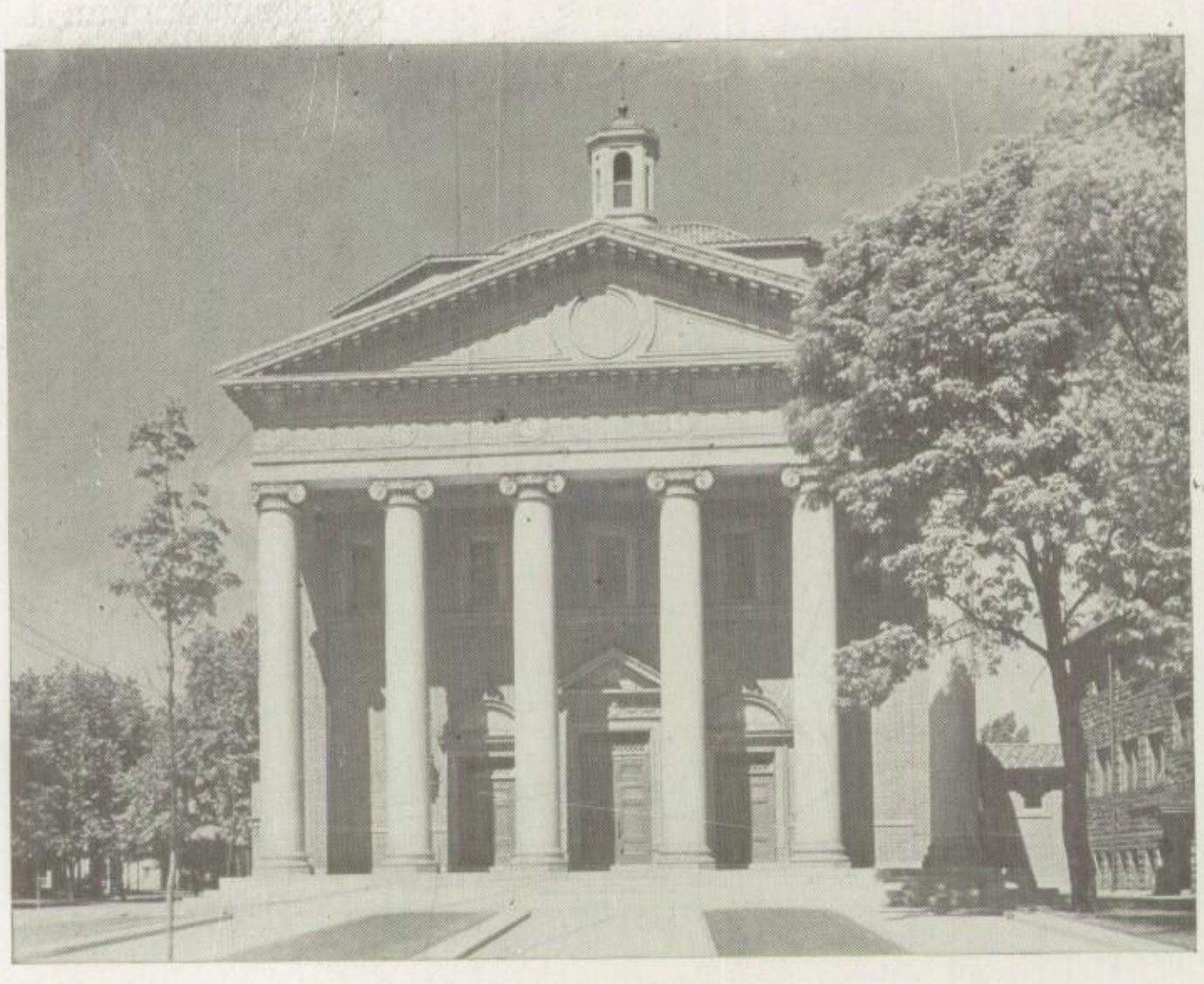
Perfect in Spraying Toilet Waters and Perfumes

Your Favorite Store Sells Them

First Congregational Church

Collingwood—Acklin & Virginia,
Toledo, Ohio.

Allen A. Stockdale, Pastor.
Chester F. Dunham, Assistant Pastor.



Regular Services
10:30 A. M. 7:30 P. M.

Clara C. Stanbery,
Office Secretary.

Gertrude M. Lawson,
Parish Visitor.

This Church Is Open All the Time

Some special features are **Book Nights.**

Sunday Eve Club Meetings, Musical Services, Socials, Athletic Clubs, Bowling League for men, Free Tennis Courts, Basket Ball, and wide awake Young People's Work.

Compliments
of

The Toledo Blade

WOODRUFF BROTHERS ART SHOP
813 MADISON AVE.
TOLEDO
Picture Framing *Quality First*

Father—It's astonishing, George, how much money you need.

George Storer—I don't need it, father; it's the hotel keepers, the tailors, and the taxicab men.

Lindecker—I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy.

Rice—What makes you think so?

Lindecker—Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing.

"Maggie, how was it that I saw a young man talking with you in the kitchen last night?" asked the mistress of her cook.

The girl pondered for a few minutes and then answered, "Faith, an' I can't make it out mesilf; you must have looked through the keyhole."

Betty Schenk—Do you remember that you once proposed to me, and that I refused you?

George Urschel—Yes; that's one of life's most beautiful memories.

Compliments

The Boody House

SHERMAN BOND, Prop.

"Dorothy, is John going to marry you?"

"I don't think so; he's like an hourglass. The more time he gets, the less sand he has."

Kobacker—All evening I have been waiting to say something to you.

Frances—It wasn't good-night, was it?

Only good-looking people are to read this:
I wouldn't be so conceited.

Mother—You were a long time in the conservatory with Carlton last night, my child. What was going on?

Finette—Did you ever sit in the conservatory with father before you married him?

Mother—I suppose I did.

Finette—Well, mother, it's the same old world.

Ethel Filler—Calvin, that man in the box hasn't taken his eyes off me for an hour.

Calvin Wetzel—How do you know?

Bob—Ethel, you have a very pretty mouth.

Ethel—Is that so? You—er—aren't a very close observer of beauty, I'm afraid.

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

Grossman—They say people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages.

Method—Yes; that's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

Karl—Was your father very angry when you told him of our engagement?

Helen—Not particularly. He said he'd been rather fortunate in the stock market of late, and figured it was about time for his luck to turn.

Mother—Do you know Willie Bump?

Son—Sure. I soaked that boneheaded shrimp on the beezer the last time I seen him.

Mother—What awful language! You should say, "I soaked that boneheaded shrimp on the beezer the last time I saw him."

'How many apples did Adam and Eve eat in the Garden of Eden?" Some say Eve ate eight and Adam two, a total of ten only. Now I figure the thing out far differently. Eve ate eight and Adam eight also, total 16. But the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve ate eight and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90.

Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antedeluvians were a race of giants, reason something like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82, a total of 163. Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812 the total would be 893?

But I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve. Total 8938. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam and Adam 81242 oblige Eve, the total would be 82,056. Which is correct?

The Home Building and Savings Co.
Broadway. cor. Segur Ave.
TOLEDO - - - OHIO

We Pay **5%** *Compounded Semi-Annually*

Pays 5% on SAVINGS DEPOSITS
Assets - $3.000,000.00
Surplus and Undivieed Profits - $140,000.00
Office open daily except Sundays and Legal Holidays
Phone Home M. 1301
Bell M. 3137.

MRS. FREEMAN
OF
"The Flowers"
For Taste and Service BOTH PHNNES 6 6 2
336 SUPERIOR STREET
Flowers to All The World By Wire

Culver—Do you remember borrowing a dollar of me, Cash?
Clash—I do not. I always forget everything over 50 cents.

Falardeau—How wonderful your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water!
Marjorie—A sunset makes your mouth water?
Falardeau—Oh, is it a sunset? I thought it was a fried egg!

Policeman—What are you standing 'ere for?
Loafer—Nuffink.
Policeman—Well, just move on. If everybody was to stand in one place how would the rest get past?

When father comes in the door love goes out of the window.

Here are a few hints for pupils not having prepared lessons. Use the following table:
Monday—I couldn't understand the problems.
Tuesday—I left my problems home.
Wednesday—I was sick and I couldn't work my problems.
Thursday—I left my book downtown and couldn't find another.
Friday—Oh, did we have those problems for today?
If one of these fail here is an old standby: "I lost my assignment and didn't know what to do."

"Last night Jack tried to put his arm around me three times."
"Some arm."

WAR

The legalized gunning season for human game.

Mack—I say, old chap, I hear you are engaged to Miss Whitmore. Is that true?
Weber—Quite true, old dear. Isn't she the lucky girl?

Leap Year Maid—Mr. Jones, I have called to ask your son's hand in marriage.
Old Knowitt—But could you support yourself in the style to which you have been accustomed?

He came at eight
But was too late
To get in class
Without a pass
Miss Ritchie said "What?"
I'll help you "Not."
And a yellow slip
Was what he got.

When you take things easy, be sure they do not belong to others.

Robert Winters—Where do all the bugs go in the winter time?
Ralph Winters—You can search me.

"That Engagement Ring"

TO BE "JUST RIGHT" SHOULD COME FROM

Merrill & Broer

Dime Savings Bank Building

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S

HIGH *Lauber's* GRADE

SHOES

241 Superior Street

Featuring Style and Service

COMBINED WITH GOOD FABRIC

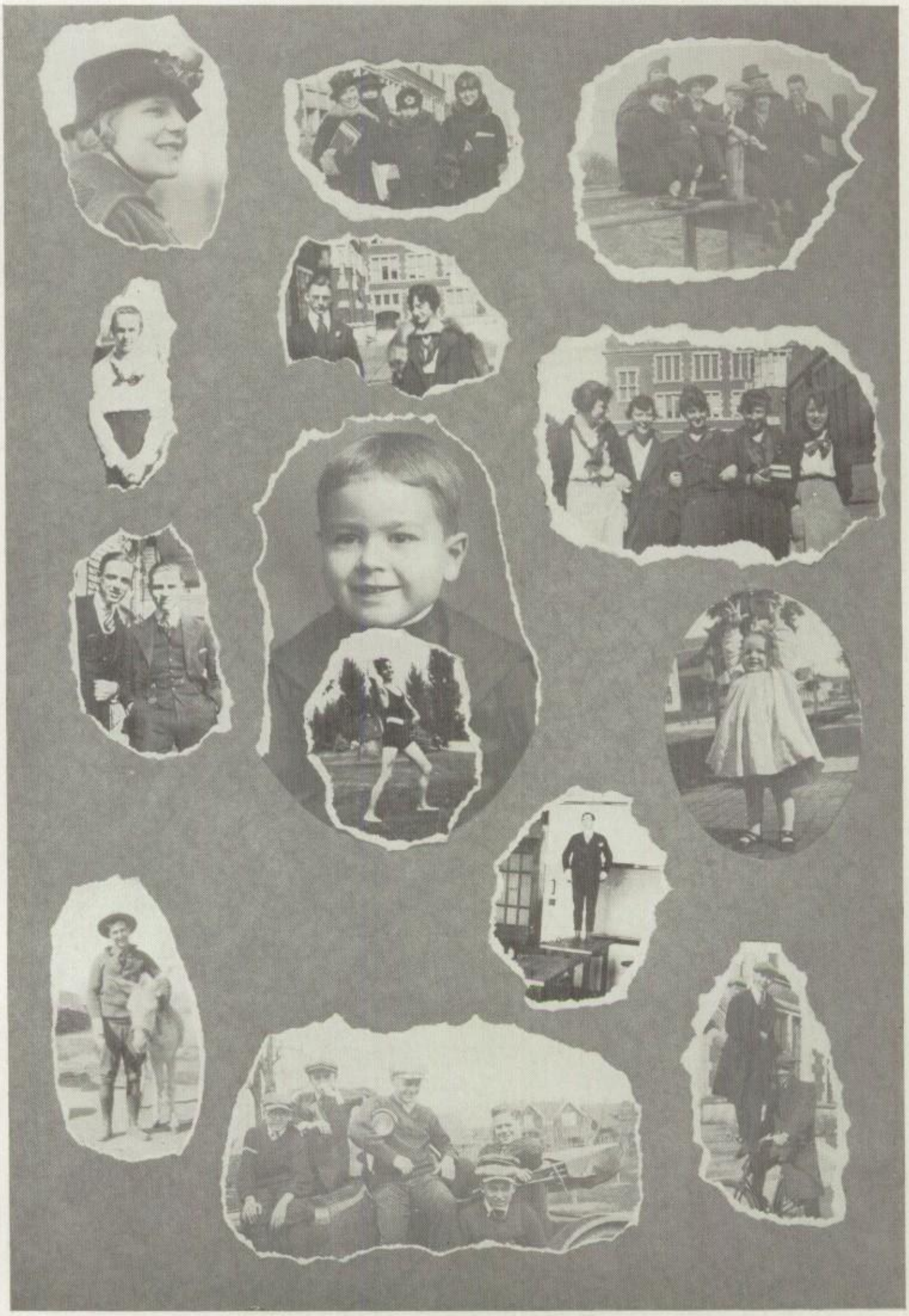
and Perfect Alterations at One Price

$17.50

Damschroder Clothes

Seeond Floor Wedgewood Building

ADAMS AND ST. CLAIR



"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly.

She fell in his arms and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked.

"No," she murmured; "it's hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."

Miss Ritchie—Now, Rood, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Rood—At the bottom, ma'am.

As the new minister was on his way to evening services he met Gazzam Mackenzie.

"Good evening, my dear young friend," he said solemnly. "Do you attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied Gazzam, with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

No Wonder Lads Hurry to Thad's

THOSE handsome "Hickey-Freeman" and "L-ystem" Clothes are utmost in fashion, famous for fit, and the fabrics are the finest.

Whether you earn it yourself or get it from your dad," your suit money will go further at Thad's if you consider all around satisfaction.

Thad Poggemeyer

CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

331-333 ST CLAIR ST., NEAR ADAMS

"Be Clad by Thad"

YOU'LL LIKE THE ATMOSPHERE AT THAD'S

YOU'LL FIND A FRIEND HERE MOST ANY TIME

Toledo Times

The Only Morning Newspaper
In Northwestern Ohio

Eastman Non-Curling Kodak Films

AGENCY FOR

Huyler's, Allegretti's, Park & Tilford's

Drugs & Kodaks

Chocolates and Bon-Bons

THE WEST DRUG STORES

501 ADAMS ST.
Cor. Superior St.

1201 ADAMS ST.
Cor. 12th St.

2497 COLLINGWOOD, Cor. Delaware

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

Sneider—Heavens! Does your pen always leak?
John—No, only when I have ink in it.

Her mother on seeing the usual visitor, Wendell Cole—Daughter, I have just wound that eight-day clock, I wish you would wind it again before that young man goes.

DIDJA EVER?

"Cold, Hun?"
"Uh-huh! kinda!"
"Want my coat?"
"Just the sleeves."
"Warm now, Hun?"
"Uh-huh!"
"Where's your mouth?"

A STITCH IN TIME

Keith Miller—Gee! My sister had a bad fright this morning. A big spider ran up her arm.

Cecil Carsten—That's nothing I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my pants yesterday.

"Mary Ellen"
Chocolates

2487 Collingwood Ave 726 Madison Ave.

G. H. Bankey & Son

GROCERS

2163-65 ASHLAND AVE.

Home Phone 7921-7922-7923-761
Bell Col. 335

Compliments of

Collingwood Shop

Chas. J. Kappus

THE CHARGE OF THE LUNCH BRIGADE

Half a step, half a step,
Half a step onward;
Into the lunch line
They plunged by the hundred.
"Forward the lunch brigade!
Charge for the buns!" they cry.
"Dish out the prunes and pie!"
Hungry unnumbered.

Wall to the right of them,
Rail to the left of them,
Students in front of them.
Onward they thundered.
Storm they with right good will;
Boldly they push and pull
Into the jaws of death,
In where the victuals sell;
Anxious unnumbered.

Flashed all their quarters rare
Flashed as they waved in air,
Buying things here and there.
Getting the best, while
All the rest wondered.
Grasping their laden tray,
Quickly the fee they pay;
Reel from the counter;
Making their troubled way,
Shattered and sundered.
Quickly they stop and—eat;
Hungry unnumbered.

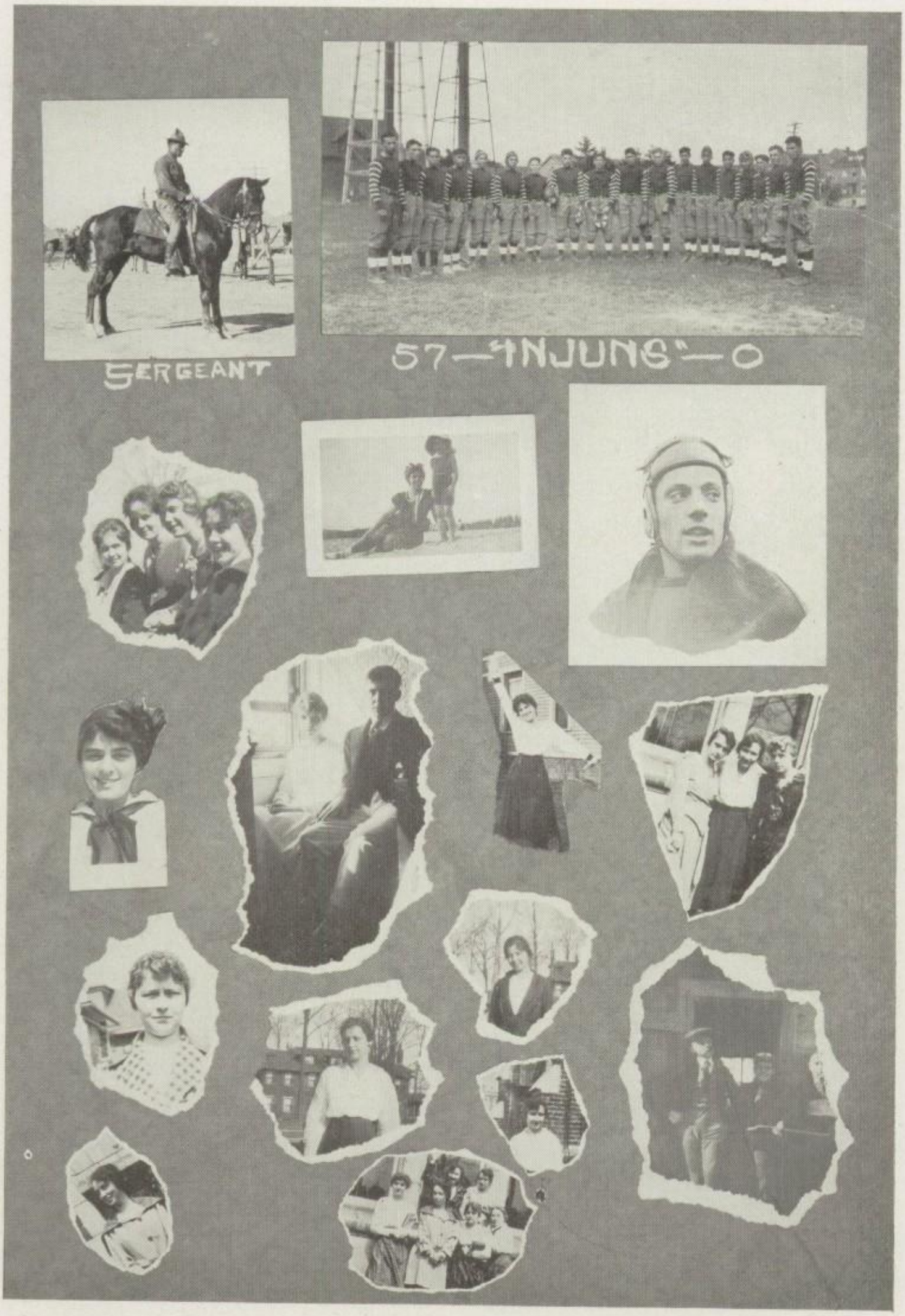
When will their hunger fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Thanks for the noise they made,
Honor the lunch brigade,
Countless unnumbered.

HOW TO FILL YOUR FOUNTAIN PEN

Fill the bathtub with ink. Grasp the pen in the right hand and plunge in.

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

PAUL LOESSER
Druggist
OUR SODA FOUNTAIN EXCELS ALL OTHERS
CORNER LAWRENCE AVENUE & MONROE STREET


SERGEANT
57—"INJUNS"—O

REVENGE

Teacher—What is your highest ambition?
Infant Freshie—To wash mother's ears.

"Do you know my son is going to be married?"
"Is 'e?"
"No, Ikey."

SCOTT FASHION NOTES

It is rumored that last year's suits will be very much worn. This year's derbys will be worn with the ears inside, as usual. Poetic feet will require a size larger shoe this year. Measurement will be taken at the office at one-fifteen. It is reported that literary hacks will gradually take the taxi's place as pleasure vehicles this summer.

WATER SPORTS

One Freshie even talks of playing billiards in the Scott "Pool Room."

Corsages.

Superlative Quality distinguishes OUR Corsage Bouquets from others.

When "The Lady" receives our Corsage Bouquets she is proud to wear them, because they are beautifully individual in design and of perfect flowers.

As you are better satisfied, you always get more for your money at

Attractive Corsages at $1.50

Schramm Bros.

Progressive Florists

1307-15 Cherry St. Both Phones Main 1479

Suggestions for Wedding, Birthday and Anniversary Gifts

FRAMES
OIL PAINTINGS
COLORED PHOTOGRAVURES
ETCHINGS IN COLOR
MEZZOTINTS IN COLOR
ART MIRRORS
FLOOR LAMPS
TABLE LAMPS
BOUDOIR LAMPS
REED LAMPS
SILK LAMP SHADES
BOOK ENDS
CANDLE STICKS
FLOWER BOWLS
NUT BOWLS
VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY
SMOKING SETS
DESK SETS
SERVING TRAYS
BUD VASES

A Fine Art Collection of Exceptional Interest

Our art galleries on the first and second floor have assembled from several foreign sources a collection of oil paintings and reproductions that is remarkable for its extent and variety.

These pictures are appropriately framed in beautiful gold leaf, antique gold and solid mahogany, mounted in a manner worthy of the art treasures they display.

By suggestion and this unusual display, we are able to assist those who are confronted with a gift proposition.

J. F. Bennett Company

1222-24 Madison Ave. Toledo, Ohio

Table of Statistics

Name	Alias	Appearance	Reputation	Disposition	Ambition	Future Occupation	Wants
George Urschel	"Ursch"	Neat	Unblemished	Remarkable	President	Financier	Miss Ritchie
Calvin Wetzel	"Cal"	Manly	Spotless	Modest	Merideth II.	Salesman	Her
Stanley Friedman	"Stan"	Stubby	Unknown	Awful	To Beat Snell	Editor	Material
Kent Meader	"Ken"	Small	None	Happy	Grow	Chauffeur	To Meader
Ford Weber	"Web"	As Usual	Modest	Slow	Retire	Chemist	Order
John Ehni	"Jawn"	Lanky	Under Investigation	Patented	Undecided	Milkman	Ditto
Hale Canfield	"Hale"	Very Often	Never Found	Sunny	Married Life	Racer	Dues
Carleton Finkbeiner	"Fink"	Quiet	Great	Helpful	Study	Grafter	A High Chair
Rex Felton	"Wreckless"	Noisy	20c on a Dollar	Harmless	Aviator	Comedian	Castoria
Raymond Baer	"Ray"	Large	Top-Heavy	Firm	Coach	Furrier	Anything
Bernie Vick	"Vick"	Angelic	Below Par	?	Floorwalker (?)	Dancer	To Be Young
Clarence Eoff	"Eoffie"	Sweet	Lady's Man	Sociable	Poet	Ad Manager	A Mate
Howard Jamieson	"Jimmie"	Not Alone	Youthful	Frisky	Printer	Artist	A Rattle
Gazzam Mackenzie	"Gaz"	Handsome	Declining	50-50	Man	General	War
George Storer	"G. B."	Smiling	O. K.	Level	Financier	Politician	Honor
Alden Ward	"Al"	Clumsy	Pious	Ready	Playwright	Jeweler	Everything
Robert Cowell	"Bobbie"	Distinguished	Lamblike	Hasty	Real Fullback	Gambler	Tommy
Willis Wing	"Willish"	Violet Like	Unimpeached	Amiable	Literary Man	Wireless Boss	"H. B."
Carleton Mathis	"Fat"	Funny	Amazing	Jolly	One Fine Wife	Lawyer	"Finety"
Harry Jewett	"Hern"	Studious?	Vague	Funny	Wrecker	Tramp	A Woman
Hubert Roemer	"Hube"	Nobody There	Schemer	None	Get French	Reporter	Nobody
Wendell Cole	"Wen"	99%	Short but Sweet	Docile	Go West	Farmer	Funny
Gardner Leach	"Leach"	Reverend	It'll Pass	Cloudy	Mormon	A Nice Man	Somebody

Table of Statistics

Name	Alias	Appearance	Reputation	Disposition	Ambition	Future Occupation	Wants
Mildred Leddy	"Milly"	Seldom	Good	Retiring	Poetess	Authoress	Nothing
Alice Beckham	"Beckie"	Too Often	Excellent	Noisy	To Land Him	Suffragette	Hubby
Geralda Pheatt	"Ally"	Friendly	AAAA	True	Commerci'l Designer	Housekeeper	More Work
Alice Green	"Allie"	Striking	Unsoiled	?	Nurse	Model	$ $ $
Anne Beeley	"An"	Willowy	Records Lost	Inconvenient	Mrs. Castle II.	Dancer	A Partner
Margery Young	"Marge"	Tidy	Fine	Shy	Cook	Prophetess	A Cat
Virginia Crane	"Ginnie"	Reserved	Unmarred	Modest	Chauffeur	Society Editor	Aeroplane
Margaret Gelzer	"Gellie"	Slow But Sure	Understood	Reserved	Emerson's	Chauffeur	What?
Helen Deck	"Helen"	Innocent	Declining	Flighty	Unknown	Manicurist	An Answer
Maurine Diggs	"Bobby"	Curdled	Passing	Unruffled	Reporter	A Voter	Less Work
Helen Carney	"Carney"	Staff-like	Always	Violent	Singer	Director	More Weight
Barbara Condon	"Barb"	Childish	Superior	Pliant	On Time	Reporter	Summer
Sarah Cameron	"Sally"	Smiling	Popular	Happy	Cute	Stenographer	To Go Home
Jeanette Reh	"Jean"	Venus-like	High Standing	Sweet	Historian	Society Leader	Him
Bessie Davies	"Bess"	Still Growing	Cooling	Smooth	To Grow	Dancer	Her Picture
Carol Bayless	"Carrie"	Flat	Undiscovered	Harmonious	Quiet Life	Racer	More School
Esther Jones	"Esser"	Too Seldom	Unparalleled	Wonderful	Geraldine II.	Old Maid	"Bobbie"
Finette Martin	"Finety"	Angelic	Immaculate	Pleasing	English Teacher	Ditto	Mathis
Florence Ross	"Flossie"	Becoming	Great	Swell	Ditto	Doll Model	"Poor Butterfly"
Elizabeth Brown	"Betty"	Attractive	Junior	Unblemished	$ $ $	Milliner	Him
Louise Jewett	"Hattie"	Artistic	Fickle	Sunny	None	Singer	?
Lorene Crosby	"Lorene"	Impressing	Growing	Angelic	Actress	Poetess	Guess?
Carlena Felton	"Sweetheart"	Rex-like	Ditto	Cute	Doubled	Movies	A Drink
Hildreth Biddle	"H. B."	Child-like	Same as Wing	Fairy-like	Speaker	None	To Talk

ALDIBORONTIPHOSCOPHORNIO

Tri-State Business University

The above is **not** the name of a would-be American who has just stepped upon our shores; it is the longest word in Webster's Dictionary. It's in fiction, i. e.. it's fictitious, but there is nothing **fictitious** in business education; there is nothing **puzzling** in business education; it is simple; requires only a short time to obtain it and is demanded by the big industrial interests of our country. Business cannot be conducted without it and business furnishes rapid promotion to those who are in the position to learn business.

In Toledo many Tri-State pupils are attorneys, physicians, managers, presidents, vice-presidents, court reporters, government experts, and because they possess business education.

HIGH SCHOOL PUPIL, do you now desire a place in the business world? The surest, quickest, best way, is through the Tri-State University. The managers cordially invite your consideration. Do you expect to attend college? Enroll with us July 2nd for shorthand; in session forenoon only. Shorthand will make your work easier and more satisfactory at college.

Ladies, you can enroll with us for the comptometer or Elliott-Fisher biller. Cost is low, require but a short time to learn and the salary is very enticing.

Please call to see our beautiful rooms and superb equipment.

C. H. MELCHIOR. B. O. MELCHOIR, R. L. MELCHOIR.

Phones: Home 708; Bell 648. **Summit and Cherry.**

B. V. D.

Styles are always changing
From derbies down to boots;
The only styles that do not change
Are good old union suits.

Andrew Phillips—What would you do if you were a man?
Dorothy Fox—What would you do?

MERCY!

"I have stood in the slaughter-house," observed the dignified Junior, "while they were killing hogs on all sides of me."

"Oh!" exclaimed the tender-hearted Sophomore girl, "weren't you terribly afraid?"

WHY NOT NOW?

Have you heard about it? Fred Siebert has patented a carburetor that will burn air and has it all ready in case the supply of gasoline should give out.

Friedman (entering an office)—Do you suppose there is any opening here for a high school graduate?

Office Boy—Well there will be if de boss don't raise me salary to tree dollars a week by termorrow night.

ARTS AND CRAFT SHOP 357 W. BANCROFT ST.
The artistic and unusual Gifts for all occasions in
Pottery China Leather Glass
Art Novelties Flower Bowls and Ornaments

SAFETY FIRST

Voice over telephone—Hello! Is this Lester Kobacker?
Kobacker—Yes.
Voice—Are you going out in your car this afternoon?
Kobacker—No, why?
Voice—Oh, I just wanted to know. I was thinking of sending my daughter downtown after a spool of thread.

Clash—Is your mistress in?
Maid—Did you see her at the window?
Clash—No.
Maid—Well, she said if you hadn't seen her to say she was out.

Martin—Father, I have decided to become an artist. Have you any objection?
Dad Martin—No, provided you don't draw on me.

First Senior Girl—Have you heard that awful story they are telling about Clarence Eoff?
Second Ditto—Yes, what is it?

LIGHT VERSE

In a parlor there were three,
A maid, a parlor lamp and he.
Two are a company without a doubt;
And so the parlor lamp went out.

Roony—I'm out of cash; I wish there would be a shift in the weather.
Finkbeiner—How would that help you?
Roony—I might pick up the change.

Exclusive Dancing
PAUL LE FEVRE
Woman's Building Office 2375 Vermont Ave.

PSALMS OF LIFE

Balboa discovered an ocean,
And Newton discovered the laws
That rule gravitation through all of creation—
A thought that is worthy of pause.
Columbus discovered our country;
Naomi discovered her Ruth;
But mother's the greatest discoverer yet,
For she discovered your tooth.

Kid Hudson discovered a river,
And old Galileo one day
Discovered the notion that we are in motion—
"A squirrelical notion," they say.
And Teddy discovered the nut-eating bird,
And someone discovered Duluth.
But mother's the goods in this neck of the woods,
For mother discovered your tooth.

Remus discovered the Tiber;
The kettle discovered the pot;
Roget, the saurus on tossing the Taurus,
And someone discovered the bot.
Sic semper tyrannis (beware! you can pan us!)
That phrase was discovered by Booth.
These guys were all handy, but mother's the candy
For mother discovered your tooth.

Mr. Lucas—Jewett, are you laughing at me?
Harry—No, sir!
Mr. Lucas—Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?

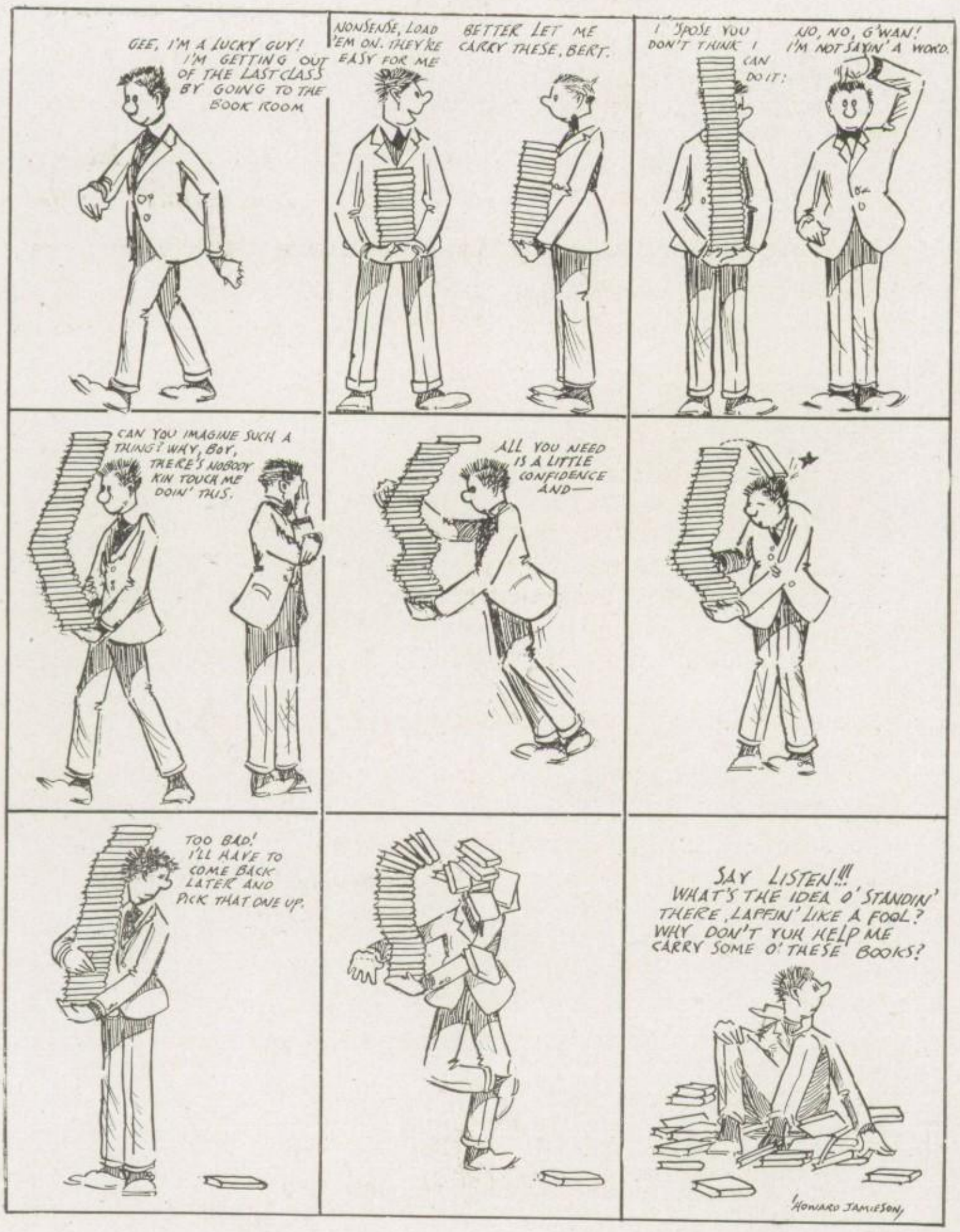
GREEN?

Stude—I'm worried about my complexion, doctor, look at my face.
Doctor—You'll have to diet.
Stude—I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?

Hiss—I've been wondering about something.
Batch—What, broke again?
Hiss—No. I was wondering if the first parasol was made from an umbrella's rib.

We can't all smoke ten-cent cigars
Or own a limousine;
But we can all collect the bands
And smell the gasoline.

Miss Heath—What would your mother say if she saw you smoking those nasty cigarettes?
Bright One—She'd be tickled to death if she could see me. She's been blind now for ten years.


GEE, I'M A LUCKY GUY! I'M GETTING OUT OF THE LAST CLASS BY GOING TO THE BOOK ROOM
NONSENSE, LOAD 'EM ON. THEY'RE EASY FOR ME
BETTER LET ME CARRY THESE, BERT.
I 'SPOSE YOU DON'T THINK I CAN DO IT:
NO, NO, G'WAN! I'M NOT SAYIN' A WORD.
CAN YOU IMAGINE SUCH A THING? WHY, BOY, THERE'S NOBODY KIN TOUCH ME DOIN' THIS.
ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE CONFIDENCE AND—
TOO BAD! I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK LATER AND PICK THAT ONE UP.
SAY LISTEN!!! WHAT'S THE IDEA O' STANDIN' THERE, LAFFIN' LIKE A FOOL? WHY DON'T YUH HELP ME CARRY SOME O' THESE BOOKS?
HOWARD JAMIESON

Straws - Straws - Straws

$2.00

LEGHORNS - BANCOCKS - PANAMAS

$5.00 to $12.00

Johnny Moule's Hat Shop

319 St. Clair St. Near Keith's Theatre

All talk is not cheap. For instance, back talk to a study-room teacher has frequently cost two or three afternoons in one-seventy-eight.

When you see two white shoes drying on a window sill and a girl hanging out of said window drying her hair, you can bet your life she isn't going to eat onions for supper.

A SCANTY ARRAY

Ehni—Are you sure these socks are the correct thing?

Haberdasher—The smartest dressers wear nothing else.

Mable—Jack says that my mouth is the prettiest that he has ever seen.

Harry—Did he? I'll put mine up against it any time.

DISCOVERED AT LAST

Prof.—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Storey—No wonder we flunk our exams!

CORRECT

Teacher—Now can you locate Greece?

Harroun—Yes, sir! Central part of your shirt just south of your tie.

The Welch Heinle
Engraving Co.

The Quality of Our Work Speaks for Itself

THE SPIKED LUNCHEON-LINE SUIT

A UNIQUE DEVICE WHICH PRACTICALLY ELIMINATES ALL ARGUMENT AS TO PLACE ONE WISHES TO OCCUPY IN THAT MAD RUSH FOR EDIBLES

THE ARMSTRONG BOOK CONVEYER

BY THIS SIMPLE AND RELIABLE METHOD ONE CAN CARRY AS MANY SUBJECTS AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO DRAG.

"STOPPO" CORNER SIGNAL

NO SCHOOL IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A SET OF THESE INSTALLED THEREIN. EXPENSE SMALL, UPKEEP ALMOST NOTHING. INSURES SAFETY ON BUSY CORNERS.

EDWARD JAMIESON

NOVELTY BODYGUARD

FOR THE THISTLE HUCKSTER. EXPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT US THAT IT IS INDISPENSABLE FOR PRESERVING THE HEALTH.

"PRESTO" NON-APPETITE TEASER

THIS CLEVER CONTRIVANCE, ON THE ORDER OF A HOWITZER, ENABLES THE STUDENT TO READILY OVERCOME GRAVITY AND APPETITE AT THE SAME TIME. WITH ONE OF THESE, YOU COULD BE EATING ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE THE REST HAD THEIR CAPS ON. BETTER BUY ONE NOW!

NOVEL INVENTIONS ON SALE AT STATIONER'S DESK.

PLEASANT OCCASIONS

Companionship with a fly in the bedroom at four in the morning.

A secret session with a dainty high C mosquito from 11 P. M. to 3 A. M., inclusive.

The announcement of your rival from college on the evening that your date with your sweetheart has been broken.

Storer—What does it mean to say that a girl is as pretty as a picture?

Eoff—Merely a frame of mind.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

Blind Beggar to Miss Dohm—Miss, this is embarrassing but I can't take this nickel; I see it is counterfeit.

Berkebile—Does your father speak highly of me?
Miss Penoyar—Yes he always talks loudly when excited.

Breathes there a lad with soul so punk,
Who to himself hath never thunk,
Who to himself thus never spoke
"This is my own, my native Scott,
Unkindly words shall harm it not.
I'll guard its name until I die.
Oh grand and noble Scott High"?
If such there be, then mark the wreck
And hang a wreath about his neck.
Keep the bird clean out of sight:
It won't be safe for him till night.

UNDISPUTED FACTS

That child who cried for two hours didn't get them.
A company is known by the men it keeps.
Men seldom get tobacco heart from smoking hams.
The wages of gin is breath.
A girl who attends a handkerchief sale usually wants to blow something.
Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets can save.

Freshie (on third floor)—Gee! All the girls up here smile at me.

Dignified Senior—Huh! That shows that they are polite—any place else they would laugh out loud.

HORSE POWER

Miss Witker—How many horse power is your machine?

Mr. Lucas—It's too heavy for one so I usually use two.

Congressman—Looking for a position? What do you want to do?

Jewett—Why, a-ah—nothing.

Congressman—Sorry, but all the high salaried positions are filled; you'll have to wait for a vacancy.

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of

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The Fell Shop

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COLLEGE

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Preferred by High School Students

When you finish High School, prepare for a good position at this old Reliable school and secure the advantages of the finest equipment, the most thorough and up-to-date courses, the largest and most experienced faculty, and the greatest numbers of calls for positions of any business training school in Northwestern Ohio. Send for catalog.
THURBER P. DAVIS, Prin.

E. E. Bowman

Ashland & Bancroft

1917

Class Photographer

Miss Jermain—Do you think that your musical career will be profitable?

Fanchon Sampsel—Oh, yes, father has bought the houses on either side of us for half price.

Sweet One to Bashful Suitor—I'll give you a kiss for that rose.
(Intermission for exchange, after which he dashes for the door.)
Sweet One—Where are you going?
He—To the florist's for more roses.

A MATTER OF COURSE

Storer—I dreamed last night that I took the prettiest queen to the "J" hop.

Kate Eckhardt—Did I dance well?

NOVEMBER MORN

The hills lie naked in the breeze,
The fields unfrocked;
Bare are the limbs of all the trees,
No wonder the corn is shocked.

Wendell Cole—You have a very kissable mouth.
Carlena Felton—How do you know?

This Is a Good One---

But it is no joke. Just drop up to 648 Ohio Building and hear and see for yourself. We guarantee that you will be able to play after a course of 12 lessons.

REAL DREAMY
HAWAIIAN MUSIC

Fine for a summer evening

INSTRUMENTS AT REASONABLE PRICES

TON-A-HARP
GUITAR CO.

648-49 Ohio
Building

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

The Freshman, determined to give his hero full credit for all his achievements, wrote the following in his essay: "Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12th, 1809, in a log cabin that he built himself."

FULL MEASURE

Dum Dum Vick had his nose wrecked in one of the bloodiest battles of the season. He searched the house for court plaster. He was directed to the sew-basket. Having found and applied his court plaster he appeared so decorated in school. Several students smiled and one Freshie laughed outight. Very annoyed he sought a friend and asked, "Is there anything the matter with my appearance?"

"I should say there is, what's that on your nose?"

"Court Plaster."

"No. It's a label of a spool of cotton and says, 'Warranted 200 yards long.'"

PAGE'S

"KLEEN MAID"

ICE CREAM

"The Ice Cream of Quality"

ALL THE NEWEST *and* LATEST THINGS
in the World of Fashion are embodied in our

SOPHOMORE CLOTHES
For Young Men

Distinctive styles in belted-back suits, smart suits too with plain backs. Attractive fabrics—loads of good things that will appeal to you for day wear, social affairs and vacation parties.

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232-234-246 Superior Street

Toledo, Ohio

Home Phone Main 3754

See Parker and See Better. Say Parker to Elevator Starter.

Fisher—Wow! Isn't that towel too hot?
Barber—Yes; I couldn't hold it any longer.

SOME COMFORT

When you climb in bed at midnight
After everything goes wrong,
Don't you wish you were in Greenland
Where the nights are six months long?

THEIR FIRST QUESTION ABOUT A MAN

New York Girl—What is he worth?
Salt Lake City Girl—How many wives has he?
Milwaukee Girl—Is he naturalized?
Boston Girl—Who's his family?
Detroit Girl—What kind of a car does he drive?
Reno Girl—How long has he lived here?
Washington Girl—Whom did he vote for?
New Haven Girl—What college did he come from?
Toledo Girl—Where IS he?

"Did you water the fern in the drawing room, Mabel, as I told you?"

"Yes, mother; don't you hear the water dripping on the carpet?"

"Beauty, Truth, and Rarity, Grace in all simplicity"

The Bard of Avon must have had the printing art in mind when he wrote the above, for the requisites of good printing can scarcely be better named.

BEAUTY—that is the end we seek.
TRUTH—that is the ideal of our work.
RARITY—the exclusive something---new, odd, or original—we put in our work.
GRACE—which we strive to achieve by an artistic simplicity.

TOLEDO TYPE-SETTING & PRINTING CO.
Publication, Book and Job Printers

E. J. Tippett
E. J. Tippett, Jr.

Home Phone 2177
229-231 ERIE ST.

"I'm so sad! Jack and I had a quarrel last night and now he wants his ring back."

"That's too bad.

"No, that's not the point; I've forgotten which is his."

INVENTIONS NEEDED

Silent phonographs.
Barber muzzles.
Unopenable purses.
Invisible movies.
King swatters.
History exterminators.

Mr. Frisbie to prim old lady—You see, the science of chemistry depends upon the discovery of certain affinities—

Lady—You will pardon me, sir, but I trust the conversation may proceed without drifting into scandal.

How doth the gentle laundress
Search out the weakest joints;
And always scrape the buttons off
At the most strategic points?

VERY LIKELY

A biology student reports the two mosquitos became intoxicated with rage at mosquito bar in Tiffin last Sunday.

SIMPLY SO

A woman may be fickle,
Inconsistent, too, we find;
May sometimes change her husband
And often change her mind.
But in one thing she's loyal,
Like a soldier to his flag—
She clings with moist persistence
To her chamois powder-rag.

SHORT AND SWEET

Miss Barkdull—Sheridan, you may give us a short talk on the subject of baseball.

Haverfield—A-aa! Rain; no game!

Sanford—Doctor, my hair is coming out. Can you give me something to keep it in?

Doctor—Well, here's an old pill box, will that do?

NO MISTAKE AT ALL

Cop—You say this picture is worth $5,000 and you are offering it for $10?

Martin—Yes.

Cop—Something wrong here. I'll have to take you along.

Dealer—Nothing wrong, officer, he painted it himself.

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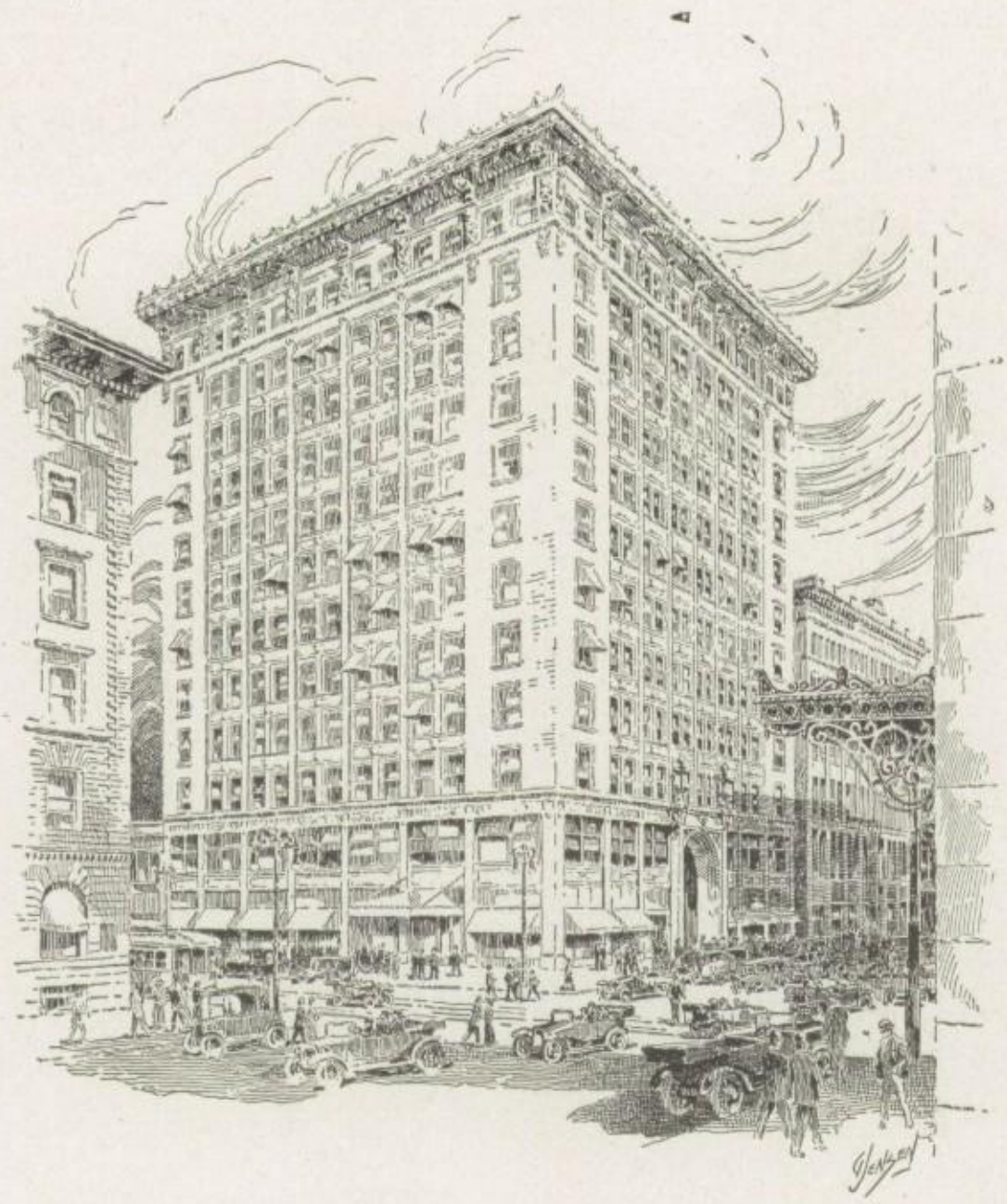
Recognized for its Dignity
Accessibility and Service



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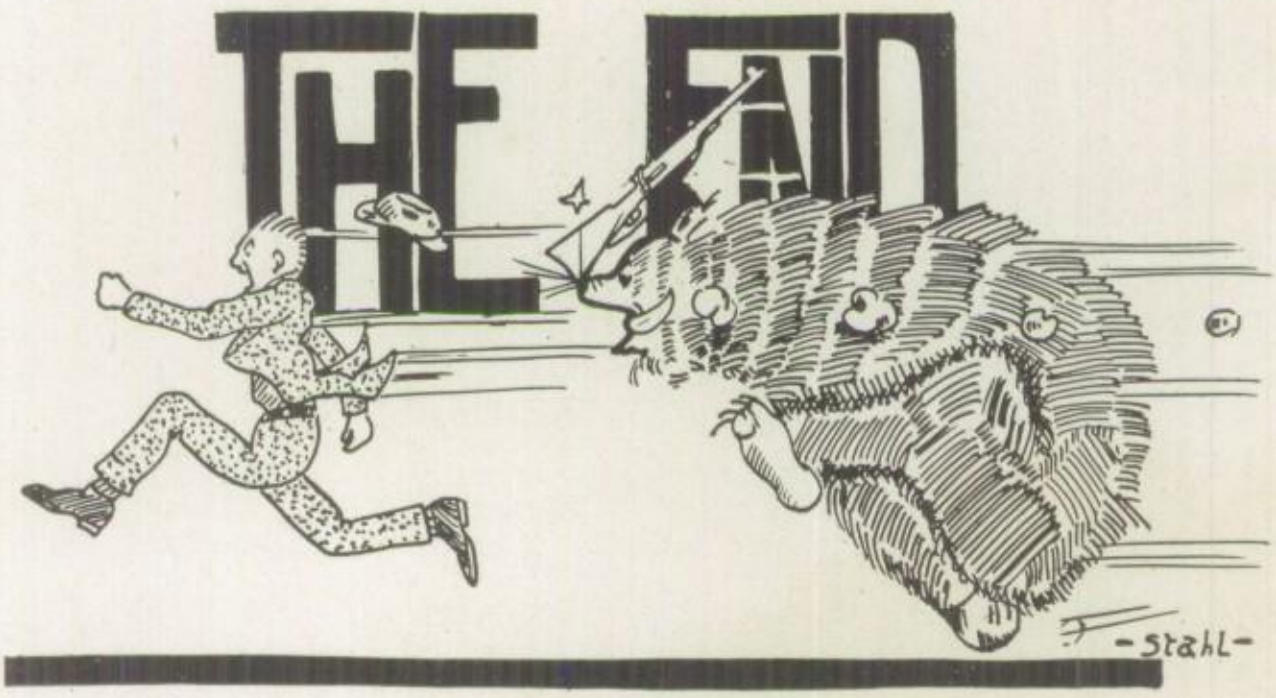
THE END
-Stahl-